DEC 14,
1935

Liberty

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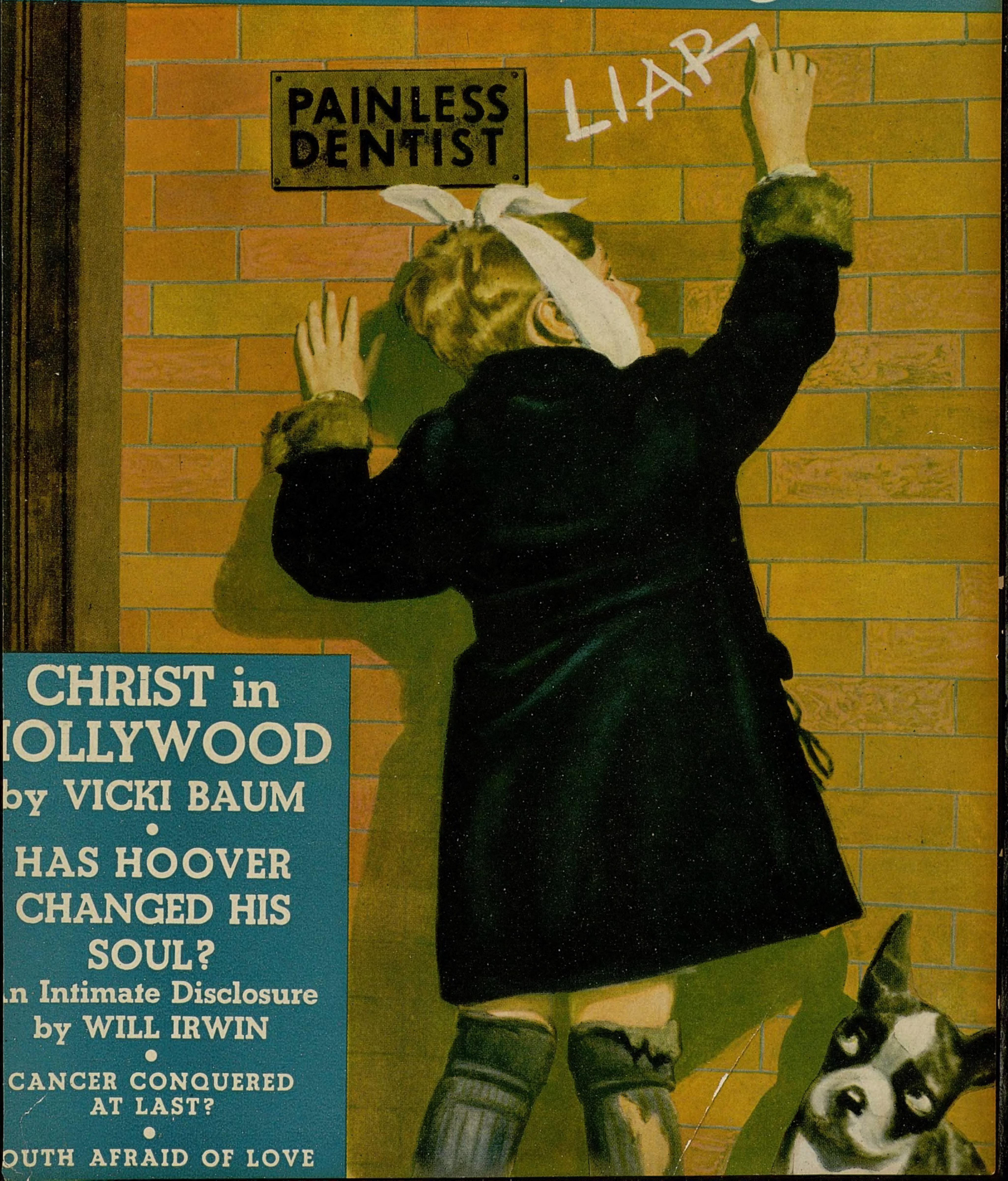

PAINLESS
DENTIST
LIAR

CHRIST in
OLLYWOOD

by VICKI BAUM

•

HAS HOOVER CHANGED HIS SOUL?

n Intimate Disclosure
by WILL IRWIN

•

CANCER CONQUERED
AT LAST?

•

OUTH AFRAID OF LOVE

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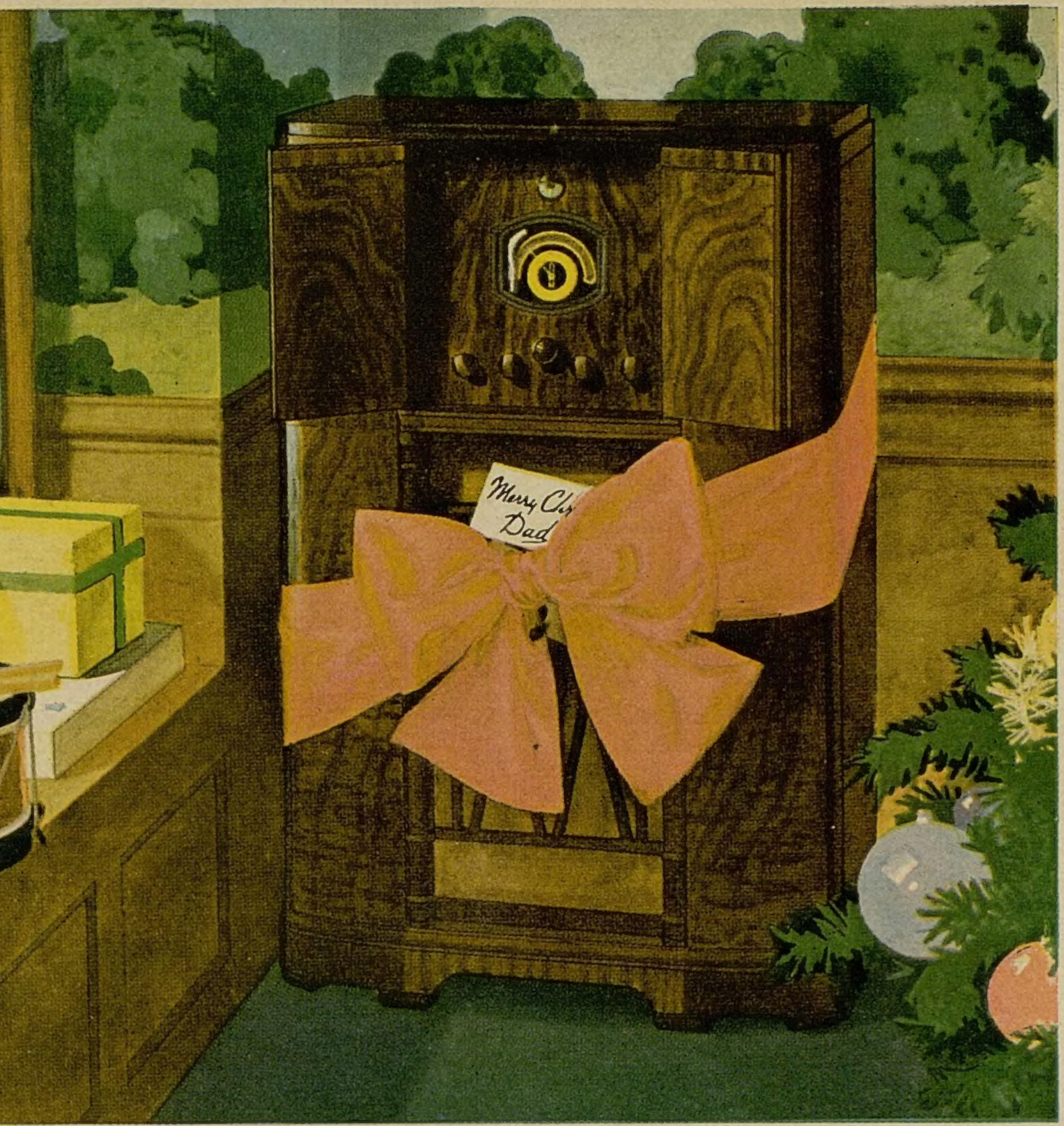

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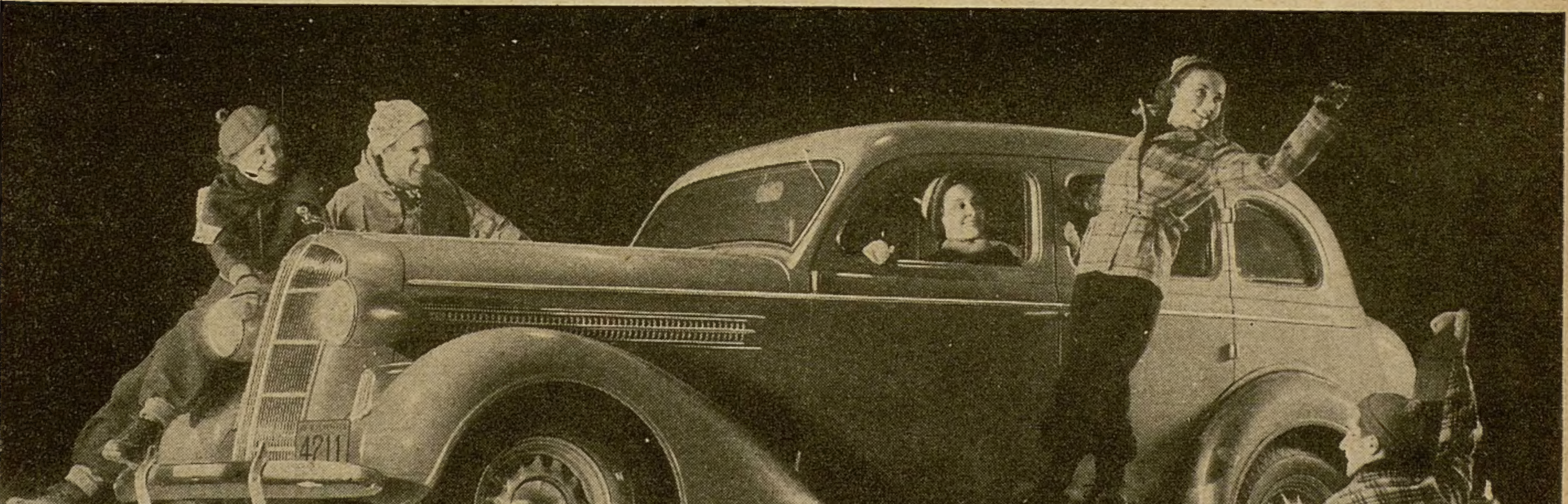

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DECEMBER 14, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 50

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
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FULTON OURSLER,
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Liberty's Publisher Accused the Republican Presidential

THE New York Herald Tribune, the only strictly Republican daily newspaper in New York City, without any authority whatsoever, accused me recently of " muscling in " on or exposing myself to the 1936 Presidential bee.

The announcement is decidedly premature and was made entirely without my consent. The request was made for me to give one of its reporters an interview and the privilege was granted after a few inquiries. But apparently, from his written statements, his opinions were formed, or at least he had definite instructions just what to write previous to the interview. He made many direct derogatory statements credited to me that were entirely the product of his imagination.

Fortunately I had a witness at this interview who can vouch for this falsification.

It is difficult to understand how a great newspaper like the Herald Tribune could stoop to direct falsehoods and other questionable tactics to discredit one it believes might become a candidate for the Presidency.

It has been announced that it is my intention to take an active part in politics during the coming year. It is my belief that every intelligent patriotic citizen should do likewise.

We are facing governmental emergencies that may lead to changes in our form of government which will rob us of the liberties for which our ancestors fought and died.

Perhaps the officials of the Herald Tribune are of the opinion that any one desiring to be a candidate for the Republican nomination should first of all consult them. But we can all be assured that when the nomination is finally made there will be no consultation with an Eastern paper. In fact, an Eastern candidate will probably be out of the race in the beginning.

New Yorkers are not generally in favor throughout the rest of the country. People everywhere seem to have acquired the impression that New Yorkers are monopolizing the lion's share of the country's wealth, and they are desirous of making some change in our financial system that will effect a more equal division.

In the article referred to it is quite evident that it was the intention to brand me first of all as an all-round vulgarian and then as a queer fanatic.

To be sure, I have been teaching everything that has to do with health and vitality throughout the nation for approximately fifty years, and my unusual success in calling attention to our physical troubles should not in any way affect my ability to detect political ills.

The first thirty years of my activities were devoted exclusively to health-building propaganda. About twenty years ago my decision was made to become a general publisher. The purchase of Liberty placed me in direct contact with political affairs, and although previously I had given but little attention to politics, the study of political situations could not be avoided under the circumstances.

As every Liberty reader will remember, we began to assist President Roosevelt even before he was nominated. It has been said that the articles published in Liberty by the then Governor Roosevelt were used very effectively by the various conferences which took place during the convention between the delegates before his nomination.

I was an enthusiastic supporter of President Roosevelt; but when he cast aside many of his campaign pledges, abandoned almost entirely the Democratic platform upon which he was elected, and began the introduction of socialistic activities, it became my duty as a patriotic American citizen to do everything possible to defeat what appeared to me to be an effort to change our form of government.

It is my belief that the general principles of our Constitution, which have guided us through stress and storm for more than a century and a half, should not be changed. To be sure, the Constitution itself has been amended twenty-one times. Many more changes will probably be made in the future. But the Preamble of the Constitution cannot be amended. The United States Supreme Court has so ruled. And much of the legislation which was pushed through Congress in the last session does not harmonize with the spirit of the promises made in this introduction.

The Preamble guarantees the establishment of justice and the blessings of liberty for ourselves and posterity.

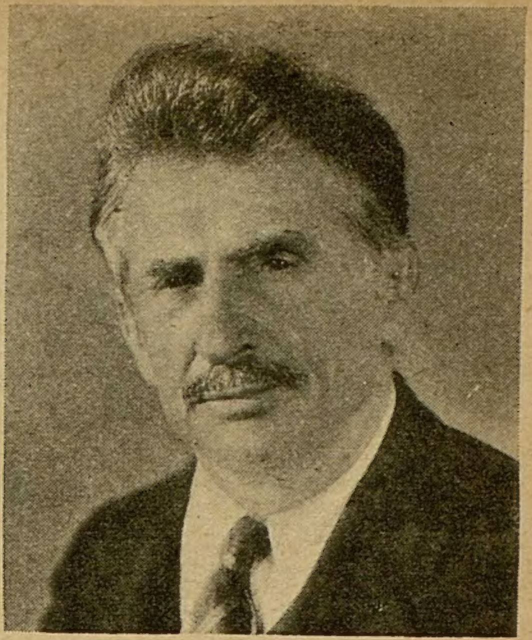
And there is no harmony between liberty and regimentation. The enslavement of labor through rules and regulations, the restriction of business with NRA codes are likely to bring menacing situations of vast consequences.

The evils that the New Deal is trying to remedy by the use of restrictions will undoubtedly develop difficulties that are many times worse.

The candidacy of any one individual in the next election is unimportant. But those who believe in upholding our system of government want the support of every intelligent citizen, regardless of his standing among his fellows.

The fact that a paper like the New York Herald Tribune should stoop to falsify my statements and try to discredit

of "Muscling In" on Nomination…



and belittle the political efforts of my friends indicates that it apparently fears I might become a suitable candidate. Its officials have doubtless concluded that the best procedure for them would be to " squash " what they consider my ambitions right at the start.

Now, there is one situation that is soon made quite apparent to those who seek this high office. They must be immune to criticism. Their views will be distorted and their statements falsified. Everything they have done in the past will be wrongly interpreted to damage their reputations.

A man with the courage of his convictions must be ready to grin and bear violent attacks of caustic observers.

One of the most trying periods of my life was connected with my efforts to counteract the frightful inroads prudery was making on the youth of our country previous to and during the first period of this century. At that time, as editor of Physical Culture Magazine, I received thousands of letters from youthful readers who had been seriously injured through ignorance of the physiological laws of life.

After considering these heart-stirring messages, a vast amount of thought was given to the desirability of a nation-wide educational procedure.

I finally decided to engage a celebrated author to write a story that would tell the truth on this important subject, as was done in Uncle Tom's Cabin on the slavery question.

The publication of this story brought my arrest and conviction attached to a prison sentence. The action of the court was nullified by a pardon from President Taft, but throughout my long life as a health propagandist I am more proud of this effort than of anything I have ever done.

Christ was crucified for His teachings. Socrates was condemned to death for the same reason. Lincoln was vilified most unmercifully previous to his nomination. Not that I should be classed with any of these renowned characters, but a lowly crusader like myself can take comfort in the thought that the punishment might have been more severe, although the teaching of sex hygiene which was penalized so severely at that time is now taught by state, church, and school.

This glorious victory for the principles I advocated is worth all the sacrifices I have made.

This country is not merely in danger politically. The physical status of the race is declining. The birth rate is rapidly falling. We are heading toward degeneracy, which means ultimate oblivion. But little interest is taken in health building by the general public, and the mollycoddling principles now being advocated in all phases of life by our national government will not tend to develop a dependable self-reliant people.

We need fighting stock of a superior character if we expect this nation to remain intact.

Japan, with its cheap goods, low wages (about one tenth of our standard), is flooding the markets of the world with its merchandise. With its glorification of war, it is even now preparing up to the hilt and may be waiting for a fitting time to attack us. And that tragedy will not occur until our national vitality has decreased sufficiently to assure them of easy victory.

No, I do not seek the Presidency. It is a man-killing job at best; and for the next President the associated duties, colossal at any time, will be tremendously intensified by the difficulties incurred through the hazardous experiments of the present administration.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred intelligent Americans would not refuse a chance to be President if it were offered to them, and I am no exception. But my political efforts are devoted to the one purpose of doing everything I can to maintain the principles of government which have made us a great and powerful nation. If we flirt with the enslavement of labor and business such as we find in many foreign nations, our continued progress in a world of nations will be short-lived.

Bernarr Macfadden

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CHRIST IN HOLLYWOOD

"America Does Not Seem to Know"—A Distinguished Visitor Discovers the Beauties of an Oberammergau in Filmland

by VICKI BAUM

who wrote Grand Hotel

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THERE must be more and stronger electric-light bulbs per square foot in Hollywood than in any other town in the world. At least this is the impression you get when you come to Hollywood for the first time. The streets are flaring and glaring with electric signs—it is as if one shop would always try to yell louder than the next one. Not even a barbershop can be opened without the heavy red truck, carrying all the big heavy machinery for searchlights, generally used on airfields only. No evening in Hollywood without dozens of these bluish beams of light roaming over the dark sky.

It's wrong even to call the sky dark. The nightly Hollywood skies are always red from the reflections of millions of neon signs. When you look down from the hills, it is a pretty sight, blue and red and yellow, but when you try to wind your way through the crowds on Hollywood Boulevard, you are blinded and bewildered.

I rented a home up in the hills and as I looked down from my terrace my eyes were caught by a strange and unexpected sight: a cross of light, quietly and softly shining from the top of a hill. No advertisement with it, no boasting of a hot-dog stand, or an auto-repair shop, or a sale of men's cheap suits with two pairs of pants, if you please. It had a life all of its own, this silent cross on the hill.

Like a vision it was standing there, looking down over a restless city full of business and industry, full of empty ambitions and useless struggle, full of night clubs and movie houses and clattering fireworks in the Coney Islands along the beach.

Sitting on my terrace for many an evening, I made friends with the mysterious cross. Sometimes when the air was clear and the honk of motor horns silent for a moment, it seemed to me as if some faint music would rise from that hill—the lonesome and strange voice of a flute, as I had heard it before in the Orient only. I liked to ponder over the meaning of it—there was something exhilarating for the imagination; yet it was weeks before I ventured to explore what this lonely cross stood for.

At last one evening I went down the winding roads, parked my car, and suddenly found myself drifting with a stream of people up the hill. As I turned a corner I came upon what seemed to be one of the gates of Jerusalem. I had visited Jerusalem the year before I came to California, and had been struck on my arrival here by a strange resemblance between the two. Their skies, their brisk air blowing from high mountains into the balmy plains, their fruits and foliage are alike; the contours of their dry brown hills are so much alike that Lebanon and the High Sierras seem to be cut from the same pattern. So it was with a sense of fitness and not of surprise that I passed through a gate of Jerusalem, just five minutes off Hollywood Boulevard.

The program which some one put into my hands told me that I was going to see the Pilgrimage Play—whatever this might be. From all I could make out, the Pilgrimage Play was something about the life of Jesus Christ. I'd never heard about it before and I hadn't the slightest idea what was ahead of me. The place we entered was a natural bowl cut into the hillside—not the world-famous, enormous Hollywood Bowl; just a place big enough to hold about two thousand spectators in its shell. Rows of simple wooden benches and a big green curtain, which separated the stage from the audience. Behind the curtain the slope of the hill rising toward the dark sky, with the cross as a symbol and an invitation to those who wanted to get away from the bedlam of Hollywood.

I admit that I grew rather skeptical while I waited for the beginning of the show. After all, I had seen the Passion Play in Oberammergau, and I well remembered the scent of business and of a money-making spectacle which hung about it. Here we were in Hollywood—and how could Hollywood produce anything but an effective, though movielike show? "Well, never mind," I told myself, settling down on the wooden bench, "I can always leave during intermission."

The lights dimmed. From a recess in the hills came the clear sound of a clarinet. Silence. Then a sweet voice, quiet but powerful: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

The green curtains parted. There was the manger—Mary and Joseph were bent over the Child. The moon rose from behind the hills, and down winding paths came a silent procession of worshipers bringing gifts. That was all. The curtains closed again.

I was sure by now this was not a " show " in the common sense. The stage was simply a segment of the hill, built up in natural terraces, supported by a few rocky walls and overgrown by the same bushes and grass which cover all the mountains of southern California. It was simple and beautiful; it made you forget all the elaborate sets and the grease paint and the filled-up prop shops of the moving-picture studios. It was, in a word, exactly the thing one would *not* have expected in Hollywood. Again the curtains opened and the play went on, simple and sincere like the Bible itself.

Before Christ appeared on the stage, I held my breath; I knew this would be the crucial test. He walked on—a tall, bearded, white-robed figure, his face a little gaunt, with deep-set eyes. His voice was right; so were his walk and speech, the carriage of his head, the easiness with which he moved. Every one has his own conception of Jesus. The highest tribute I can pay to Ian MacLaren, who played the part, is that his speaking and acting contained nothing to disturb my own image of Christ.

The play went on. Christ performed His miracles, instructed His disciples, raised Lazarus from the dead, and departed for Jerusalem, partook of the bread and wine of the Last Supper, and knelt at the rock of agony in

A scene from the Pilgrimage Play given yearly in Hollywood: Christ (Ian MacLaren) addressing the multitude.

Gethsemane—stood bound and sad-eyed before Pilate and the mob, and bent to receive the burden of the cross. And when, to the strains of solemn triumphal music, the curtains closed on the lovely Epilogue of Promise, and the lights were turned on, no one applauded, no one stirred. It was as if they were all moved by a single impulse to cling for another moment to the mystic beauty of the life they had just witnessed, before returning to the life of today.

I think almost every one must have heard of Oberammergau, and I am quite sure that the world does not know anything about the existence of this American Passion Play in Hollywood. The first time I saw it, it came to me as a tremendous surprise. Since then I've passed many times through the gate of Jerusalem and witnessed the life and suffering of Jesus Christ. I've watched the audience too, and I've seen many a Hollywood star sitting on the hard wooden benches and becoming part of the simple and reverent audience.

There is a very common disease in our hectic community, called the Hollywood blues. Its causes are overworked nerves, too much success, too much ambition, maybe even too much money for the great stars; disappointments, shipwrecked ambitions, misery, and even starvation for the small fry. And there is a lot of loneliness in this most sociable town, building a thin cool wall of glass around every one. The Play in the hills has great healing power for this disease; there is so much warmth and sincerity about it. For it has retained the spirit of the Bible, unmixed and unspoiled, and gives to its audience a similar inspiration.

After I had seen the Pilgrimage Play several times, I tried to find out the facts about its astonishing existence. It has been produced every year—except three—since 1920. It was Christine Wetherill Stevenson who first conceived the idea of presenting it, and died two years after the first production. The beautiful, simple music was composed by Gertrude Ross. There are only a few words which are not from the Bible. There is not a single unimportant line. The words of the Bible are used like rocks, to build up to the

Christ's entrance into Jerusalem—"overwhelmingly sweet and simple," Vicki Baum says—and, above, the Last Supper.

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greatest tragedy of the world. Only the highest artistic economy makes it possible to compress the whole life of Jesus Christ from birth to resurrection into the brief time of three hours.

After Christine Wetherill Stevenson passed away, her friends took up her work where she dropped it. The whole enterprise is based on idealism. There is no money in it, no hope to get famous, no prospect of a movie contract. Nobody knows the names of the actors who play in it—and some of them who acted in it in 1920 are still acting the same parts today. Others have given up their big parts as they got older and now play what Hollywood calls bits—just for the inner satisfaction they get out of it. The motor which keeps this production going is not business but deep devotion.

VICKI BAUM
won world fame with her play, Grand Hotel, which was so memorable a success in the screen version as well as on the stage. Viennese by birth, she is now living in the United States. As her "main vice," she confesses to dancing! She neither smokes nor drinks—simply because she doesn't enjoy either smoking or drinking.

It was not at all simple to find out some of these details, as there is no publicity of any kind around the Pilgrimage Play. No posters, no advertisements, no write-ups, nothing but the cross on the hill. I could not help comparing the Hollywood Pilgrimage Play with the Passion Play in Oberammergau. You wouldn't believe today that the Oberammergau Passion Play, when first produced in 1634, was a matter that lay between the villagers and their God—a humble thank offering to the Lord who had heard the prayers of His children and saved them from the horrors of the plague. Since then the outside world has entered—tourists, publicity, exploitation. The whole undertaking has developed from a spontaneous expression of faith and gratitude into something more definitely spectacular. And while there can be no doubt that the sincerity of the present-day natives equals that of their forebears, they would be the first to admit with engaging candor that the play is also good business.

AMERICA does not seem to know that she has a Passion Play of her own, and crowds of American tourists go on crossing the ocean in order to visit Oberammergau while a small group of idealists is struggling to keep up the work in California.

Oberammergau, because of its Passion Play, has become a sight-seeing place, with all the drawbacks common to such places, whether they be the pyramids of Egypt or a county fair. Trains unload throngs of people into the streets, hotels are jammed, private homes crowded to the rafters. Visitors jostle and nudge and gape at the "quaintness" of all they see; the whole town is on exhibition. Curio shops line the streets, and the very porters who take your luggage seem part of the show, so picturesque-looking are they with their long locks hanging above their Bavarian dress. The atmosphere is one of display—inevitable perhaps, festive and stimulating certainly, yet hardly making for concentration on sacred things.

It is quite a few years since my visit to Oberammergau, but still I remember clearly many details which have nothing to do with the play itself: the trip in an overcrowded special train from Munich, as you are compelled to arrive the night before the performance; a walk through the village, being part of the sight-seeing routine; the visits to the actors' homes (rather in the manner of those tours of movie homes conducted for the benefit of out-of-towners), the dampness of the bed linens in the farmhouse where we slept.

ON the other hand, my memories of the play itself are confused and blurry, with only a few high lights still in my mind. For the Oberammergau Passion Play starts at eight in the morning and continues, with but a brief intermission, all day. Impressive though it might be, the attention of the audience wears off after a few hours. I still remember the tremendous feeling of relief when that endless performance was over — which indeed is not the thing you are supposed to feel.

The Hollywood Play gives the entire life of Jesus in the time of one cool evening. The Oberammergau Play treats only of the Passion week —treats of it in detail and with striking effectiveness. But beginning the story of Jesus with the entry into Jerusalem is rather like landing on top of a mountain without first having climbed it. It is true the production in Oberammergau is full of what Hollywood calls thrills, and even glamour. For the lost simplicity it makes up by the lavishness of the settings, the big mob scenes, the colorful and rich costumes. Slightly De Mille, I should say. Six hundred extras accompany Jesus when he comes to Jerusalem; swarms of white doves fly over the heads of the audience when He drives the money-changers out of the Temple; and the crucifixion scene is a gruesome and realistic spectacle.

But speaking of the play that's done in Hollywood, I hesitate even to use the word "production." It does not seem to be produced; it rather grows out of the brown hills and—most amazing thing of all—out of the souls of our crazy city.

Oberammergau has elaborate settings on three stages—but in Hollywood you can hear the crickets chirping during the silent moments of the play, you have the skies and the stars hanging down like a ceiling high above your head and the faint scent of bush and grass and orange blossoms in the air. You have beautiful music and miracles are performed with indirect lighting. There is something overwhelmingly sweet and simple When Jesus goes to Jerusalem; He mounts a little white donkey and, surrounded by His disciples, rides up a footpath into the hills. And—the most unforgettable moment of the Play—after Jesus has taken the cross upon His shoulders, the scene gets dark. We know what He suffers, without a cruel exhibition of blood and sweat and deathly agony.

It is one of the highest artistic points that this Passion Play spares us the crucifixion scene and still is strong enough to give us the whole feeling of the tragedy. What we see are only three dimly lighted wooden crosses on the hillside. Yet every one gets a lump in the throat and a smarting of tears in the eyes.

Quite recently I made up my mind to visit Jesus Christ—that is, Mr. Ian MacLaren—and to find out what he was like in private life. I was sure he could not be just another actor.

I found him living modestly in a little canyon cottage with a pretty blonde daughter, who also had a bit in the Play, and an even more blond collie. He is one of those rarities among Hollywood residents—a man who doesn't own a car. " Being English," he said, with a glint of humor in his eyes, " we're inured to walking."

It would take you no more than five minutes to discern the spirit of understanding love and comradeship that binds father and daughter. The walls of the low living room are hung with a number of photographs—photographs of Mr. MacLaren, some in the Shakespearean roles he played for many years, others in the garb of the Christ.

" I must apologize for these," he said. " They're not my doing. The child thinks she has to have them around."

" And why not? " the child defended herself, smiling. " *I* like them."

They live quietly. " I spend my days," Mr. MacLaren told me, " exercising the dog and the girl, gardening a little and cooking—very plain cooking, you understand, but eatable. I do the meat and Pauline the vegetables."

" Also he reads detective stories," Pauline interposed, " which I get for him from the library."

Her father eyed her severely. " And when I get halfway through them I always find they're something I've read before."

" I don't really know whether I ought to encourage him in that sort of thing," said Pauline, unruffled, " while he's acting in the Pilgrimage Play."

" Well," he said, " it probably keeps me from turning into a complete nervous wreck. It's a strain, you know—playing the part. I'm always terribly irritable while I'm doing it—getting furious with myself because I can't play it as it ought to be played. Which is why I insist on the silent half hour—that's what the others call it. I get myself ready and dressed at least half an hour before curtain, and then I sit there in my dressing room at the top of the canyon, not praying or anything of that sort, but—well, getting into a mood."

I asked him what it had meant to him—playing the Christ. He looked at me for a moment before answering simply: " I don't know—except that it's made me love Jesus better than I ever understood how to love Him before."

Remembering King of Kings, I wasn't altogether happy when I heard that the Pilgrimage Play had been sold to the movies, though it was reassuring to discover that those responsible for producing it in Hollywood had reserved the right of approving the script. I hope Mr. MacLaren will play the Christ. I don't know where they could find a better. I tried to learn what the chances were, without getting very far. " If I know my movies," growled the embittered gentleman of whom I made my inquiries, " it'll be Jimmy Cagney."

Well, that's one aspect of Hollywood. Another aspect is a hollow in the hillside, three minutes from a feverish thoroughfare, where night after night a hushed Hollywood audience listens to the words of God.

THE END

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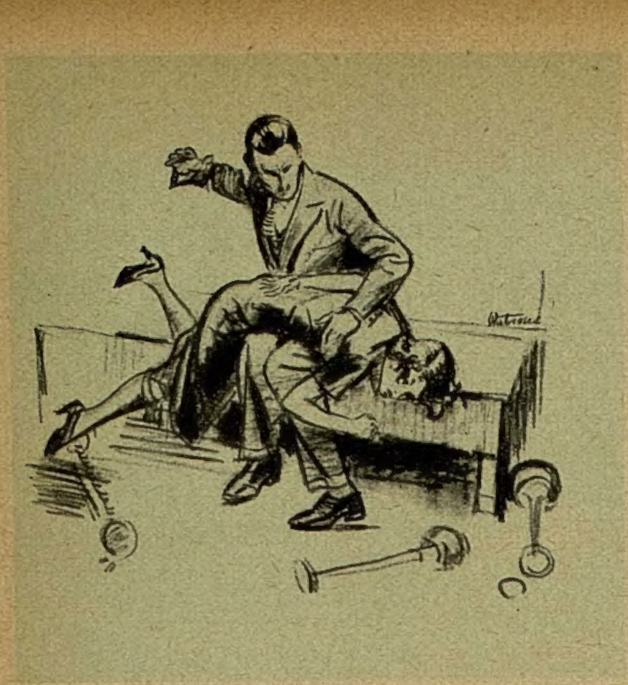
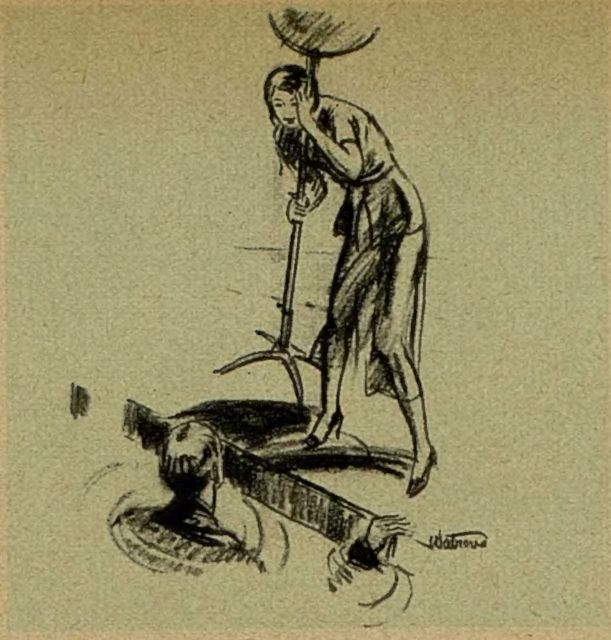
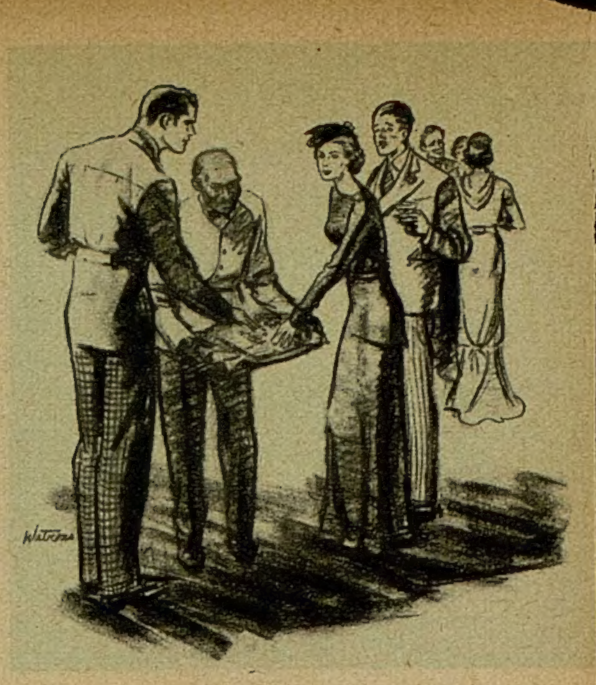


"Don't you dare!" Doris gasped, her nose pointing toward the floor.



When I came up she had a sweet expression. "Darling lamb," she said.



She saw Bill Fenton and Bill saw her. Coo? Doris actually did.

Drown the Girl!

You Might Think It a Perilous Way of Wooing, but in These Piping Times You Never Can Tell . . . Look What It Led to in This Madly Hilarious Love Story

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

"AND why not?" I said. "I'm practically a bargain,"

She hooted.

"Lookit those unpressed pants! Lookit that shirt without any top button! Lookit that mustache! As if any girl could marry a mustache like that! As if!"

I got hold of her ankles and hoisted them into the air. Her ankles were wet.

"All right. Now act dignified. Light a stogie or something in this here position."

"The mustache," Doris Donleavy said, "totals about ten sand-colored and prickly hairs. As if! As if a girl could—"

She stopped because her head went under the water because I had slid her across the tiles to the edge of her old man's swimming pool and dumped her into the ridiculously heated water. Yes, heated—in midsummer. You couldn't guess, the way she glowed with perpetual health, that the mere thought of a cold bath could fill Doris with fury and horror.

She came up.

"Yah!" she yelled. "Yah! Anyhow, you drink. Anyhow, you act very fickle and flighty, especially with blondes."

"You're not a blonde!" I noted.

"And—and anyhow, I think you wanna marry me just for my money!"

"You," I noted with dignity, "have no money. Your old man"—she swam back, close enough to the edge so I dropped a wicker chair on her—"keeps all the money himself account of he is smart!"

"Old?" somebody roared. "Old! Why, you—you—"

"—young whippersnapper!" Doris supplied, coming up again. I had spun about. There stood Otis Donleavy, magnificent in white hair and dinner jacket and bulging pleated shirt.

"Well, then, mature," I said. "Aren't you?"

I had him there. By George, I had him!

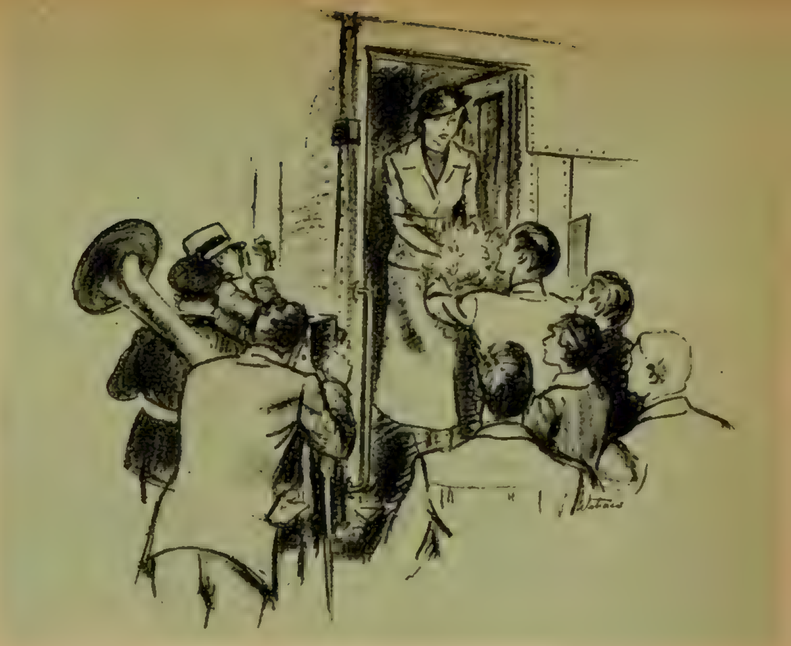
"Get—get out of that pool!" old Otis said, turning his wrath on Doris. "It's dinnertime! I'm hungry! And as for you," he told me, "drop that chair! What do you want to do, drown the girl?"

"Certainly," I said. "That was my plan."

We all went into the house, and Doris, dripping, disappeared up the stairs to dress. Then, in the drawing room, old Otis, abruptly and suspiciously affable, mixed some cocktails and gave me one. I waited. He, not Doris, had commanded my presence here tonight, and since he was my godfather I knew him too well not to understand he wanted something. This time, to my astonishment, he wanted me. Within twenty-four hours his business, which was banking in general and corporate finance in particular, would shove him into control of National Art productions. Then, it appeared, old Otis would immediately head for Hollywood and begin hacking at the huge operating costs which gradually had eliminated profits. To me he offered a job. I was to go along.

"Why?" I said.

"Because films are a frivolous business," he said, "and you're the most frivolous party I know." I felt myself getting hot at that, but I was thinking as fast as I could. Doris. At age twelve I'd begun my career of attempting to drown her. I had, in fact, pushed her—dimity dress and pigtails and all—off the private Donleavy dock and into the cold, cold Sound. But everybody makes mistakes. I should have held her under—instead of fishing her out. I'd been nuts about her ever since, and I'd been born in the next house—which was about a sixth the size of the



"Pose," I told her, thrusting red roses into her arms. She hesitated on the Pullman steps.

by

ROBERT
NEAL
LEATH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN B. WATROUS

Donleavy palace and where mother and dad still lived—but a lot of good that did me. Doris almost never stayed at home. And when she came back from Florida or London or Mexico, all we seemed to do was battle. But—Hollywood! No girl, I told myself, could possibly resist Hollywood.

"About this job—nothing doing," I said definitely.

Old Otis spread some cheese on a cracker and began to eat it.

"It pays," he observed absently, "ten thousand a year."

I'm afraid I gulped. Wag that much cash beneath the nose of any university instructor in statistics and accounting and see what happens.

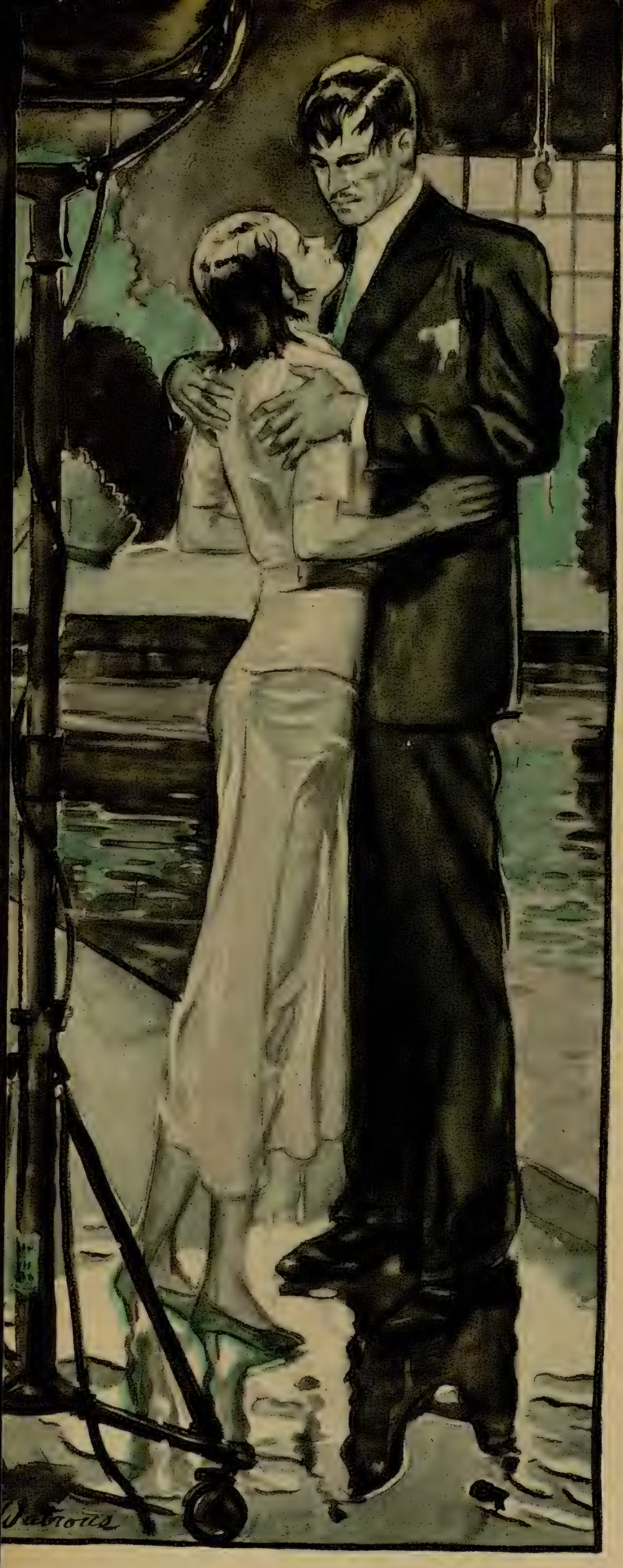
It happened, and when Doris at last appeared—in black velvet trimmed with white organdy—and inquired, I told her so.

"Then both you boys will be going West tomorrow," Doris observed. "Tomorrow—just when I'm sailing for Yurrup in search of a duke or a prince or something!"

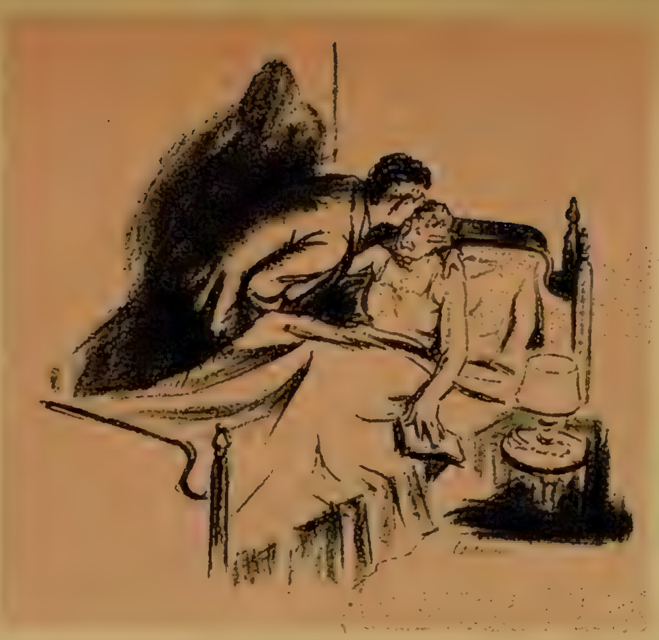
"Listen," I suggested politely. "After dinner let's all go swimming." If I could just get her into the deep end!

"I think not," Doris mused with crafty daintiness. "It will be too cold." . . .

So when I reached Hollywood and started working, I felt pretty low in the mind. But work, suddenly and strangely, became a pleasure. Mainly, however, I waited for Doris Donleavy. I still didn't believe she



She sort of cuddled in my arms as if inviting another kiss.



"Mama stays awake till Bill comes home. That way she knows her darling's safe."

could resist. And, sure enough, at the end of a month I received a letter. Doris would arrive shortly. She would also, it appeared, become an actress. I was supposed to pave her way.

But she still hadn't shown up when, two months later, old Otis Donleavy reached the painful conclusion that to any normal banker Hollywood meant nothing but eventual insanity. Consequently old Otis unloaded National Art to another frock-coated sucker at his first opportunity. Naturally I immediately expected to find, according to Hollywood custom, the scraper at work on my office door, removing my name. But—

"Stick around," Ben Sponberg said, grinning. "You are positively the nuttiest guy it is ever my privilege to encounter and we got plenty of places for you."

And then, after seventeen more months: a telegram! Doris would actually arrive—in California—within five hours!

I met the train in Pasadena.

"Lookit those pants, still unpressed—" Doris said, then stopped short. "What is the big idea?" she said.

"Pose," I told her, thrusting eight dozen red roses into her arms.

She hesitated there on the Pullman steps, and somebody said, "Say something—say anything!—quick!" So she said something insulting about the weather and cameras worked and microphones miked and a small band of eighteen pieces broke into a bloodthirsty attack on She's My Baby, and some extras whom I'd had carted down from the studio threw confetti, and I put Doris into my new Hispano.

She was prettier than ever, but she stabbed me with a bright and accusing stare.

"Explain!"

"Arrival," I said unpleasantly. "All new arrivals expect hoop-la."

"Oh, darling," Doris said, "don't fuss at me so soon. Especially when you look so nice and homely and comforting and I'm so glad to see you."

You know how it is. When they get that little throb and whimper into their voices you can't do a thing except go aw—aw—

"Since that's settled," Doris said, sitting up, "let's have the truth. Splendor!" She patted the purring Hispano. "Magnificence! Flowers! Bands! Cameras!"

"Meant to impress you," I said. "Showing off. Power, you know. Positively colossal bargain, if you could possibly persuade me to marry you now."

"Gracious! You mean to say you're still not married?"

"All this time," I said, "been eating the heart out."

"I'll bet," Doris observed. "Have you got my contract with you?"

I SUPPOSE she expected an argument. But—ha!—she didn't get it. I brought a contract out. As long as she actually had come to Hollywood, I was going to keep her there, regardless of expense—to good old National Art. That's another splendid Hollywood custom. Also, at the moment my parents happened to be paying me a visit, so I needed no further excuse to insist that, for the time being at least, she must live at my house. Everything figured out. Everything, so that I could see her every day and entertain her every night. Wear down the old resistance by a perpetual exposure to irresistible personality. Or so I thought. Yah! What a sap! Because, at the cocktail party that afternoon which I'd planned to open my entertainment campaign, she saw Bill Fenton and Bill saw her.

Coo? Doris actually did. Even now I cannot bring myself to reproduce the revolting sugary quality of that dialogue which I heard, eavesdropping inside a patio window. You've heard it anyway. A lovely otherwise intelligent girl looking up with wide, shy, discovering eyes at a big beautiful dumb ox. Bill, as a movie star, must have been exposed to the same line every day, and why he fell for this particular specimen I can't imagine. But he fell all right. When my last guests were leaving, Doris got precisely in front of me.

"I and Billy," she announced, "decided Levy's would be a good spot for dinner. I suppose you feel you must go along, eh?"

"Why shouldn't he?" Bill Fenton put in, the red rising uncomfortably above his collar.

"Nice of you," I told him. "Graceful! But I got a date."

And then they were heading toward their hats.

"Hey!" I called. "Hey, Bill! Better phone Mama, so she won't be worried."

Doris halted. She looked suspiciously from me to Bill and back again, and started to say something, but I didn't wait to hear it. What did *I* care?

About ten o'clock I heard Doris and Bill Fenton return. Bill departed promptly at eleven, and immediately thereafter Doris stuck her head into the library where I was having my date—with a book.

"All right, all right," I snarled. "Come on in."

SHE was all shining and dewy-eyed. It gave me a crawly terrified feeling inside. They'd had a gorgeous palpitant evening. Two hearts suddenly and gloriously in tune. Bill Fenton, it appeared, was a knight; he was marvelous. In fact, simply sweet.

"I didn't think there was a man like that left in the world, that's what I didn't."

"And," I said, "he left promptly at eleven."

That somehow managed to penetrate her bright fog.

"So what?" she demanded coldly.

I said cheerfully, "Well, it seems Bill has a Mama. And Mama stays awake every night till Bill comes home and gives her a good-night peck on the forehead. That way she knows her darling's safe. Otherwise she's a morgue-phoner. Gets hysterics."

"I," Doris said, "do not believe you, and you are a foul backbiter. A poisonous foul—"

I said grimly, "Get out of here!"

"A deliberate insulting poisonous—"

But I had risen and I nearly caught her. As it was, the door failed only by a fraction of an inch to reduce my fingers to hamburger.

Next morning, however, she appeared at the studio, and we made a test, and when I got back to my office Bill was waiting for me. He had a fatuous look on his face.

"This—uh—this Miss Donleavy," he said. "What do you think of her, Alec?"

"Rough," I said. "Likes to wrastle."

"Seemed like an awfully nice girl to me," Bill said, worried.

"First impression. Wait till you know her a while. Pokes people in the ribs. Drops chairs on their heads. Also she's very rich and fickle."

"Eh?" said Bill.

"She's been abroad nearly two years," I told him. "Just came from Nice. Broke billions of hearts. Leads men on. Siren."

"Oh!" Bill said.

He drew in his breath, thinking. He walked about some more, finally said thanks, and went out, leaving me feeling low again. But as soon as I could I got Ben Sponberg and we looked at Doris's test, and it was successful past my wildest dreams.

For some time we'd had an idea in the fire, baking. Old-time blood-and-thunder melodramas, revived in New York and elsewhere, and played straight, had proved humorous riots. We thought the movie theaters also could garner a lot of shekels with a similar revival, taking a blood-and-thunder plot but letting it serve only as an excuse for a lot of tuneful nonsense. For this we needed a girl of undeniable loveliness with a half-invisible impishness. And such we knew was Doris Donleavy from the moment her image sprang alive in Projection Room A.

My sensation of pleasure, however, arose from another fountainhead. The hero of The Foul Fiend had been already decided upon—Bill Fenton.

Put them together in Doris's first picture, I told myself with sinister satisfaction, and soon she'll throb with panic instead of infatuation.

You see, I'd met Bill Fenton a few times during senior year at college. Bill had been a freshman then, in from the great open spaces of Nebraska. Mama actually had gone to college with him, taking an apartment not half a mile from the campus. And she saw to it that Bill didn't smoke or drink or dance or date. Even with constant application he could not, unaided, drive more than fifty per cent of the fairly simple facts of a college education through his beautiful skull.

He was the purest male known to humanity, a red flag infuriating all the rest of the student body, and he never rebelled against Mama's rule. Yet with all this he was, clearly and at once, the white hope of football. It's impossible to forget a guy like that, and I hadn't forgotten when National Art came face to face with an appalling and totally unexpected specter: a national demand that the movies become pure.

Pure? Pure! I located Bill Fenton draining oil from an ancient Nebraska flivver and nevertheless contriving to resemble Galahad, so I signed him on the spot. I knew he couldn't miss, and he didn't. We hired an old actor to teach Bill his lines regardless of how long it took. And we had a new star—but we also had Mama.

She appeared on every set, and told everybody what to do—writers how to write, supporting actors how to act, and directors she told plenty. It's a wonder she hadn't been hacked into small pieces long ago. But when shooting of The Foul Fiend began, lest some successful skullduggery or some unprecedented change of heart this time should keep her away, I saw to it that for once she would have a valid excuse for being present. I caught Karl Kutte, the director, off guard and signed Mama to play the hero's mother before Kutte knew what had happened.

Now, I thought, I had everything fixed. And I sat smugly back to await the disenchantment of Doris Donleavy with Mama's sickening son.

THAT was how much I knew about women. Doris, believing herself rooted for some time to come, had sent for her car. Full of luggage, it stood in my drive when I got home, dog-tired and late, and Doris herself came bounding across the flagstones with a hatbox. She'd an apartment and she was moving.

"Moving!" she yelled.

"And what," I asked her, "do you think of Mama?"

"Simply sweet," Doris said enthusiastically. "I'm devoted to her! Bill's devoted! Everything is simply sweet!"

"Simply dumb, you mean."

"Yes," Doris said mistily. "Isn't he? D'you know, he's playing The Foul Fiend straight! He believes it is realism! Did you ever," Doris demanded, "imagine anybody so simply sweet and dumb?"

If there was an undertone of a first doubt in her voice, I could not detect it. Nor did any doubt appear as The Foul Fiend progressed and my hopeful expectations shuddered and died. For the big crush between Bill and Doris fascinated the entire lot. And according to current accounts, Mama with her querulous suggestions and disapprovals was making life acutely miserable for the entire Kutte company—except Doris Donleavy. Alone in all that mob, Doris maintained an attitude of meek submission.

Evidently she'd told me the strict truth: her devotion to Bill actually seemed great enough to embrace Mama also in its glow. The pitiful lovesick little simpleton!

Only in one minor matter did she fail him. Bill lived on the Santa Monica strand and throughout the winter persisted in that form of repellent Spartan insanity which afflicts a certain infinitesimal fraction of the California population: a daily swim. Only here, as Bill led, did Doris refuse to follow. And then, when I had abandoned my dead hope, my original expectations did work out. Suddenly. Calamitously. They exploded like a bank right in my face.

"Well," I told her, clutching for time, "this is grand. This is simply dandy."

"Just the same," Doris said, "I'm going."

One hundred thousand bucks already sunk in The Foul Fiend! And now Doris was quitting cold—right in the middle of production.

"Sissy!" I said. "Can't take it, eh? Bill Fenton turns you down. So you're going to run home and cry on papa's shoulder and let poor old papa support you again!"

SARCASM backfired, because sudden wetness sparkled upon her lower lashes. And my heart went into a nauseating spin.

"Bill didn't," she retorted indignantly, "turn me down! The idea! Why—why—I wouldn't have him if there wasn't another man left in the whole world. So there!"

She was crazy about him. I could see it plainly.

"Was it Mama?" I inquired softly.

A couple of big tears rolled down the sides of her nose and she simply let them roll. And when a girl forgets her make-up, that, kind sirs and all, is feminine anger. Or love. Or something.

She said with dignity, "Mama intends to live with us. Mama is looking for a proper larger house. Mama also is deciding on furniture. And I," Doris said, sticking her little nose into the air till I wanted to hang one on it, "am on my way."

"Some day," I said viciously, "I hope your old man loses all his dough and you really need a job in order to eat. And then, when you come crawling, trying to earn an honest living and trying to get your contract back, I'll—"

"—give it to me," Doris said.

I groaned.

"Yes, I will," I said.

That was the trouble. I'd probably steal the whole studio and present it to her tied up in ribbons and tastefully decorated with fudge. I'd even give her Bill Fenton.

"So," Doris said, rising, "won't you please kiss me good-by?"

I came politely around my desk, but I was plenty sore.

"Certainly not! Furthermore, we're gonna sue you for that hundred grand."

"Go ahead! I'm twenty-one and penniless except for a few trust funds you can't touch. Papa's smart. And," she said, pushing away, "my goodness! I said kiss me good-by, not kiss me hello."

"That wasn't hello. That was confound you!"

Doris gave one of those infinitesimal pulls to her hat which do something miraculous. She was looking at me but keeping clear.

"Besides, we've gone into all that. The unpressed pants! The mustache! Yah!"

She'd departed, and I leaped for a telephone and within seconds had Jake on the other end. Jake was the gatekeeper. Did he know Miss Donleavy's car? He did!

"Oke!" I said. "You've got a gun. Shoot some holes in the tires! Take a hammer and smash the ignition! Do anything! But don't let that car leave the lot!"

Then I locked myself in and grabbed the shooting schedule of The Foul Fiend. A break! Today Karl Kutte was working on Stage 4. A furious banging soon began against the door, but I had a big bottle of beer to cool off, and did a lot of rapid telephoning. Yes, I'd even give her —Bill Fenton. Last on the wires was Bill himself, whom I'd had called off the set.

I said, "Stop me if I err. People say you're in love with Doris Donleavy."

"Uh—yes."

"Your intentions include marriage?"

"Yes."

"Looking in my crystal ball," I told him, "I see a recent misunderstanding. You and Doris. The mother of William Fenton also appears in this crystal ball. Right?"

"I guess so."

"Doris finally has come to wonder whether you really love her, or whether you'll be tied to Mama's apron strings all your life."

Utter misery came through the phone when finally Bill mumbled that, perhaps, I was continuing to sock the nail precisely on its cranium.

"You," I said, "therefore gotta make a choice and prove your love."

Bill was silent; then he said despairingly, "How?"

ROBERT NEAL LEATH *was born in Alabama, spent his boyhood in Colorado, and was graduated from Harvard, where, he says, he specialized in economics so college work wouldn't interfere with his literary education. He is 31, lives near Hollywood, and had his first two novels published last year. His shorter fiction has appeared in various magazines.*

"Just remember she can't swim," I said carefully, although Doris really swam like a duck—"she won't swim with you because she can't!" And then I hung up. The banging against the locked door had stopped some minutes ago, so when I'd finished I went out, and an ash tray just missed my head. Doris, as I expected, was waiting there on a sofa, a whole collection of ash trays at her side, and they kept coming, so I had to execute a sort of flying tackle.

"No kicking!" I said sternly. "No—"

"Don't you dare!" Doris gasped.

This last was due to her present position, which a bridge addict would call vulnerable—across my knees, her nose pointing toward the floor.

"King's X?" I inquired, palm uplifted.

"What else could a lady say?" Doris snarled. "Assaulted by a beastly mustache!"

So I let her stand up.

"Ignition," she observed icily—"ruined! Tires—flat! Gasoline tank—a hole in it! Those'll cost you, mister!"

Then we had another argument, but I won it. She had intended to return East by automobile, but repairs would take at least till sundown. And today was all I wanted. I invented forty technical reasons why Karl Kutte must vacate Stage 4 tonight, and why, if she would work just this one more day, we might still be able to salvage something from the wreckage of The Foul Fiend caused by her desertion.

"Baby, it's important," I pleaded. "Honest."

"All right, but I don't trust you," Doris said, frowning. "Make a note of that."

After this I waited about an hour, full of despair and chagrin and the crawly squirmy feeling of vain jealousy. Well, perhaps Bill Fenton was what she'd been wanting since girlhood. A love affair which would be big and dumb and gentle; full of aches but not fights; full of—mush. Yes, of course. How obtuse I'd been! And therefore I'd lost. Finally. It was too late now to turn gentle. I could do nothing now except give them to each other. And save a hundred grand.

STAGE 4 was occupied by a huge swimming pool. It was so big that merely filling it with water cost $983.76. So big that it could be converted into a sylvan lake. It was a sylvan lake now, and out into the middle a canoe was moving. A man paddled—a man acutely uncomfortable in an old-fashioned four-button coat, a stiff flat straw hat, a high starched collar. Our Hero, in fact, of The Foul Fiend, taking our Virginal Heroine for a sylvan Sunday ride.

And virginal and lovely she seemed, too, primly sitting there, with pompadour and a silly little hat atop the pompadour, with a net shirtwaist and sharp bones jamming the collar of the shirtwaist into her chin; with huge full skirt and thousands of petticoats, and a tiny parasol held against the glare of the artificial sun. Sitting there, in fact, making veiled eyes at Our Hero, veiled because this romantic canoe of gay-ninety vintage also contained Our Hero's Mother, come along for purpose of chaperonage and chatting brightly at Our Heroine's side.

As written, we intended this scene to be delicately hilarious. For it Rian Hughes had concocted, at two thousand dollars a week, some of the best dialogue which had come our way in many a month. And now the microphones had been properly placed, the chief cameraman had okayed the focusing, and Karl Kutte was ready to yell for the synchronizers, when suddenly the canoe began to lurch as if in the grip of a monster, and Mama Fenton wildly screamed, and then the canoe had turned over.

Uproar! The entire stage throbbed with it. Bill Fenton's head came up, his wild glance searched the surface and of course immediately spotted those two big round floundering lily pads of cloth, those two bedraggled pompadours in their centers, which represented Doris and Mama.

Mama was outraged. Even from the artificial bank where I stood I could see the scathing denunciation forming behind her contorted visage. I could see her assembling gallons of air to demand and scream for Bill's assistance. Therefore I screamed first:

"Bill! Bill! Hurry!"

WHETHER he heard or not, Bill's body lengthened low in the water and his coat-encumbered arms flailed up and over in an awkward crawl. And Mama's eyes visibly bulged with disbelief, seeing Bill progress not toward her but toward Doris, and Mama's commanding screams began.

But more quickly they ended—in something which sounded like "Bilumph-ph." And Mama went under as suddenly as though—could it have been as suddenly as though she had been dragged under?

She came up flailing, gasping in preparation for another scream. And, suddenly, a second time disappeared.

Violently, utterly concentrated upon his work, Bill laid hands upon Doris. Violently he proceeded to tow her toward shore. How she managed to breathe I don't know, for Bill's heroism resembled homicide more than rescue. She struggled, kicked, fought. Even then Bill remained gentle. Even the sock he gave her on the jaw wasn't hard enough to knock her out.

And meantime up and down went Mama. And strangely up and down. Sputtering. Each attempted scream nipped accurately in its preliminary gasp. Then two big splashes as two assistant directors dived, aiming at Mama.

Commotion!

Therefore nobody, except me, thought to glance toward a certain darkish corner of the pool, and there to glimpse a pale shadow come up and climb out and silently disappear.

Bill and Doris came first to shore. Twenty hands were ready to pull them out. Ten hands for Bill. Ten for Doris—plus Bill's two heroic hands. But Doris jerked free.

"See?" I said triumphantly. "He really loves you. Made a choice! You or Mama! He chose you!"

"Blah!" Doris snarled in my face, then spun on Bill, assembling her strength, stormy-eyed.

"Hulk!"—gasp. "Great floundering fourth-wit!"—gasp. "What was this?"—a withering gasp. "Attempted assassination?"

"Bill!"

And Mama had been hoisted out, a chubby furious waterfall, her hat still pinned securely atop her hair, one ribald feather coyly curving beneath her nose, make-up smeared and running. Oh, that she had lived to see this day!

"Oh, oh, oh!" Mama howled.

Doris had paused, filling her lungs. Her mouth formed the word. And at last it came out, devastating, complete!

"Cad!" Doris spat. And then: "Ugh!"

The poor guy. His jaw sagged and his glance wagged from one of those revilifying females to the other.

"Ugh?" he observed helplessly.

"Ugh!" Doris said firmly, and she turned and marched off toward her dressing room. And Mama also turned and marched, still frothing.

The poor bewildered guy. "Hulk"! "Cad"!

A pretty, tall blonde laid a hand upon Bill's wet sleeve.

An acquisitive but compassionate gleam lay in her eyes.

"You," she announced, "need a drink. Come with me."

Bill looked her over. Perhaps he had become desperate by this time. At any rate a wild gleam flicked alive in his eyes and his chin jutted out.

"Don't mind if I do," he said.

I sat on Doris's dressing-room doorstep till she came out, dry again and clad in trim tweed. I grabbed her by a hand and dragged her back into Stage 4. It was deserted now. There wasn't a ripple in the lake.

"I don't get this," I said.

She merely sneered.

I said, "You wanted proof. You've had it."

"That water!" Doris said. "Cold! Icy! Arctic! All your fault!"

I thought.

"I see," I slowly said. "You guessed it was all my fault. Therefore you blamed Bill."

She clenched her fists and began to beat me upon the chest.

"Beast! Beast, beast, beast!"

"You said that before."

"Beast, beast—"

I picked her up and threw her into the lake. When she came up I jumped on her and towed her out where it was good and deep. I got a good grip around her throat.

"Now then," I said, "will you marry me and no more nonsense?"

"That—that mustache!" she gasped, jeering.

I held her under a while.

"Now then," I said, "will you—"

"Yes," Doris said.

I took my hands off and let her swim back to the edge and climb out.

"I'm freezing," she shuddered disgustedly.

"Come here, then," I said.

She came. I put my arms around her and kissed her.

"Ugh!" she said, shuddering. "*Wet!* Revolting! Ugh!"

But she didn't go away.

"Why don't you go away?" I suggested.

"Because," she said crossly, "I like it here, if you must know." Again she began to cry. "It seems to me," she said, "a girl has to go to a lot of lengths to get any attention around here."

"Attention? This is a fight," I said.

"Thank goodness," Doris said. "A girl must wait and wait, all over Yurrup, and the mountain does not pursue, so a girl must gallop to the mountain halfway round the world. And then she must threaten to go away again before she gets any attention around here."

"And what about Bill Fenton?" I inquired bitingly.

"Oh—him," Doris said. She collected her explanatory faculties. "Makes a girl lonesome. Never fights. Makes a girl feel neglected. Especially when a girl has come all the way from Yurrup for a good permanent fight. Furthermore, poor Mama might have been drowned."

"Yah," I said, without committing myself.

Doris insisted:

"Somebody tipped that canoe over. Somebody caught Mama afterward. Somebody ducked Mama good."

Upon the pay roll of National Art was the name of my friend Tad Weigel. Ape man. Underwater marvel.

"I wouldn't know anything about that," I retorted.

"Viper!" she snarled affectionately. She sort of cuddled in my arms, and moved, and lifted her lips again as if inviting another kiss, and I tried to oblige, but then I felt two savage jabs in my ribs, and then I realized she'd put me with my back to the pool, and the next thing water was slapping over my head. When I came up she had a sweet serious expression on her face.

"Darling lamb," she said.

AND that's about all, except that we started four weeks later for Spain—after The Foul Fiend had been finished—and a telegram caught us at Albuquerque:

DO SOMETHING QUICK BILL ELOPING TO YUMA IN TOILS OF MERCENARY BLONDE NAMED VIOLETTA DE VERE STOP SHE WILL RUIN HIS LIFE

"Good," I wired.

And it turned out good, too, for this Violetta de Vere certainly is a honey. She made a swell guy out of Bill Fenton in short order, and she sent Mama home to Papa Fenton even faster, and nowadays I and Doris and Violetta and Bill play bridge regularly, but Violetta plays lousy bridge. She does not even carry an ax to brain Bill with when he passes an original two-spade bid.

Doris dealt and passed. Violetta bid two spades.

"Pass," I said.

"Pass," Bill said.

"Bill dear," Doris said, tactfully plugging the breach, "your poor Mama really ought to learn to swim. Suppose she was going to Yurrup or something and the boat turned over. In the water she's so helpless."

"Helpless?" Bill howled proudly, before he thought. "Mama is an ex-Olympic swimming champ!"

THE END

GOOD BOOKS — by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ **THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA** compiled and edited at Columbia University. Columbia University Press.

We regret we have only four stars to give this publication. If there were a five-star rating, this is the first book in the last two years that Liberty has seen deserving such a distinction. Here at last is an American encyclopedia with all the American virtues of up-to-dateness, compactness, and correctness. It is not too much to say that the average intelligent American will find this one-volume encyclopedia serving all his needs without missing the cumbersome multivolumed tomes of the ordinary encyclopedia.

★ ★ ★ ★ **CAPE COD YESTERDAYS** by Joseph C. Lincoln. Little, Brown & Company.

The literary discoverer of Cape Cod here tells some of his memories of the days before summer people, airplane commutation, moo-cow theaters, and artistic colonies. A beautiful book, beautifully illustrated.

★ ★ ★ **OLD HOME TOWN** by Rose Wilder Lane. Longmans, Green & Co.

A collection of short stories about the people back home. Each one a gem, a smile, a tear—each character is real. A grand book to rest with.

★ ★ ★ **OUR WONDERFUL WORLD** by Frances Jenkins Olcott. Little, Brown & Company.

One hundred and thirty stories and articles of the wonders and beauties of nature. Fascinating reading for boys and girls.

★ ★ ★ **THE POLITICIAN: HIS HABITS, OUTCRIES, AND PROTECTIVE COLORING** by J. H. Wallis. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

This is a textbook half in jest and wholly in earnest for office seekers, with Huey Long getting the largest amount of space.

★ ★ ★ **DREAM WITHOUT ENDING** by Ursula Parrott. Longmans, Green & Co.

A collection of short stories, each highly dramatic and intensely interesting.

★ ★ ★ **THE JEWISH CARAVAN** edited by Leo Schwarz. Farrar & Rinehart.

The lore and legend and storytelling genius of the Wandering People gathered together in an imposing and delightful anthology. An astonishing book that ranges from Joseph and Josephus to Paul the Apostle, all the way down to Waldo Frank and Thyra Samter Winslow and then into the subordinated experimentalists of Soviet Russia and the dreamers who are resettling Palestine.

★ ★ ★ **HANDS** by Charles G. Norris. Farrar & Rinehart.

Another solid, sound novel from this excellent craftsman—a story of a family and indeed an era.

★ ★ ½ **THE SOLAR SYSTEM AND ITS ORIGIN** by Henry Norris Russell. The Macmillan Company.

A revealing, interesting history of the heavens, despite the tail spins of technicalities into which the author now and again tumbles. Well worth reading, especially if you are interested in finding out how it all got that way.

HAS HOOVER CHANGED HIS SOUL?

Is He a Political Enigma or Just a Contented Man?—A Close-Up of the Ex-President Today, Through the Eyes of an Intimate Friend

by WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

LAST October ex-President Hoover addressed the Young Republicans of eleven Western states in person, and the country by radio. Putting down his prepared speech for a minute, he inserted a few flashes of homely wit; and the citizens both laughed and wondered. Hoover wisecracking! Even those who voted for him in 1932 and still held their allegiance carried round a stereotyped picture of a very serious person. Also newsreel addicts noticed that he smiled more often than of old.

Was this a new Hoover?

His friends of long standing heard the comments and themselves smiled. They knew that he had not changed. This Hoover of today was the man with whom they had carried on for twenty or thirty or forty years—the same quiet wit, the same quiet geniality, the same quiet kindliness of spirit, the same talent, when the whim takes him, for humorous and vivid reminiscence. The only difference, perhaps, lay in the fact that he had found more time, in his first period of comparative idleness since he left college, to be—just Herbert Hoover.

Only once, indeed, had his intimate friends felt a new and different mood in him. That was on Inauguration Day, 1933, when he appeared in New York fresh from the experience of stepping out of the transparent White House into the concealment of private life. For the first few hours his state of mind seemed to resemble that in which the happily dead must live during their first experience with eternity. It is a splendid world, but different; and they must adjust themselves. The world they have left, with its ties and affections and perplexities, keeps breaking in as though to pull them back.

This was of course a moment of terrific strain—the day of the bank moratorium, when no man knew which way a lot of cats were going to jump. At unexpected moments Hoover would rise, stride slowly back and forth with his head bowed—as he does when he is thinking heavily or when he is worried—and talk in quick phrases on one aspect or another of the situation. Only once did he refer to the events of that morning or bring himself into the conversation. Glancing over the evening papers, he came upon an imaginative paragraph stating baldly that when he found himself alone in his Pullman compartment at Washington he broke down and wept. This brought a burst of vivid language; among all the pricks of that trying day, the insinuation that he had not been game was the only one, apparently, to hurt.

A minute later Hoover was called to the telephone in another room. As he came back, one of his oldest friends, following a habit acquired in three years around the White House, rose to his feet. Hoover clapped both hands on his shoulders, threw him with boyish roughness back on to the sofa. "For the love of Mike," he said, "let's cut *that* out!" This brought a laugh; and the White House seemed to fade farther into the distance.

That night he dined with a small company of men. Good talk about a dinner table is Hoover's favorite sport. He kept up his end; and when he went early to bed, he had begun to seem younger. But he was tired, and looked it. Naturally; for three years he had undertaken the most trying task ever handed to a President—holding his people together in face of dismal calamity. During much of that time he had worked at high speed for sixteen hours a day. He had come through it with his head clear and his nerve steady. But there were those in his circle who wondered whether the letdown might bring some kind of nervous collapse.

Next day, however, he woke comparatively rested, went out to breakfast with friends, and enjoyed the luxury of strolling down Fifth Avenue and looking into the shop windows. He was staying on—it is fair to say now—mainly because of a feeling that in this national crisis he, leader of the opposition party, might be of help. The authorities at Washington, afraid of some disagreeable episode, had told off Secret Service men to watch over him. This got into the newspapers. It was one of those anxious and excited periods when men believe fairy tales. Like mercury there ran through the country the absurd rumor that Hoover was under virtual arrest in his hotel "because he had shipped a quarter of a milllion gold dollars of his own money to Europe." As usually happens in similar cases, the story got back to him. He chuckled; and it was the same old Hoover chuckle. "This yarn pretty nearly caps the climax," he said. "Well, let's hope it will be the last one!"

Established a fortnight later in his arcaded house above the red-tiled roofs of Stanford University, the same old Hoover was at work again—his own affairs first, and afterward a steadily widening circle of other people's affairs. His rather modest fortune had of course taken punishment from the depression and needed a good deal of attention. Then, too, he had always carried about with him a farmer-boy's love of the land and hoped for the day when he could work his own acres. Early in his retirement he bought one or two likely tracts and installed his son Allan to carry out his ideas.

Even as President, he was a trustee of Stanford University; and the Board had looked to him for financial guidance. Stanford found the going hard in the depression, as had every other privately endowed university. Hoover set his mind and experience to work on its problems. Then Mills, the pioneer Californian college for women on the Pacific coast, appealed to him as financial guide and philosopher. He took it on, and a little later added to that the finances of a Quaker college.

Stanford was the site of his dearest hobby—the Hoover War Library. When in 1914 he established the Commission for Relief in Belgium, he asked the young Americans who staffed its work in the field to keep for him any posters, proclamations, or bits of propaganda which came their way. As contributions began to arrive, he shipped them to Stanford University, where they went into storage. Before the end of that year they were coming in such numbers that he conceived the idea of a complete library on the World War. Before he finished, he had acquired some almost incredible items—stenographic reports of secret conferences, for example; the confidential

In darkest 1932, fighting vainly for re-election.

Acme photos

In 1935. Which is the real Hoover?—or are both?

and uncensored correspondence of eminent statesmen in that period, secret documents of the Russian Czarist government, the archives of the British propaganda during the first years of the war. Even while he was President, material kept drifting in. It all went on to Stanford; the library belongs to the university, not to him.

Now he had the leisure to inspect it, to find its weak points and to strengthen them. The results of his work since he left the White House include matter which may one day startle the world. Great figures both in the United States and Europe have sent him, under seal, their own accounts of transactions whose inside is still a mystery, frank opinions and vital correspondence. The seal always bears a release date, until which time it must not be broken. Sometimes that date is fifty years ahead! Until it arrives, these documents will rest in the fireproof vaults of the Hoover War Library. Already this is recognized as the greatest existing collection on the war and postwar period, and scholars and historians are coming to Palo Alto from as far away as Poland to consult it.

PRIVATE friends were in a financial tangle, as well as friendly institutions other than colleges. They brought their troubles to Hoover, and he did his best to straighten them out. Early in his retirement he took time to begin his book, The Challenge to Liberty. He found, too, that a President of the United States can never quite retire. The postman brought from a hundred to a thousand letters a day. Not all of these, sometimes not even most of them, could be answered by a secretary.

A friend who found him in his garden at Palo Alto during that first year remarked that he looked entirely rested. "Yes," said Hoover, "I'm working hard at a lot of things, most of which interest me. But for the first time since I was two years out of college I have no real responsibilities—and oh, boy, how I've enjoyed that! I've always held administrative jobs. And there's no real rest for the administrator."

Life was not all work. His position at Stanford is that of a highly privileged professor. He and Mrs. Hoover dined back and forth with the faculty, or with friends in San Francisco, thirty miles away. They made acquaintance with promising or pleasing students, invited them in for pot luck. Ever since he served as manager of Stanford's champion team in 1894, he has been a football fan. Now he could indulge an old weakness for sitting on the bleachers during football practice. He missed few games which Stanford played at home, and never the "big" game with California. When he visited New York last October, he went home via Philadelphia. The reason was not "politics," as some newspapers inferred. He wanted to see the Penn-Yale game, to compare Eastern football with the home-grown variety.

Living out of doors in pleasant company has always been his favorite diversion. Ever since the war he has kept a camp in that Bohemian grove of giant redwoods where each summer a club of San Franciscans camp out for two weeks and end the party with a poetical drama in praise of the forest. He usually came out to the Grove Play when he was Secretary of Commerce. Now he camps there every summer. At the White House he solved the problem of keeping fit by playing every morning a game with a medicine ball invented on his South American tour in 1928. Now he takes his exercise "puttering about the place"; for the engineer in him makes him like to dig in the dirt and to repair things. He has an out-of-doors swimming pool in his garden. It is available for the use of his neighbors, and every morning—except in the dead of what winter California has—a congenial group goes in together.

A visitor from the East has brought back a pretty story about this little Hoover estate. Always the hills about Palo Alto are musical in spring with the call of the "muchacho" quail. When the Hoovers came back from the White House, they found that a lady quail had chosen to make her nest not on the ground, as is customary with that species, but in a flower box along the rail of an elevated balcony. The apartment behind that balcony happened to be a guest room; so during the period when Madame Quail was nesting and rearing her brood, Mrs. Hoover closed it. Also the Hoover household left quail fodder in a handy place.

Then one day the gardener came in to report that Madame Quail was behaving like a bird gone crazy—jumping up and down on the ground, whirring up to the balcony, whirring back. Mrs. Hoover ran out and took in the situation. The young, perched perilously on the edge of the box, had reached the age to leave the nest.

But a quail is naturally a ground bird; the fledglings cannot drop safely from a height as can a little robin or catbird. The rescue party got a stepladder and carried the young family to the ground. There Madame Quail, who had been having hysterics, took charge and led them away into the bushes.

Next year she came back to the same nesting place. At least, every one about the Hoover place believes it was she. After all, the habit of nesting in elevated flower boxes is not common among quail. The Hoover family watched the brood grow up, and when the young felt the urge to fly, carried them to the ground without notice from Madame Quail. This time she seemed to take it as a part of the regular service to be expected from a first-class maternity hospital.

Again last spring she appeared and built her nest in the same old ward. As the time approached for the young to fly, the Hoover household was so busy that it forgot her. Then some one passing the open door of the guest room behind the balcony heard a strange rhythmic tapping. The sounds proceeded from mother, who was pecking furiously at a pane of the closed window. On the edge of the box her fledglings perched, poised for flight. . . .

For three years, now, reporters have been flashing from points in the Middle West or Far West the news that Hoover has suddenly appeared at the house of some local politician, is staying there for the night. "Playing politics," say the editorial writers; and the Old Guard has the jitters. As a matter of cold truth, this merely means that Mr. Hoover has emerged to the surface from one of his vacations. Now and then, in a season when the roads are open, he finds that he has cleared the decks for a week or two ahead. He gets out his roadster, stocks it with camp equipment, fishing tackle, a few books for his bedtime reading, and starts off—sometimes alone, sometimes with a congenial companion.

Hoover was driving a car even in the days when tires were like tissue paper. He likes to drive—he missed that at the White House, where tradition forbids the President to take the wheel. Already he has picked the first stop. It is Stockton or Red Bluff, let us say—the residence of some friend whom he'd like to see. "Jim," he telegraphs, "can you put me up for the night?" Jim may be a politician; after all, one cannot be President of the United States without knowing and liking a politician or so. He is as likely to be a farmer with views on progressive agriculture or just a good storyteller.

NEXT day Hoover plans the next move. Perhaps he finds that there's good fishing in a river fifty miles or so away, and spends half a day whipping a stream. His host that night may be a man whom he has never met before—whose letters have interested him. Once, at least, he has put up at the house of a dirt farmer trying to wrestle a living out of a hundred-acre tract.

Sometimes he varies the program by passing the night at a tourist camp. That is an old habit of his—another point which proves that Hoover has not changed! When he was Secretary of Commerce he used to spend his vacations in motoring with his family to interesting Western points like Glacier National Park; and he usually put up at tourist camps. He noticed that the man with the biggest campfire always drew the biggest crowd after supper. So all day long he packed the odd corners of his touring car with casual wood picked up from beside the road. Then, when the crowd gathered, he started them talking, and listened. "There's where you learn what Americans are really thinking," he said.

In those days few recognized him. Now he hasn't been in camp a quarter of an hour before some one asks, "Aren't you Mr. Hoover?" The camp gathers round him and talks—often, indeed, argues and debates with him. "But mostly," he has reported, "they tell me their troubles." These vacation tours have carried him as far eastward as Nebraska and Iowa.

Once, in the coast country of the Pacific Northwest, he stopped for a sandwich at an unpretentious but very neat roadside establishment. He noticed that the woman who served him had a crushed and worried look. Suddenly she asked, "Aren't you Mr. Hoover?" and came out at once with her troubles. For years she and her husband had worked and saved and scrimped with this establishment. They rented the place. All their savings had gone to buy a farm to which they hoped to retire in their old age. It was sixty per cent paid for now. To make any money they must keep open eighteen hours a day.

A few years before, they had found it necessary to assume support of an indigent relative, a woman seventy years old. They gave her board, bed, and one or two dollars a week for clothes. In return she did them a few services like washing dishes or spelling them at the counter. And now the local Compliance Board of the NRA had cracked down on them. They must keep open no more than ten hours a day. They must pay the elderly relative ten dollars a week or discharge her. They might struggle along without her services. But ten hours a day—that would finish them. They would have to close up at once. What then? They had no ready money. They might not go on public relief because they were nominal owners of a farm. But they couldn't occupy and use it until it was entirely paid for, and they couldn't raise any money on their payments because of the present price of farming lands. There would be a hearing before the Board tomorrow. What could they do?

IN the course of the talk the husband had entered. "Do you know the Bill of Rights," asked Hoover, "the first ten amendments to the Constitution? The Compliance Board proposes to violate them in at least five particulars." One by one, he enumerated these five points and rehearsed the husband in them. "Now," he said, "go before the Compliance Board tomorrow with a copy of the Constitution. Mark those passages. Read them—emphatically—and leave your copy on the table. End up by demanding the rights guaranteed you as an American citizen. If that doesn't work, wire my secretary, and I'll see that you have competent counsel to make a fight of it!"

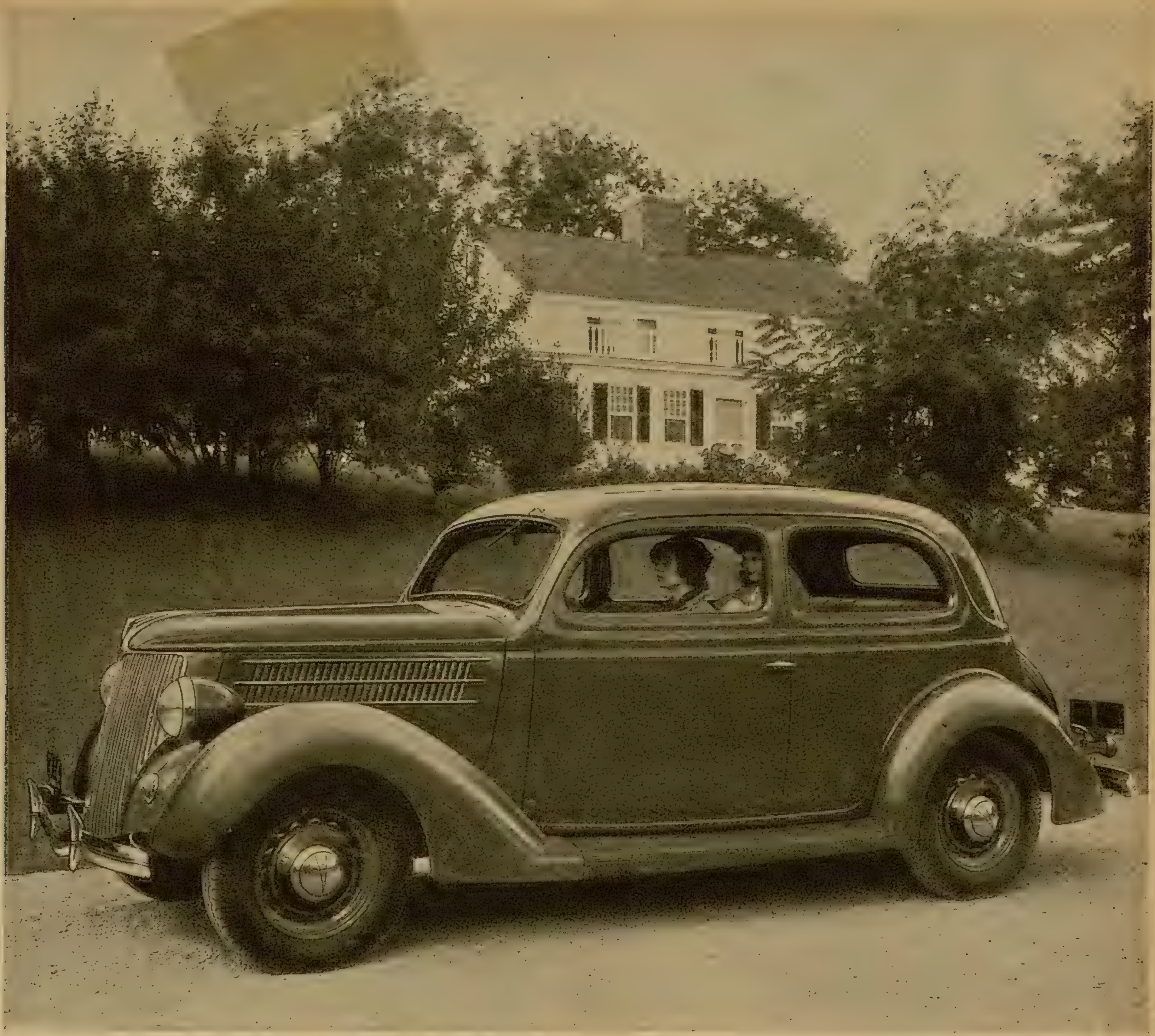
When, a week or so later, Hoover reached home he found a letter from the husband. He had followed Hoover's advice. The Board had listened in silence, but it had accepted the marked copy of the Constitution. And it had deferred action. Hoover has been hearing from him at intervals ever since. Action is still deferred.

For nearly two years he held his peace about politics. As the only living ex-President he stood nominal and actual head of the opposition party. Yet in the early, amorphic stages of the Roosevelt administration, opposition was not only futile but might seem mere obstruction. He timed the publication of The Challenge to Liberty for the moment when those policies had taken form. This brought a change in his orientation toward life. He had once more a real personal responsibility—helping to rebuild the party and to steer it between reaction on one side and wild political theories on the other.

In the first days of his retirement he felt far away from the centers of those world affairs and national affairs which had absorbed his interests for twenty years. A voluminous personal correspondence began, extending even to Europe and Asia. A steady flow of visitors, much augmented during this last year, has been bringing him news and views from every part of the country. He subscribes to a long list of newspapers and periodicals both domestic and foreign. His correspondence has necessarily increased. Once it included a small proportion of abusive letters. Steadily, in their place, are coming what his secretaries call "letters of remorse." These proceed from people who, in the stresses of his last years at the White House, believed and spread the slanderous rumors then crawling slimily through the country. The writers have recovered their balance; they wish to unburden their consciences and to apologize.

He visits New York two or three times every year. He has grown a little whiter in the hair, a little heavier. But it is iron-hard flesh. Otherwise, old friends find him very little different from the Hoover who was ranging the world in 1900, relieving Belgium in 1915, organizing our foreign commerce in 1925, or carrying the burden of a national crisis in 1931. Now again he is enjoying responsibility, as in his heart he always did. One would say that he is having a swell time!

THE END



THE NEW FORD V·8 FOR 1936

Safety comes first in the Ford V-8. For a safe car helps to make a safe driver. And the Ford Motor Company has an obligation to the public to make a safe car. . . . Cost doesn't enter into that. It is a matter of finding what is right and best and making it available to the people. . . . The Ford was the first low-price car to give you the extra protection of a steel body. It was also the first low-price car to provide Safety Glass throughout (in the windows as well as the windshield) at no extra cost. . . . Any time something new and better is found it is built into the car. But it has to prove itself first. . . . The Ford Motor Company does not experiment with safety. The Super-Safety Brakes reflect that policy. They are of the long-tested, sure-acting mechanical design and they stop the car quickly and with certainty under all driving conditions. Big and powerful, with an unusually large braking area, yet easy to apply. . . . You are sure of good brakes and all-round safety when you buy the New Ford V-8 for 1936.

Crack-Up

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

CURLY was going to give a party that night. She was giving it because she said a wife ought to do something to celebrate her husband going into business for himself.

About two o'clock in the afternoon I was sitting in my new office off Hangar No. 1, when Squeaky came in. He wasn't any more than twenty or twenty-one then, and his eyes usually had that cool and deliberate stare fellows get after they've had a hundred or so hours in the air and a crack-up to their credit. I hadn't seen the crash; but Joe, over in Philadelphia where the thing happened, said Squeaky had simply brushed himself off, afterward.

He'd come back on the train after the crash. He'd walked into the office and said, "I cracked up that plane of yours in Philly," and was finished. Joe could fix her up and he could fly her back. Any plane that doesn't burn can be fixed up. It's not the planes that I worry about after crashes; it's the pilots. Their worst hurts aren't the kind you can see but the ones that leave soft places on their hearts.

On this same Saturday afternoon, Squeaky came in and never looked up, but just stood there in front of my desk.

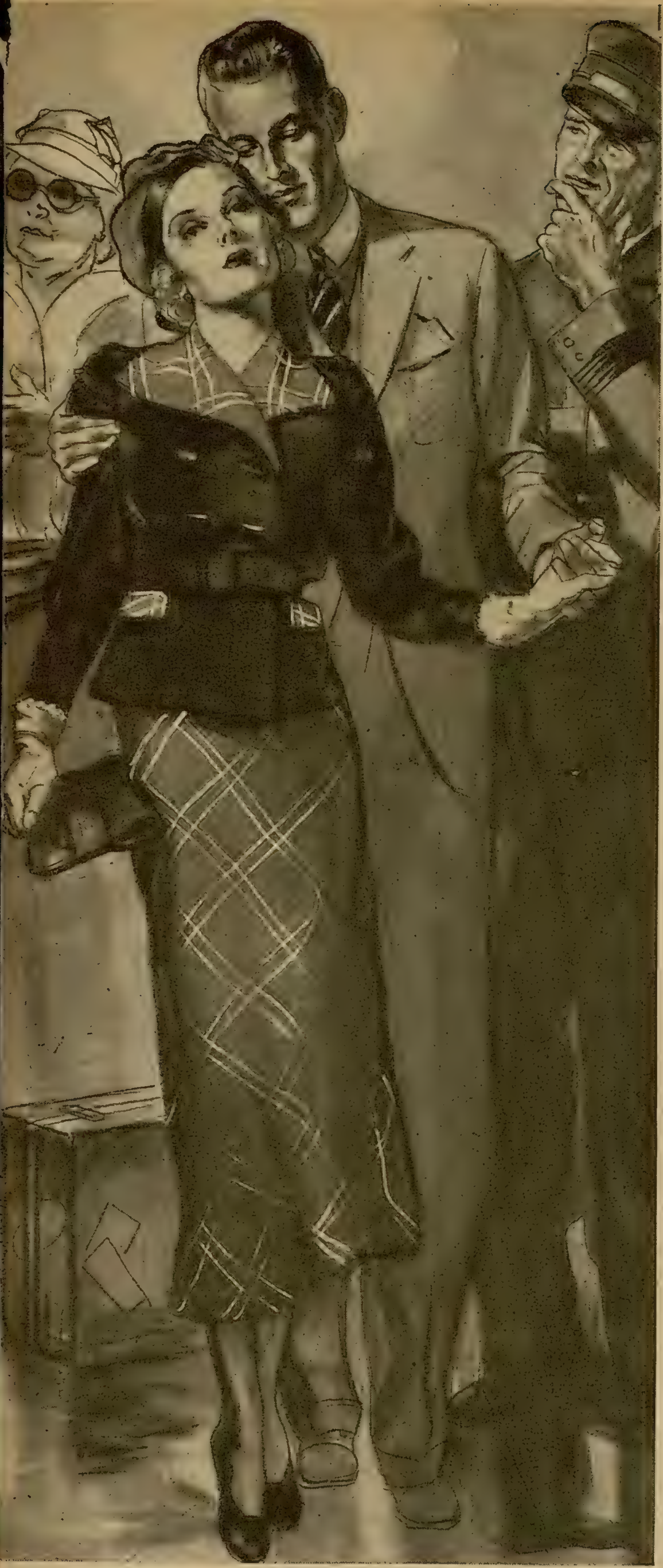
"It's that helmet," he said quietly. "You know—the one Bill told me I could have if he was ever knocked off? Well, it's mine now, and I think I've lost it. Why—you know—Bill had it on that day in France when he shot down four German Fokkers."

"You ought to see them toget

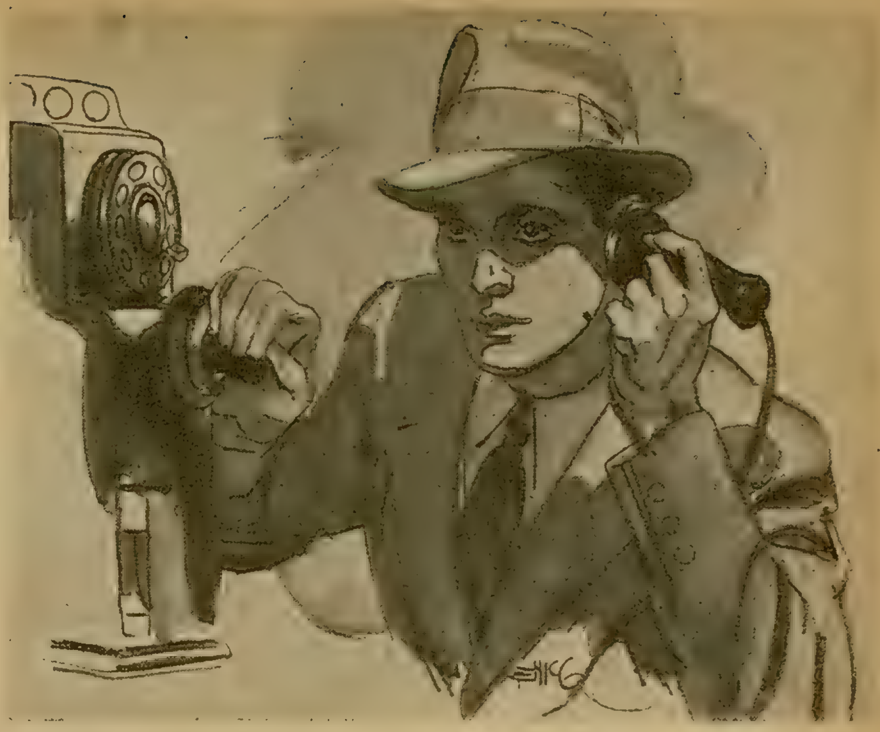
I waited but his gaze didn't come up to mine. I said, "I know all about that fight, Squeaky, because I was with him that day. Bill knocked down four, and the last one went down in flames."

"Flames?" he repeated absently.

"Yes," I said uneasily, "flames. Get the best of them. Only one thing remember: When you see a crash coming,



's the prettiest thing I ever saw."



Remember Curly and Squeaky and Hard Guy? Here They Are Again—in a Stirring Tale of Terror and Hope and Love in the World of Wings

by E. W. CHESS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR McGRAW

switch off the ignition. And nowadays if you switch off you'll never burn."

All Squeaky said was, "I guess so, Hard Guy," and I knew he hadn't been listening. He turned and walked slowly out into the hangar.

Squeaky had me stumped. He'd spoken of Bill, who was dead. And after that he'd offered me a look of indifference that got me. There was seemingly no tenderness in him—not of the kind that makes great fliers. And I've seen many of the great ones, and deep in their eyes I always found that same softness of gaze that comes of relentless search for the beautiful, whether the arms of a lovely woman or the look of green fields from a thousand feet in the air.

I knew after he was gone that I should have sneered in his face and said, "Say, what the hell is wrong with you? Are you scared? What are you talking about Bill for? Bill's dead. He promised you his helmet. You got it and now you've lost it. So what?" . . .

I called Joe over in Philadelphia.

"Joe," I said. "This is Dick at the Comet Aircraft in New York. How's that crate Squeaky cracked up?"

"All right," he said. "How's the new taxi business?"

"Fine," I told him. "And you'll pardon my mentioning it again, but is that plane really going to be all right or not? See, all Squeaky told me was that he washed out a wing and snapped off the prop blades."

"Didn't he tell you anything else?" Joe asked, after a pause.

"No," I said. "*Was* there something else?"

Joe said, "Sure; and if he don't want to tell you it's up to him. I heard you say once if a man mixes up with other people's affairs he never has any himself."

"Let's get back to business, Joe," I said. "What I want to know is, how's the plane?"

"I'll have her in the air in an hour," Joe sang out, and he hadn't any more than hung up when Squeaky came back in.

"Well," I asked, "did you find the helmet?"

He looked at me vacantly and said: "What are you talking about, Dick?"

I lighted a cigarette and said:

"You look kind of troubled to me, Squeaky. And if it's trouble, you've got your choice of Holland gin on the desk there or rye in the locker. Cigarettes right in front of you. Only don't take the ones in the box—they're Curly's. You wouldn't like them anyhow, because they're perfumed. Her one bad habit besides lavender underwear."

At the mention of Curly his gaze jumped to mine. "How's Curly, anyhow?" he asked.

"Why, she's fine," I said. "She's always fine. The trouble with the world is, there's only one woman like her in it."

"Only one?" he repeated, and there was challenge in his voice. A faint smile came over his face as he dug into his pocket for the makings. With measured deliberation he rolled one of those perfect cigarettes of his. When he paused, I struck a match and held it up.

He bent forward.

"Thanks, Dick," he said.

That was the second time he'd called me Dick. "Say," I said, "where do you get this Dick stuff? I'm Hard Guy to you or nothing. Four months, now, that's been, and all of a sudden you come in here with a pale-yellow look in your eyes and call me Dick. You going soft on me or something?"

He looked me straight in the eye then, and asked if I knew the field in Philadelphia.

"Sure," I said. "I was flying around there in '28. And what's more I just called Joe over there about that crate you cracked up. He's getting it in shape and flying it back today. It's about time you're putting in a few more hours in the air, anyhow. Better do some stunting or something."

He started fingering the clock on my desk.

"You know that house down the road from the Philadelphia fields? That little red house on the right-hand side?"

"Sure," I said. "Why?"

"Well, there's a girl who lives there," Squeaky said slowly. "She's a nice girl. I saw her every day in Philadelphia. I—I was doing a little stunting for her the day I cracked up."

"You—you don't mean that Finley girl, do you?"

"Sure," he said. "Why?"

"Well, that Finley girl is a fine girl, Squeaky. You need a girl in your life. That's what they call balance. Flying and love. Fifty per cent of each. An' what's more, that Finley girl is more than a man could ask for."

"Gee, Dick," he said, and his voice was almost tender. "I might have known you'd take it all right. Only I hated to tell you I'd cracked up showing a girl stunts."

I said: "It's not the cracking up of a crate that makes me a little sore, Squeaky. It's your technique with women that's all bad. Never fly for a woman—just talk about it. Tell 'em the time you looped on your first solo, and that kind of thing. They don't care, really. Only afterward it kind of puts them at ease with their conscience."

I DON'T think he even heard me, but he smiled a little and said: "I just phoned her to come over to Curly's party tonight. I hope Curly won't mind my doing anything like that?"

"Mind! Of course Curly won't mind. She'll be tickled to death to have you bring a girl like that to the party. Curly's been worried about that side of your life for months. And that's just great, your bringing the Finley girl. No, you don't have to worry at all about Curly not liking it."

"Thanks, Dick," Squeaky said. "She's coming in on the five forty-five. I told her I'd meet her at the Penn. Station."

As he closed the door I reached for the gin. The second shot gave me enough courage to call Curly.

"Hello, darling," she said before I said a word.

"Who'd you think this was, the ice plant?" I asked.

"Why, this is Dick, isn't it?"

I said in a vague sort of way:

"Say, Curly, you remember that Finley girl who lives over in Phil—"

"Listen," she sang out. "I thought you were through with that Finley package. If she's coming into our life again, I'm looking for that telephone number I left on the wall over at the ladies' room up at the Elks' dance."

"Hey, listen—" I said, and then: "Hello! Hello!"

"You' numbah just hung up," the operator said.

For ten minutes I stared over at the wall. I'd thrown away my little black book of phone numbers. It was the next drink that made me think of Mack, Wintly's new test pilot. He'd come over from Philadelphia, and he looked like the roving kind. I went out into the hangar. Mack was there, so I walked over to him and said:

"Say, did you play around Philadelphia much?"

"What do you mean by play around and what do you want to know about it?" he asked.

"Phone numbers," I said.

"Listen," he said. "You're not trying to two-time Curly, are you? Well, it's your funeral."

He came back from his locker shaking his head, but his book was in his hand. He looked over my shoulder until I got to the Fs.

There she was, all right: Betty Finley; and her phone number was Hillcrest 6724.

I told Mack, "Thanks," walked back into the office, and got her number right off. Her voice was a little harder than I had remembered it, but, after all, it had been a long time.

"BETTY, this is Dick," I said. "This is Dick, and I'm calling from New York, and that's not all. You're laying off this Squeaky number, because he's a nice young fellow and I don't want anybody getting under his skin."

"Well, if it isn't Handsome!" she said in that kind of voice that's done things and gone places. "You remember th' time—"

"I'm not in a sentimental mood today," I said. "An' what's more, this is a business call with me. Did you get what I said about this Squeaky boy or not?"

"Listen, you," she snapped. "I haven't had a plane crack up for me since the fall of '28. You ought to remember a little about that. And what's more, you got the wrong dish. It's the baby sister this boy Squeaky fell for—and I mean fell. I heard about the crash right after it happened. But let me tell you, Sue is as sweet as they make them, only they don't know her. She's wild about this boy Squeaky, Dick. And you oughta see them together! Why, it just makes me regret a thing or two, just looking at them."

"You mean that?" I asked.

"Honest. I never saw anything like it in my life. Why, they just sit there. No laying on of hands or anything. I tell you, Dick—"

I got the feeling then that she was just staring at the wall, so I said:

"Say, sister, what's happening to you?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said huskily. "It's just one of those things, I suppose—memories and things. It's been so long since I went through it that I forgot that anything so nice ever happened to me. I guess it only comes once—I don't know. Why, you just wait till you see them together. It'll make you wish you could start all over again."

"Oh," I said. "So *that's* the way it is."

"Yes, Dick; that's the way it is. It's the loveliest thing I ever saw—the loveliest thing I ever saw."

"I remember the kid all right," I told her, "only I forgot her name."

"Sue," Betty said.

"Sue?"

"Yes." There was a quivering sound in her voice then that did something to me. She waited so long without saying anything that I got uneasy.

"Hello," I said.

"What, Dick?" she asked.

I got hard and said: "You're not cracking up on me, are you? You've been around. You—"

"Please, Dick," she pleaded. "Please."

"Hey!" I shouted. "Aren't the boys calling you up like they used to?"

She turned like that and yelled: "Listen, you! I get phone calls from points west and foreign countries. And what's more, if you don't think I haven't got what it takes to make a home unsafe for democracy, you're sadly mistaken."

"Any one's but mine, sister," I shouted back at her.

"Is that a bet?"

"That's a bet," I said, and she turned on the charm like that. It was a soft little chuckle that does things to you.

“You’re a sweet boy,” she said. “You’re one of the best, and I’ll be seeing you.”

It was better leaving her like that than having her go soft on me. I called Curly right off.

“I was just getting into the car,” she said frigidly. “I was just going out to where they had the Elks’ dance. Say, how often do you think they wash the phone numbers off the ladies’ room there?”

I said: “You’ve got it all wrong. I was talking about Squeaky and Sue Finley, Betty’s sister.”

“Squeaky!” she cried out.

“Sure. He’s in a spin over the kid. I never saw anything like it in my life. Why, they—well, anyhow, she’s coming in on the five forty-five, and she’s coming up to the party tonight.”

Curly melted then. “You better go to the station with him,” she said sweetly. “You three come out together. I’ll get something nice. And it’s fine about Squeaky.”

I said, “Swell, darling.”

“Say that last word again,” she whispered, and so I did.

I felt fine after that. I called the Philadelphia field again and got Joe on the phone.

“Listen, Joe. You know that Finley girl who lives in the red—”

“I know the one you mean,” Joe cut in.

“Well, I mean the other one. She’s the kid sister, and her name is Sue. Now, listen. You get into a car and go over and get her. You tell her she’s flying back with you. Tell her Squeaky said so, see? He’ll be waiting for her on the field here. That’ll save train fare and ought to get her here about four o’clock.”

I waited in the office for Squeaky to come back.

A plane from Chicago came in for a rotten landing. I watched it taxi up to the line, and talked to the pilot after he’d switched off. He said the bumps were hell near the ground, and afterward he had a drink with me in the office. He’d been gone some time before Squeaky came in.

“I got a surprise for you,” I said.

He never even asked what it was, but walked over to the window and looked out.

“You sure got it bad,” I said. “Funny, what things like that do to a fellow who otherwise is a pretty decent sort. Why, I remember a jane I knew once in Philadelphia—”

He said in a hurt voice, “Don’t—don’t, Dick.”

“Well,” I said, “if that’s the way you feel about it, you better tell me about it.”

His face lighted like flares on a field at night. “It’s her eyes, I guess. She’s got the softest eyes I’ve ever seen. I used to think that a fellow ought to play around a little first. Now—now it seems a little nasty.”

That last about playing around made me sore.

“SQUEAKY,” I said, “you haven’t asked me for advice but I’m giving it. See, I’ve been around and I know all of the questions. This here romantic-love stuff is all right for the saps, but it isn’t becoming to you. Here I been telling my pals you’re a guy nothing can touch, and all of a sudden you come in here and put your great romance down on my desk next to my Holland gin bottle. I tell you, you got to step around and have the corners ground off. And then some day—”

Once during the war I looked into the eyes of a man after he was shot down west of Ypres. And I remember a look Curly gives me now and then. Squeaky’s was somewhere between the two. He stood facing me, a tolerant, pitying curl upon his lips. It was then that I had one of those bottomless moments that sometimes come to a man. I felt I’d missed something in my life. I thought I’d left something sweet and delicate next to the Hindenburg line some place. I closed my eyes, and all I could see were the barren and lifeless trees of France, and little puffs of antiaircraft bursting white in a smoke-filled sky.

In that moment of weakness I started thinking what a hell of a break the war had given me, depriving me of that lovely feeling Squeaky had now. I’d rather have had one moment of love like his than all of the

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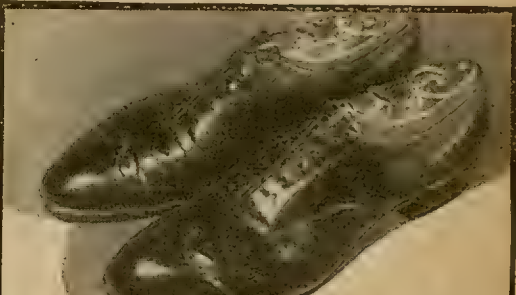

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medals they pinned over my left pocket; I'd have traded them all for one single unblemished desire.

"She'll be here pretty soon," Squeaky said. "It's ten minutes to four. Just ten minutes more and I've only got another hour to wait."

I said, "Yes, in another ten minutes—" I started to tell him she'd be on the field in another ten minutes. "Yes," I repeated, "in another ten minutes you'll only have another hour to wait."

"And you'll drive me in to the station, won't you, Dick? See, I've been telling her a lot about you. She'd be mighty pleased to have a really great flier meet her at the station."

I looked at my hands and said, "Of course I'll drive you into the city. We'll start just a little after four. We'll get into the car and drive in. It'll be a nice drive into the city. We'll start just a little after four. We'll get into the car and drive in. It'll be a nice drive back for the three of us."

He looked at the clock again and said: "In another hour and seven minutes—another hour and seven minutes."

I thought I heard the plane coming in then. I got up and walked out. Squeaky followed me until I stopped at the doors of the hangar. I looked up. It was Joe, all right. He was just coming in. I got a fleeting glimpse of a head in the rear pit and the flutter of a handkerchief. When I glanced at Squeaky he was rolling a cigarette. He looked up once as the plane floated over our heads.

"That's Joe, isn't it?" he said. "Looks like he's done a good job fixing the crate up."

"It's Joe, all right," I said, looking the plane over. "And he's just on time."

The plane drifted along over the field for a couple of hundred yards.

"What's he fighting that right wing for?" Squeaky asked suddenly.

"Because I think it's still out of line," I said. "And because it's bumpy as hell close to the ground."

"Yeah," Squeaky said; "and in about a minute he's going to crack up surer'n hell."

I could see how Joe was fighting it then. The right wing kept dropping after he lost speed, and he kept pulling it up. Across from the last hangar his wing dropped the last time. Joe tried to pull her around, but he didn't have the speed. As the nose fell I closed my eyes. The crash made me sick inside. The sound of it went on and on.

"I told you," Squeaky said.

When I looked again, the plane was turning handsprings, until it plastered itself against the ground.

"Funny, Joe didn't cut his switch," Squeaky said quietly. "Come on; it's about time for us to go to the station."

I HARDLY heard him. I prayed for some one to crawl out and walk away from the wreck, but no one did. Already men were racing across the field.

"Come on," Squeaky said. "We can't do anything. We better go."

"Oh, my God!" I said, and I went on praying for some one to walk away from the wreck. But no one did.

"We better call an ambulance," I whispered.

As I turned to run into the office, Mack faced me and said, "I just called one."

The panic had me. I wanted to get away from Squeaky. I wanted to get away from him, and I wanted to hear the sound of Curly's voice. I don't know why I wanted to hear her voice, but I did. I knew that Squeaky was just behind me when I closed the door. Any moment he'd come in.

"Curly—Curly," I gasped, when I got her on the wire. "Joe just came in. Joe and Sue Finley. They flew over together. They—"

"They cracked up!" she cried. "Go on. Don't hold out on me. For God's sake, don't hold out on me! Dick, did he switch off?"

Squeaky came in. "The fool's burning," he said. "Joe's burning."

"He's—burning, Curly," I said into the phone.

"Doesn't Squeaky know?" Curly shot back at me.

"No," I said.

Her voice went clear and cold.

"What are they doing about it?" she asked.

"Everything. Everybody on the field is out there. They're doing everything. We couldn't help."

"Then you get Squeaky away from there. You get him away, and then tell him. Only don't let him see her. And—and I'll be right over."

I said, "Yes—yes," and hung up the receiver.

When I looked up, Squeaky was so close to me I could have touched him. He had a smirk on his face, and the way he went hard all over got me inside.

"You going soft on me again, Hard Guy?"

I couldn't answer. That lovely little girl. She was Squeaky's first love, and she was burning.

Squeaky pushed the gin bottle over under my eyes and said, "There, Hard Guy, you'd better have a shot. You're cracking up, too."

I said: "Did they pull anybody out?"

"You know they won't pull anybody out," Squeaky said. "It's just one of those things, and there's no use of you going soft on me."

I TOOK three shots of gin.

I said: "I'm not going soft on you. Once I saw four men burn in one day. That was in the war. It just seemed a shame then. It's not a man's burning; it's—"

Squeaky was rolling a cigarette again. He never turned toward the window, but just stood there and said: "You can't take it."

"But Joe's burning," I said hopelessly.

"Let him burn!" cried Squeaky. "Let him get used to it. What the hell! Just another no-good flier burned out. Just another no-good pilot who didn't switch off. So what? So you're sitting there shaking like all hell. You better have another slug from your bottle that's sitting on your desk next to my love."

I rose up and put a clenched fist down on the desk between his love and my Holland gin. I cried out: "Haven't you any feelings? What if it was your love, Squeaky? What if she was out there? What if she was burning? What about that!"

The blood left his face. He took a feeble step backward. "Don't say that! Don't say that, Dick! For God's sake, don't say that again!"

He was calling me Dick again—calling me Dick, and looking out through eyes all hurt and saying: "Don't—don't say that again, Dick. Don't! A guy's got to be hard. You know that. I don't dare be any other way. You've got to be hard in this game or you can't take it. Burning? Why, that's the chance you take. Only, Dick, don't—please don't talk about anything like that happening to her!"

I got up and I ran to the window. The crowd was still around the crash, and the smoke coming up. When I heard the siren of the ambulance coming along the road next to the field, I turned.

Squeaky was bent over the clock. "We got to go," he said. "In another hour I'll be seeing her."

I said, "A lot of things can happen in an hour and five minutes."

His eyes jumped to mine. "There's something funny about that last crack."

"Nothing at all," I said. "Nothing at all."

We stared at each other, until his gaze dropped to the clock again. "I'll see her in another fifty-nine minutes."

"All right, let's go!" . . .

As we ran out toward my car in back of the hangar, Curly pulled in through the gate. I got a fleeting glimpse of red hair gone mad in the wind, cold blue eyes, and a raised hand.

"Call me at the office!" she cried, pulled her car to a sudden stop at the dead line, and started running across the field toward the smoke and the crowd.

"Curly's the only girl in the world who can run with any grace," I said as I jumped in behind the wheel and started the motor.

"You wait," Squeaky said smugly.

I almost pulled into the ditch before we swung out of the gate and along the road away from the field. I thought after I got a little ways out I could turn to Squeaky and say:

"Squeaky, listen. There are only two girls in the world who can run gracefully. One is mine and the other is burning up. Your love's burned up, Squeaky. She's out there in the center of the field where the crowd is, and she's burned up." But I couldn't get the words out. All I could do was sit still and drive.

"You're going seventy," Squeaky said.

"It's because I need the air," I told him.

"There's nothing I like like the air," Squeaky said calmly. "Only I don't want to get held up. And that's a red light you just passed. Ease it down a little. We've got almost an hour."

I dropped down to forty when I got to the buildings. Their fronts looked all flat and the people looked silly as hell. "You got to tell him," I kept saying to myself. "You simply got to tell him! Just pull up at the curb there, turn to Squeaky, and tell him. You can't fake it any more. It won't do any good, Hard Guy. The longer you wait, the worse it'll be."

So I turned to Squeaky and said: "It's a fine day."

"Sure," he said. "It's a fine day. It's the finest day of my life."

Then he added softly: "You been in love, Dick. Tell me how you felt?"

I WAS thankful for that, because I could stall some more. "She just came on the field one day. It was her red hair, and her blue eyes, and both of us had thrown away our first loves. We'd both had the rough edges worn off. That's the thing—the first love is the one to throw away. You find it in the tinsel-and-lace department, and it's all wrapped up with cellophane. It looks all right, that way. Like a girl I knew once in Philadelphia. But I threw that love away, Squeaky. I threw it away because it was my first love and I knew it was a phony. And only because first loves are always phonies."

"You clipped that car," Squeaky said. "Just smash it up or not at all. Now go on about Curly."

"She just came on the field. I looked at her for about a minute before she walked over to me and said: 'It's just one of those things—what are we going to do about it?' I said, 'How about lunch tomorrow?' 'Tomorrow?' she said. 'You break that date you got tonight, because we're going to dinner.' See, no beating around the bush with Curly. She knew what she wanted and she got it. She wasn't all wrapped in cellophane, Squeaky. We'd both been through the mill. And it's been six years, Squeaky. We been married six years."

And so I talked, on and on, playing both ends against the middle. But I couldn't stop. I was stalling for time, and I knew it. I talked even after I parked the car and hurried in through the station door. When I passed the first phone booth I said:

"Squeaky, you wait here. I got to

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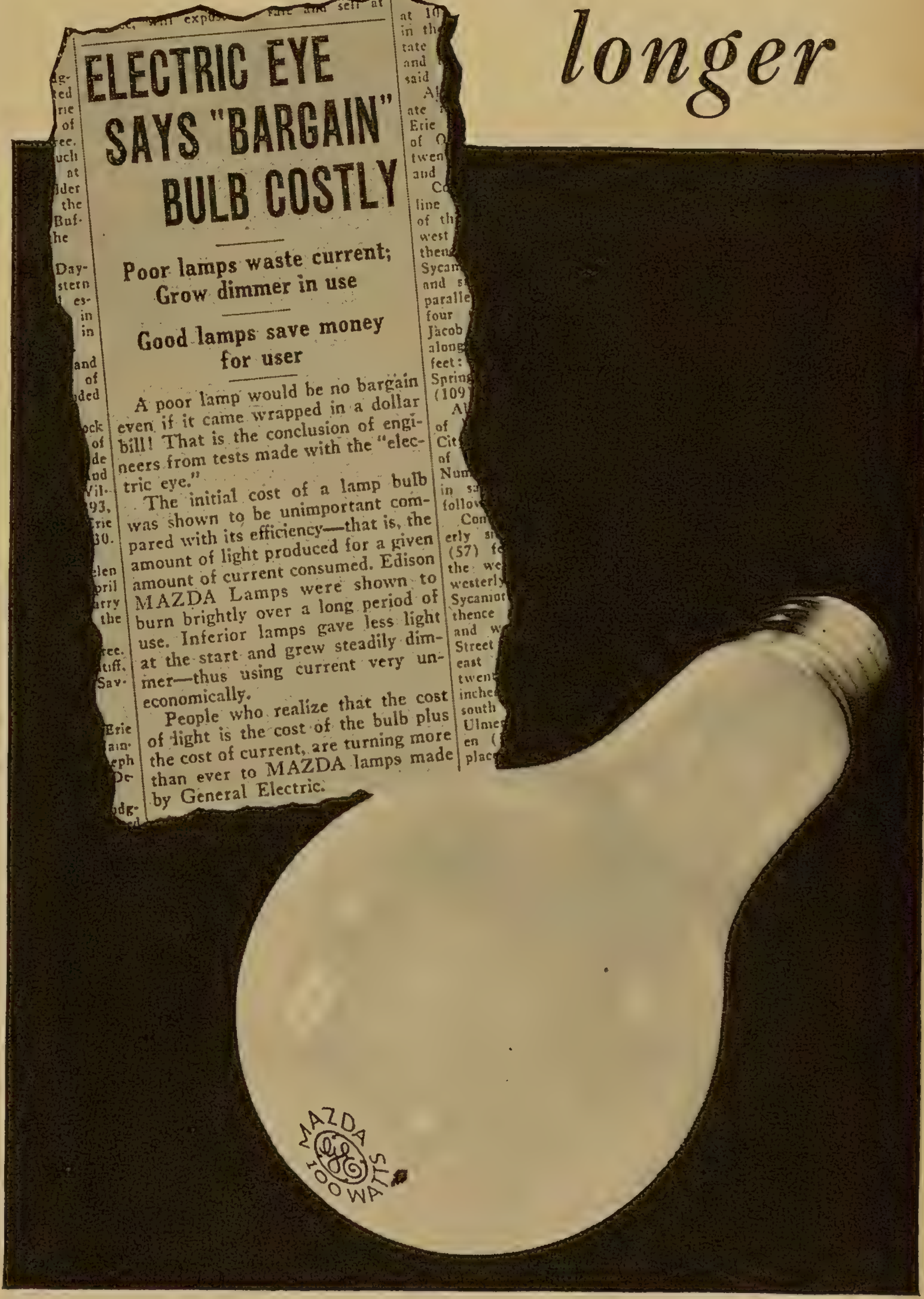

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get Curly on the phone." I could see him beyond the glass after I called the number. I could see the wide-open look in his eyes and the impatient smile on his lips.

"Curly?" I said.

I could tell by her voice the worst had happened.

"They won't let me see her yet," she replied. "They're doing all they can."

"Is she going to die?" I asked.

"Yes," Curly said.

"Oh, my God!" I gasped.

"How did Squeaky take it?" Curly asked.

"I—I haven't told him yet."

Curly paused, and then said: "I knew I'd have to tell him. I knew it. Put him on the wire."

"No!" I protested.

"Yes," she said. "You haven't got the heart. You never have the heart. You put him on the wire!"

I turned away, opened the door, and said: "Squeaky, Curly wants to talk to you."

"Sure," he said brightly.

He walked in and closed the glass door. I stood outside. All of the time he was talking I kept watching his face. There wasn't a quiver of a muscle or the drooping of his lower lip. I closed my eyes and listened. I could hear his voice then. It seemed far away and a little lower and more ragged. After a long silence I heard the telephone click, and when I opened my eyes, Squeaky was facing me.

"I've talked to women in my life," he said, with the faintness of a smile. "Curly is one of the best. I only hope that Sue turns out to be like her."

"Yes, Squeaky, she's one of the best. She's one of the best. Six—"

I knew then that Curly hadn't told him. I might have known she wouldn't. She goes soft at the strangest of times.

As we passed a clock I said: "We got ten minutes. Let's have a drink."

"I'm not going to meet her with a drink on my breath," Squeaky said; "only I'll go with you."

When he got into the bar he put his watch down on the table, and I said to the bartender, "Give me an old-fashion every minute until I tell you to stop."

"Don't get plastered on me," Squeaky said.

"Listen," I said. "Have one—just one. It'll make you glad inside."

"I am glad inside," Squeaky said.

I'd just downed the third old-fashion when Squeaky said, "Time, Hard Guy," and turned away.

As I paid the check the bartender leaned over.

"How was the drinks?" he asked.

"Perfect," I told him. "Everything's perfect. Even love and life and the pursuit of happiness. If one of them gets burned up, there's always another one to take its place. That's the way things are. Simple and just like that. Yes, simple and just like that. Only be careful about the love that's wrapped in cellophane. That's a first love and it's a phony. It's always a—"

As Squeaky pulled me away I heard the bartender say, "That guy's screwy. He's screwy as hell."

Squeaky pulled me on through the door.

"I asked you not to get plastered on me," he said.

I could feel his hand holding my arm. I could feel him guiding me along until we got to where the people were coming from the Philadelphia train. They were coming out of a door and moving through the ropes on either side. I was holding on to the rope, trying to pull myself together. I had to speak now—I simply had to. I turned to Squeaky and caught hold of his coat. I said:

"You got to take it, Squeaky. You said so yourself. I should have told you before. Listen. Your tinsel love—"

A light came into his pupils—one of those lights I'll remember as long as I live. He wasn't looking at me but toward the door.

"For God's sake, listen!" I cried.

He pulled away from me and toward the door. I felt my fingers stiffen and the blood rush through me. How I ever got to the telephone, I don't know. I just knew I had to speak to Curly, and all of a sudden I was there in a booth and Curly was on the other end.

"And she just died," Curly was saying. "She died with me looking at her. She kept looking up and saying, 'I was his first love . . . I was his first love, and it didn't work out.'"

"Th' poor kid," I whispered.

"Why, I didn't know, Dick. I didn't know it was like that. I thought— Oh, darling. You know what she said?"

"No. What?"

"She said: 'Tell him, tell him he was the swellest person I ever knew. He was the only one I never forgot. It just wasn't in the cards. You got him. You got him, and this is as good a way to finish it as anything.'"

I tried hard to say the right thing, but all I could do was say, "It was a first love. She didn't know it was the one to throw away. But she was a swell kid—a swell kid."

When the silence got too much for me I said: "Curly, take your hand off the end of that phone and cry right into it like a lady."

"I'm not crying," she sobbed. "I'm trying to figger it all out."

"Simple," I shot at her. "Betty got into the plane and Sue didn't. Sue is here."

"It's not that. I want to know did you ever love Betty? No, I didn't mean to ask that. Of course you loved her—and now she's dead. And all because you were her first love and she couldn't throw it away. And—and is Sue pretty? Is she all tinsel and lace?"

I managed to say: "Sue's the prettiest thing. You ought to see them together. It's—Curly, she's the prettiest thing I ever saw next to you. Next to you, Curly—"

Curly got hard at that. "Take your hands off the end of the telephone and cry out loud like a man. That's better, darling, that's better. And just remember I wouldn't trade you for all the phone numbers on all of the ladies' rooms at all the Elk dances since the first one. Just remember that, darling. Just remember that!"

THE END

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A LONG, full-bodied film, presented with a beautifully majestic sweep, Mutiny on the Bounty is one of the most impressive outdoor adventures ever photographed. This seagoing affair has dignity and power and the Nordhoff-Hall story is so imaginatively reproduced and brilliantly performed that the history of the Bounty's harrowing voyage to the South Seas is something no moviegoer should miss.

For all its surface realism and brutality, Mutiny on the Bounty is essentially a romance of love and respect for the traditions of the British navy. And with a minimum of flag waving and fine speeches this striking film conveys its theme with undeniable force.

The Bounty, a small ship even for the 1700s, sailed from England to Tahiti, where it was to get breadfruit trees for transplanting in the West Indies. Half of its crew had been forced into service. The ship got as far as the Horn, where, faced with adverse winds, it turned eastward to Africa, going halfway around the world to its destination. The story of the voyage's long days and nights—the merciless brutality of the captain, the suffering of the men, the picturesque hardship of the life, the idyllic interlude on the islands, and the mutiny with its ironic aftermath—are recorded with engrossing incident and a lush beauty.

Charles Laughton and Clark Gable in a tense scene from Mutiny on the Bounty.

There are superb performances by Laughton, Tone, and Gable, and—in smaller roles—by Dudley Digges, Mamo, Eddie Quillan, and Donald Crisp. But the film itself is greater than any of its players. And that sequence wherein Laughton, abandoned to the sea in a lifeboat, navigates thirty-five-hundred miles to land, alone has enough thrill to make Mutiny on the Bounty worth your while.

VITAL STATISTICS: Muggum spent almost two years in making this one and is cheerfully announcing its cost, $2,000,000, which it fully expects to make back, and should. . . . Film's Bounty was recreated from photostats of the origie, which no longer exists, and launched with champagne in August, 1934. Was built of an old-time sailing-tub-tug; hard to sail. . . . Biggest research problem was recreating Mutiny sailors' costumes, outfits of that day depending largely on personal whim of captains. One hundred tons of equipment, from a safety pin to a powerful electrical generating plant, taken to Tahiti. Much of the equipment designed for trading with 2,500 natives used in film. . . . Catalina also served as South Seas atmosphere. . . . One life was lost in the making, when a barge bearing a camera crew suddenly sank in rough waters. Several were hurt but no one seriously. . . . Gable considered part important enough to shave his lip-tickler. . . . Franchot Tone celebrated picture end by letting his friendship with Joan Crawford ripen into marriage. . . . Descendants of Fletcher Christian (who escaped trial) still flourish on Pitcairn Island, where they seem terribly intermarried and reasonably happy in what is commonly considered Paradise—the South Seas.

★ ★ ★ ½ RENDEZVOUS

THE PLAYERS: William Powell, Rosalind Russell, Binnie Barnes, Lionel Atwill, Cesar Romero, Samuel S. Hinds, Henry Stephenson. Directed by William K. Howard. Story by Herbert O. Yardley.

RENDEZVOUS is a merry and quite flippant piece about the counterespionage department at Washington during the war.

A master at enciphering and deciphering coded messages, William Powell is all set to dash for the front when the War Office learns of his unique ability. He is given a desk and a pencil and put to work figuring out notes sent from German spies.

Though he finds this clerical work irritating and dull, audiences will find it fascinating. For the mechanics of this little understood but vitally important department are shown in highly interesting detail. Chagrined at not being in the thick of battle, Powell does his duty by unearthing a ring of spies, who apparently were more numerous in the capital than congressmen.

Contrasted with these dark doings is the comic love story. Rosalind Russell, who plays the daughter of Powell's boss, is the reason the code expert can't get to France.

Ably assisted by Lionel Atwill, Cesar Romero, and Binnie Barnes, who shatters a movie tradition by being a spy with a sense of fun, Miss Russell and Powell make Rendezvous something for your delight. The film is excellently directed by William K. Howard and the whole affair is a splendidly unpretentious merger of easy laughs and smart storytelling.

VITAL STATISTICS: Produced by Muggum's thin man, Lawrence Weingarten, this one had them worried in the making. Considered an *enfant terrible* and a potential flop, it was death on writers. Now it looms as a big money-maker, everybody is very, very happy again—that clink at the b. o. being very healing. . . . Number of writers on picture prob-

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ably accounts for its whorlish involution. . . . Originally The Team, confected for Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, Miss Loy's part has been inherited by 28-year-old Rosalind Russell, who has eight minor roles under her belt and after this seems headed for heavenly stardom. The Russell is genuinely patrician-looking and -acting, a quality hard to find in Hollywood cuties and so easy to detect when plastered on. She's dotter to James E. Russell, well-to-do Connecticut criminal lawyer; was given a polished education; has kay-francised it abroad; started acting abroad in minor bits in stock; later tent-show-toured this country before crashing B'way via a bit in Behrman's Second Man. Got a Muggum pact after a one-night stand in staged No More Ladies—her breeding could be seen that far. Terribly unassuming, tense, and businesslike, she seems to be doing a hepburn-in-embryo. Is vacationing à la Nl Cahrd on a South American tramp steamer for rest. . . . Powell wears good clothes only on screen; wants to be known as Worst Dressed Film Star off. His new house is knobless—doors open by push buttons. His Rendezvous character as young cross-word puzzler who made good shows there's still hope for Ted (Switched Orbs) Shane.

★ ★ ★ ANNIE OAKLEY

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, Preston Foster, Melvyn Douglas, Moroni Olsen, Pert Kelton, Andy Clyde, Chief Thunder Bird, Margaret Armstrong, and others. Directed by George Stevens. Story by Joseph A. Fields and Ewart Adamson.

TO any one around the theater, Annie Oakley is slang for a free pass, but no one story has been authenticated as to how Annie Oakley became a synonym for a free ticket. The popular version is that the sharpshooting miss would throw the tickets up in the air, validating them with bullet holes.

RKO cuts through the legendary fog surrounding the eagle-eyed Miss Oakley and its celluloid biography has all the appeal of a Wild West show. A colorful page of Americana, this robust item follows Annie's career from her first contest with the world's champion marksman until she is admitted queen of the bull's-eye.

Complications, such as Miss Oakley falling for the rival sharpshooter in Buffalo Bill's show, give the film enough suspense to hold your interest. This, added to the capable performances of Barbara Stanwyck in the title role, Preston Foster as her lover, and Moroni Olsen's bluff portrait of Buffalo Bill, combine to make the picture a nostalgic and rigorous etching of our lustier days.

VITAL STATISTICS: Shootin' Annie Oakley, born in Darke County, Ohio, supported her family from childhood by shooting quail. Growed up, she challenged champ vodvil shot Frank Butler, and beat him on the last quail, live targets being used them thar woolly days. Butler turned around, married her (to keep it in the family, of course), and effaced himself completely, becoming her object holder, while she became one of the most famous women in American history. . . . Picture cost $360,000. Is third full-lengther by ex-cameraman director George Stevens, who ground all the Rex wild-hawss opries, considered photographic classics of the day. George was born in Frisco just before the Fiah, and smart money spots him among America's ten leading *régisseurs* (hold it!). . . . Barbara Stanwyck's unsiameasing herself from her golden-haired husband Frank Fay. Her oakley shooting was done by Cap Hardy, celebrated deadeye. . . . Preston Foster, son of an Ocean City, N. J., life guard, is a pretty good shot himself and might have played Annie, he's that facially malleable. . . . Joe Fields is the son of the renowned Fields. . . . Moroni Olsen (Buffalo Bill) comes of a prominent Mormon family and was named for the Angel Moroni of that faith.

★ ★ PETER IBBETSON

THE PLAYERS: Gary Cooper, Ann Harding, John Halliday, Ida Lupino, Douglas Dumbrille, Virginia Weidler, Dickie Moore, Doris Lloyd, Gilbert Emery, Donald Meek, Christian Rub. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Story by George du Maurier.

ANN HARDING may not be the best actress in the cinema, but she is easily its outstanding elocutionist. In Peter Ibbetson, from the du Maurier novel, she attacks the story's fragile mysticism with a sustained barrage of emotional recitations. These speeches establish Miss Harding as a performer fully as great as any high-school valedictorian.

Gary Cooper is a bit ill at ease as the partner of Miss Harding's dreamy love life and convinces neither himself nor the audience as he strolls about poeticizing over a love of his early childhood. Finally, he rediscovers the girl of his baby days. It turns out to be Miss Harding.

Cooper accidentally kills her husband (John Halliday) and is sentenced to life in a dungeon. Almost dead from a beating given by the jailer, Cooper, in delirium, finds that he and his tragic sweetheart have the supernatural power of dreaming the same thing simultaneously. So he survives to old age, every night enjoying an astral date with his gal.

The film is exquisitely photographed and has patches of haunting beauty. But this is submerged by Miss Harding's rapt pleasure with her own voice and Cooper's embarrassed ineptitude. There is one really fine portrayal in Peter Ibbetson, though. It is given by Dickie Moore, who plays the young hero. His stunned fright and fear at his mother's death is, I think, one of the finest child bits that has ever been screened.

VITAL STATISTICS: George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier, born in Paris and half English, was a Punch artist and book illustrator till, in 1891, when fifty-seven years old, he wrote Peter Ibbetson, one of the world's great yarns d'amour, or love romances to youse. . . . Though Trilby was an instantaneous success in book and on stage, it took British journalist John Raphael twenty years before he finally succeeded in peddling his dramatized version of P. I. Constance Collier bought it, promptly rewrote it, and put it on as a war benefit play in 1915 London, where it was a flare-up hit, burning steadily till 1917, when it was imported to B'way. There the middle-aged stripling John Barrymore and the thunderous mugger Lionel Barrymore were inserted as Dreamy Pete and the Terrible-Tempered Colonel Ibbetson respectively and, with Miss Collier as the Duchess of Towers, it ran another two years. . . . Pete's been operafied, with music by Deems (Words) Taylor.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Thanks a Million, Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin?

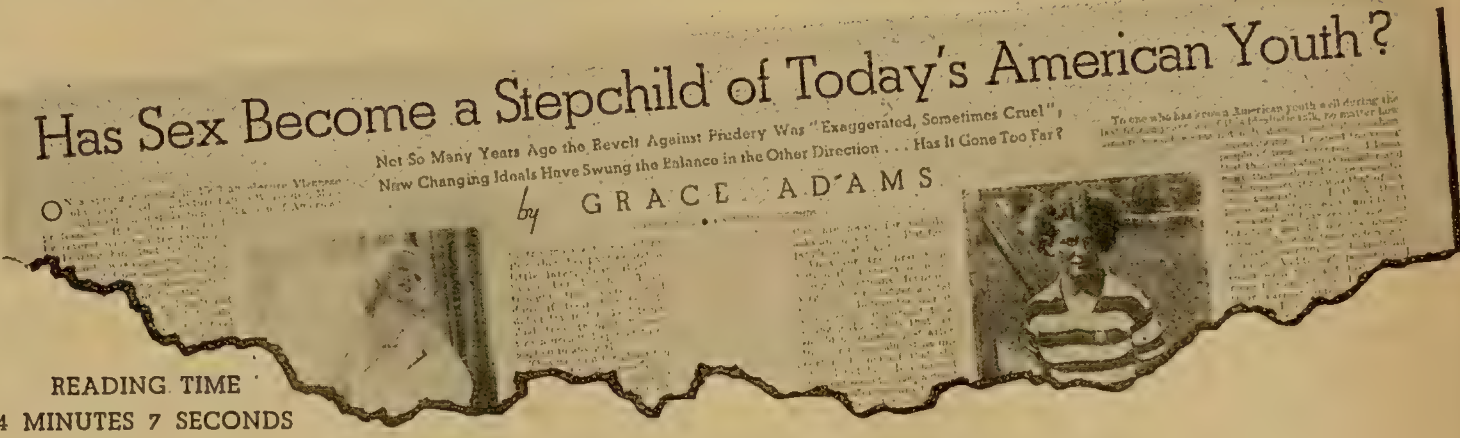
★★★—Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts.

YOUTH AFRAID OF LOVE

A Spokesman for His Generation Forthrightly Enters the Lists in Reply to One of Its Critics

by RALPH WALTER WOMER

The author, who considers himself a member of the "average youth" group he defends in this article.



Has Sex Become a Stepchild of Today's American Youth?

Not So Many Years Ago the Revolt Against Prudery Was "Exaggerated, Sometimes Cruel"; Now Changing Ideals Have Swung the Balance in the Other Direction . . . Has It Gone Too Far?

by GRACE ADAMS

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

WHEN a writer, intellectually inclined, writes an article to prove that modern youth is undergoing a revolution in thought and manners, that article is likely to prove both interesting and entertaining. But when that writer states that such thought and manners are dictated by, or subservient to, the views of a group of young radicals who term themselves "young intellectuals," then it is about time for some one to come to the defense of the intelligence of modern American youth.

I am referring, of course, to the article by Grace Adams—entitled Has Sex Become a Stepchild of Today's American Youth?—which appeared in the August 24 issue of Liberty.

Miss Adams advances the theory that since the youth of yesterday caught the torch of sex from the hands of that group of so-called "youth intellectuals" who, before the war, had made sex a religion, it is more than likely that the youth of today will adopt the ideas of the modern version of those "young intellectuals" who are regulating sex to the background to make way for a new "cause," in this case Communism. In short, Miss Adams seems to fear that sex as an expression will soon die out, and in the future will be used merely as a means of propagation.

But I would be willing to wager that her observations are based more upon her experiences with that group of "young intellectuals" than upon any dealings she may have had with *average* American youth. When I say average I am excluding the radical elements, since they form a small minority when compared to youth as a whole.

No one can deny that there was a tremendous revolution in sex immediately following the war. But to say that this revolution was due to the teachings of Freud or Forel or Ellis, or to the actions of a small group of "young intellectuals," is an exaggeration, to say the least. The younger generation merely took advantage of the fact that wartime conditions had undermined convention. There was nothing psychoanalytic about it. In fact, ninety-nine out of every hundred in that generation never even heard of Freud, knew nothing about psychoanalysis, and cared even less. For that matter, the majority of the so-called "young intellectuals" used Freud more as an excuse than a reason. Nine out of ten couldn't even understand him.

I managed to get around a bit in the latter '20s, and I cannot recall ever meeting a girl who thought that "nice" was a "dreadful epithet." Or one who felt that it was important that she should not be chaste. My own experience was limited to contact with the youth of the middle class. I don't pretend to have any practical knowledge of the conduct of the debutantes, the college girls, or the "intellectuals" of that period, although I suppose that they were a trifle more free with their affections than the average girl. But if Miss Adams is using those classes for an example she is being unfair to youth in general. After all, modern youth is represented by the young people of the middle class, who comprise about ninety per cent of the whole, and not by a small minority.

Miss Adams dates the death of the Younger Generation as the fall of 1929. To prove her statement, she points out that youth began to lose interest in those screen exponents of sex, Clara Bow and Jean Harlow. But, as any movie fan can tell you, the younger generation is still going "to the movies to see Jean Harlow heave her bosom."

The climax of Miss Adams's article is the most inane, asinine statement that I have ever had the privilege of reading. I quote:

> Thus for the first time within the memory of most living Americans feminine virginity is no longer a vital question.

Had the author presented that thought as an opinion it would not have sounded so bad. But she presented it as a broad sweeping *factual* statement.

You, Miss Adams, may not think that feminine virginity is of any great importance, and your "young intellectuals" may not think so. But I believe that the majority of Americans still think that it *is* of importance. If you wish proof, just go out and get the viewpoints of the first ten young men that you meet on the street. I think that you will find that the masculine idea of feminine virtue hasn't changed very much since the '90s.

Miss Adams seems to be concerned mainly with the fear that sex will soon become a lost art. I believe that I can reassure her. I took the two pictures that illustrated her article—the one of the husky young Russian girl and the one of Jean Harlow—and showed them to quite a few young men, questioning them as to which of the two they would prefer. To a man, they picked Miss Harlow. And that shows very clearly the trend of thought among the Younger Generation.

THE END

The PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY Story

AN EXCITING NOVEL OF A MAN, A PROBLEM, AND FIVE MILLION DOLLARS

●

PLOT BY

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

PART FIVE—A VOICE IN THE NIGHT

by S. S. VAN DINE

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

UTTERLY disgusted with his mode of living, at the age of forty-three Jim Blake, a millionaire lawyer of New York, longs to drop out of sight and begin a new life for himself as another person. His beautiful wife, Ilka Varaska, a former Russian actress, married him only for his money, refuses to have children, and carries on a brazen liaison with Earle Marshall, a promising young tennis amateur.

But how can he disappear, take with him five million dollars in cash—the bulk of his fortune—and leave no trace? His problem is further complicated, emotionally, by his growing love for a clever and sympathetic young girl, Charlotte Hope, who has won her place as a partner in his law firm. Though he does not know it, Charlotte returns his love.

Obsessed with his one idea to vanish, Jim engages Vaurot, master ventriloquist and mimic, to teach him his art, and for practice studies the vocal peculiarities of Earle Marshall. Once, when the tennis player goes down South for a match, Jim calls up Ilka and pretends it is her lover. She is completely taken in. But to his horror Jim learns that the lovers plan to kill him in a devilishly " natural " way.

Secretly, assuming the name of Burton, the unhappy but determined husband gets in touch with Dr. Grimshaw, a famous plastic surgeon of Omaha, Nebraska, and makes arrangements for his physical transformation. Then, at last converting his securities into five million cash, Jim leaves a brief noninformative note for Charlotte and entrains for the West. Introducing himself as Burton, he undergoes an operation that molds him into the semblance of a man named Francis X. Carter, a model chosen because of his imminent death, which follows.

Now, as Carter, Jim goes to Canada and buys an old reputable brokerage firm for his future setting. But, returning to the Grimshaw sanitarium to settle accounts, he is brought face to face with Charlotte, who has followed a clue to the place. The girl fails even to suspect he is Jim Blake!

Carter having been buried as " Burton," the next task is to kill off Blake; and Jim, driving to Buffalo, bribes a medical student, Carlos Manrique, to obtain a cadaver for him. Dressing the dead man in his clothes, Jim sits the body in his car and starts it over a chasm to annihilation. Under the cover of black night this hideous act finishes his plot.

Unknown to him, Ilka, his wife, has been trailing him on this macabre journey, and she thinks Jim has committed suicide. Shocked but not sorry, she drives off, while Jim as Francis X. Carter whispers exultantly to himself: " A new destiny! I can make my life what I choose! "

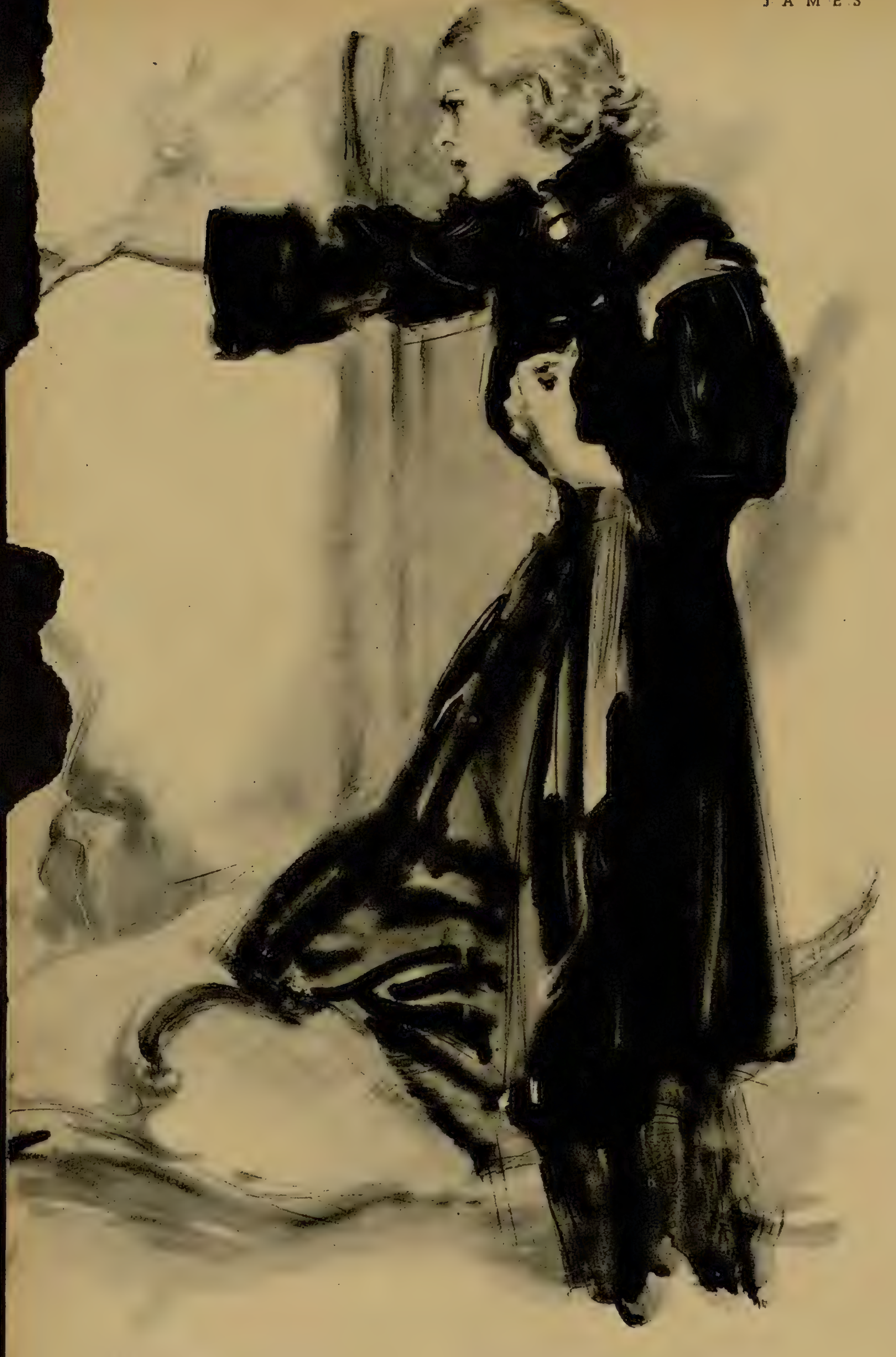


ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Ilka turned deathly pale. She pointed with a trembling hand to the door. "Leaf this house, you—you creature!" she cried.

STORY TOLD BY

RUPERT HUGHES
●
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
●
ANTHONY ABBOT
●
RITA WEIMAN
●
S. S. VAN DINE
●
JOHN ERSKINE

THE following afternoon Francis X. Carter presented his card at the musty Toronto offices of Noble & Scarp, Ltd. He was received immediately by the two partners, who greeted him with solemn but nervous eagerness. In the small dingy office where he had previously acquired a controlling share in the firm, Jim studied the two men before him with an amused kindly interest. They looked exactly as they had months before—like successfully separated Siamese twins. Their trousers were still baggy; they still wore the white piqué edging on their waistcoats; their upper pockets still bulged with cigars. Only their voices seemed to have changed: they spoke without the former undercurrent of frustration.

"We are delighted to see you, Mr. Carter," purred Mr. Scarp.

Mr. Noble nodded his head with a semblance of vigor. "Yes, it is a great pleasure, sir."

"I regret," said Jim, "that I was unable to come sooner. I thought it best, however, to wait until I felt like a new man. You see, I wish to take up the reins of management immediately."

Mr. Scarp nodded. "Oh, yes. We thoroughly understand."

Mr. Noble's head bobbed up and down as if controlled by his partner. "Quite so," he murmured.

"I am prepared to proceed at once, and I would appreciate it if you gentlemen would give me your assistance for a week or so. I wish to become thoroughly acquainted with the customers of Noble & Scarp, Ltd., and with the various details of the business, before I assume active management. I propose to carry on the business in accordance with the established traditions of the house."

Mr. Scarp almost beamed. "We shall be most happy," he announced, "to give every assistance as long as you desire."

Mr. Noble inclined his head with a bright smile. "We shall be very glad to be of whatever help we can," he concurred.

During the next fortnight Jim Blake was assiduously occupied in familiarizing himself with the routine and intricacies of the new career he had chosen. A great exaltation welled up in him and spurred him on in mastering the complex and difficult tasks that lay before him. His years of experience as a corporation attorney served him well as a steppingstone in this new venture; and both Mr. Noble and Mr. Scarp, beneath their mild and discouraged exteriors, possessed an amazing tutorial efficiency.

But however exacting were the demands of his apprenticeship, Jim was still able to find time to read carefully every item in the New York newspapers relating to his supposed sudden and precipitant death. Though he had no fears, the subject fascinated him both practically and speculatively.

He smiled ironically at the sensation his death had caused. It seemed he was a far more important personage dead than alive. Various pictures of him appeared in the press, and the obituaries were sufficiently glowing to make him feel the constraint and uneasiness of a man who knows his virtues have been exaggerated. For the first time in his life he suffered the discomfort that, in all strong natures, accompanies flattery.

WHATEVER latent fears or apprehensions he may have had were dissipated by the opening paragraphs of the press stories which had appeared the morning after his death. They were all variations or rewrites of the A. P. story:

PAINTED POST, N. Y., March 11.—The charred body of James L. Blake, senior partner of the well known firm of corporation attorneys, Blake, Driscoll & Shapiro, of 120 Broadway, New York City, was found this morning by county police in a ravine just west of Alpine Bridge, a mile from Painted Post, New York. The body was buried beneath the wreckage of a large sedan which had caught fire. The remains were immediately identified from a blackened monogrammed cigarette case and a hat found some fifty feet away bearing the initials J. L. B. The hat had evidently been thrown from the car in its fall before it burst into flame. There was also a wrist watch engraved on the inside of the case with Mr. Blake's full name. The license plates on the sedan further bore out the identification.

The body was taken to the funeral parlors of Chapman and Sedgewick at Painted Post.

Mr. Blake is survived by his wife, the former Ilka Varaska, well known Russian actress.

The cause of the accident has not been determined. As there was very little traffic on this road, the theory is that Mr. Blake was driving at a high rate of speed, lost control of the car, and swerved, going over the embankment into the ravine below.

Mrs. Blake is at present prostrated in her home, under her physician's care.

Jim sighed deeply with relief and satisfaction when he read these paragraphs. They were exactly what he had intended the world to think. He walked back and forth almost elatedly in his room at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, where he had established a temporary residence. He knew that Ilka was far too shrewd to suggest a police investigation. Was this not just what she had hoped for—had even planned for with her lover, Marshall? She would do her utmost to avoid even the slightest hint of scandal.

The fact that Jim Blake had been missing for a time before his death would never be mentioned by her. Fate had played into her hands, just as it had played into his. A cynical, almost ruthless smile played at the corners of his reconstructed lips as he read the final sentence of the newspaper reports. Prostrated, indeed!

He walked with gay boyish determination to the small Jacobean desk in his room and, taking a piece of stationery from the rack, wrote in a bold, vigorous chirography which was that of the former triumphant and dominating James Blake—he wished to have the facts before him in visible symbols:

I have achieved all that I planned. I am accepted by the world as dead. I have departed this earth, but still live upon it in a new personality. I still retain and control the gains of my former existence—five million dollars. I have a business which will give me complete and absolute control of that

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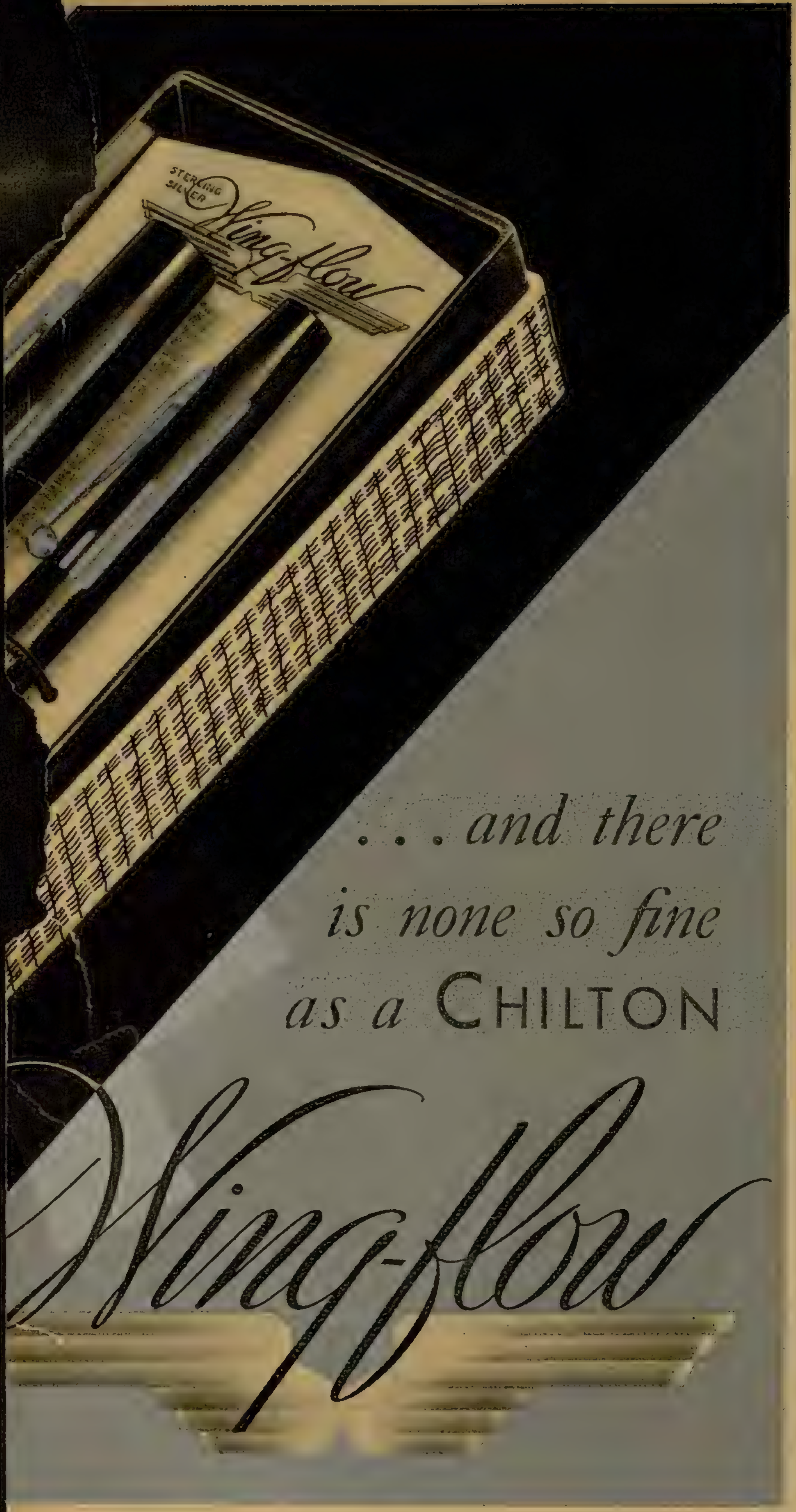

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money. I now handle millions of other people's money, and can buy securities as I please, under any name. I can bank them without attracting undue scrutiny. In a short time I will be accepted as a rich man and can do with my money whatever I please. A new life! *Morituri te salutamus.*

Then he chuckled. "But I am already dead—and still I can salute the future!"

The dead Jim Blake and the living Francis X. Carter, one and inseparable forever, sat staring at the paper for nearly an hour. Then Francis X. Carter rose slowly, struck a match and held it to the paper. The charred remains fell between his powerful fingers into the wastepaper basket.

The newspapers the next morning announced the time and place of his funeral, and a curious impulse seized Jim. He would attend his own funeral! It would be a grim and dramatic satisfaction. That night he took a train for New York. At noon the next day as he paused in front of the Church of St. Michael on Fifth Avenue, where the obsequies were to be held, he saw many of his former friends and acquaintances. There was a perfunctory air of solemnity on their faces but no genuine sorrow. Here perhaps was the truth—and the mockery—of life. He approached one of the men who had been close to him in the past.

"Mr. Halliday, I believe," he said. "I met you once at Jim Blake's. This is a very sad occasion."

The man studied Jim quizzically and without the slightest sign of recognition.

"Yes, yes, of course," he returned in an insincere but correctly pitched voice. "Too bad. Blake was a fine chap." He turned and made his way into the church.

Jim followed him and paused at the entrance. He felt some one brush against him. Turning slightly, he stepped quickly to one side.

"I'm sorry—"

His voice caught in his throat. He was looking at Charlotte Hope. There were tears in her eyes, a genuine sorrow in the lines of her face. A great emotion filled him at the sight of her, and he found it difficult to restrain the impulse to address her in the voice she knew so well. He watched her wistfully as she passed by.

HE entered the church and seated himself in a pew at the rear. Near him, ironically, sat Earle Marshall. In deference to the conventional decencies, the man had taken his seat in an obscure corner far back from the pulpit. . . . .

Jim glanced at the floral tributes with a faint twisted smile. The black oblong box before the altar filled him with a sense of tragic unreality. The clergyman, who had been the recipient of frequent donations from Jim, paid rhetorical tribute to the character of the deceased:

". . . a true example of the best in American manhood . . . a great man who followed the ideals of truth and fearlessness . . . rising, with indomitable spirit, from obscure beginnings till he had reached the heights of his chosen career . . . admired and loved by all . . . whose domestic life was as beautiful and fine as his public relationships . . . now unexpectedly taken from amongst us, in accordance with God's greater wisdom . . ."

A grim smile played on Jim's lips. He was glad when it was over. He regretted that he had given way to the mad impulse to come here, but he was grateful for the fleeting glimpse of Charlotte. He went swiftly outside and stood for a moment at one side of the marquee, beside a group of careless keen-faced young men and sad middle-aged youngish-looking women. He recognized many of these newspaper reporters.

As the coffin was borne out, followed by the honorary pallbearers—his former friends—he involuntarily took a step forward just as one of the cameramen took a snapshot of the procession.

The man glowered at Jim. "What's the idea of chiseling into the picture?" he growled. "This ain't your funeral."

Jim stepped swiftly back as the photographer hurriedly readjusted his camera.

Soon Ilka emerged from the church on the arm of Driscoll, his former partner. She was sobbing gently in the most approved manner.

"Hypocrisy," sighed Jim to himself—"for the benefit of the reporters."

A wave of disgust swept over him. He turned and walked down Fifth Avenue, through the canyon of gaunt buildings which seemed to him like the sardonic specters of a Gargantuan lost world. . . .

A week later Driscoll made an appointment with Ilka at her home. As one of the executors of Jim's estate he had been busily engaged in trying to straighten out his late partner's affairs. He had kept in constant touch with Ilka, who was anxious to learn the exact amount of her sudden inheritance.

At his request Charlotte Hope now accompanied him to the house.

Ilka received them in her boudoir. She wore a rich Russian house robe and was reclining on a chaise longue. Driscoll's stiff bow she acknowledged with a theatrical gesture. She pretended not to see Charlotte, who sat down near the door.

"I deeply regret, Mrs. Blake," Driscoll began in an unctuous voice, "that Jim's estate is not all that I had hoped to find. In fact a thorough investigation has brought out nothing that would account for the great discrepancy between what I believed he possessed and the actual status of the estate. The truth is, Jim left no estate whatever. Your inheritance, therefore, consists solely of the property and the holdings—amounting to something less than two million dollars—which Jim placed in your name before he died."

Ilka could not speak for a moment.

"I do not belief it!" she burst forth at length. "I know he had at least fife million dollars. What is the meaning of this?"

"It is very mysterious, madam," Driscoll admitted suavely. "I have called upon Miss Hope, who knew even more of his private affairs than I or Mr. Shapiro; and she is as much in the dark as I am. I asked her to accompany me today, that she herself might assure you of the result of our search and explain to you whatever confidential matters relating to Jim's affairs you might care to ask about."

S. S. VAN DINE
who is famous the world over as the creator of Philo Vance, began his career as newspaperman and editor about twenty-seven years ago. Up to 1923 he produced nine volumes on cultural subjects. A complete nervous breakdown, which lasted more than two years, turned his mind to detective fiction. Out of that near-fatal illness came the astonishing Philo Vance, who made his bow in 1926, in The Benson Murder Case, and has continued to delight millions in successive Cases ever since.

Ilka flared up. She was no longer the clever actress, but the primitive Tartar dominated by an unreasoning passion of suspicion.

"I DO not weesh to hear what this woman haf to say! Oh, she is very good liar, and she would not tell me the truth, even eef she knew it." Her eyelids drooped menacingly and she shook her head sagaciously. "I theenk, Mr. Driscoll, this woman know exactly where Jeem's money is." She stood up with a sudden ferociousness and glared at Charlotte. "You tell me where that money ees! Do you hear? It will be better for you. Jeem might haf lofe you when he ees alife, but he cannot help you now."

Charlotte flushed. She rose and looked unflinchingly at Ilka.

"I am not interested in your threats, Mrs. Blake. I know nothing of your husband's fortune. I worked with Mr. Driscoll for a week trying, unsuccessfully, to locate it. I imagine that you know far more about the money than any one else. Mr. Blake was killed in rather mysterious circumstances at a considerable distance from New York. And although the fact has been withheld from the press, Mr. Blake was missing for some time before his death. I also happen to know that you yourself were absent from the city during part of that time, and that you did not return until after his body was found."

Ilka turned deathly pale. She pointed with a trembling hand to the door.

"Leaf this house, you—you creature!" she cried.

Charlotte, without a change of expression, turned and walked out into the hall.

Driscoll bowed to Ilka. "I think I shall be going too," he said. "If anything new arises I will communicate with you." He moved slowly to the door through which Charlotte had just passed, a grim sneer on his thin lips.

When the outer door had closed upon him and Charlotte, Ilka sank back upon the chaise longue and fixed her eyes before her like a person transfixed.

It was thus Earle Marshall found her when he entered the boudoir several minutes later.

"*Qu'as tu, mignonne?*" he asked lightly. "You look frightened."

"I am frightened, *chéri*," she said in a hollow tremulous voice. "That awful woman! She intimate terrible things. And this Mr. Driscoll tell me that Jeem die without a penny. All I haf ees what he put in my name. Only two million dollars."

"Not an untidy sum," Marshall commented with a cynical smirk. "But what was it Miss Hope had to say?"

"She tell me Jeem die mysteriously and that she belief I know where all his fortune is."

"Ah!" Marshall frowned. "Not a nice remark. And disconcerting—especially as you were absent from the city at just the wrong time."

"EXACTLY what she say. It is abominable!" Ilka rose excitedly and paced up and down the room. "First I am robbed of fife million dollars, and then I am insulted. That woman know something—and I am worried." Suddenly she ceased her nervous pacing and swung round. "Queeck, Earle! We must do sometheeng before maybe she make trouble. Over there, in that dressing table, there is my little revolver. I must get rid of it—it might be suspicious. Take it, Earle, and get in my car and drive out to Long Island. Then throw the revolver into the Sound. I do not weesh to haf it here any longer. I feel better when it disappear."

"There speaks a guilty conscience of long standing, Ilka." Marshall walked to the dressing table and, taking out the little revolver, toyed with it on his open palm. "But I believe you are wise. You might be asked why you kept the weapon so handy." He slipped the revolver into his outside coat pocket and walked toward the door. At the threshold he paused. "I would suggest, however, that the complete absence of Jim's estate should be brought to the attention of the proper authorities. They may be able to trace it for you. Saying nothing about it might seem even more suspicious." There was no small amount of avarice underlying his suggestion.

Ilka nodded. "I theenk you are right."

That same day Ilka communicated with the authorities and asked for their assistance in determining what had become of Jim Blake's fortune. District Attorney Markham immediately got in touch with Blake's former law partners, and not only did Driscoll and Shapiro give their consent but even urged an investigation and offered their assistance.

An immediate inquiry was launched, no hint of which reached the newspapers. But the brokers and bankers were reticent. Their relationship to their clients was, of course, a confidential one. When questioned, they merely consulted their lawyers and either repeated their refusals to go into the matter, or pretended ignorance.

Finally, however, Markham sent an official summons to Stanley Killigrew, of Killigrew & Storrs, who for years, he had learned, had been Blake's personal brokers. He had learned also that Killigrew was a close friend of Blake. When Killigrew presented himself at the District Attorney's office, Markham went straight to the point.

"The problem before me," he began earnestly, "is an extremely serious one. The possible theft of five million dollars is involved, and it would be most unfortunate if this had to be made a matter of public scandal. I am appealing to you, therefore, both as the friend and the confidential broker of Mr. Blake, to give me voluntarily what information you can, and thus to help me avoid a public inquiry and a court order for the examination of your books."

The dignified and unemotional old Killigrew looked up at Markham reluctantly. He had been astonished when Jim asked him to sell his securities. He had not felt just right about it. Now, with the sinister implications contained in the District Attorney's words, Jim's selling order took on an even more ominous aspect. After all, reasoned Killigrew, Jim was now dead: it might be better, for his old friend's sake, to tell the truth regarding the transactions. It might, as the District Attorney pointed out, avoid scandal. Perhaps he owed it to the dead man.

Briefly but completely Killigrew confided to Markham the whole unusual procedure—how Blake had come to him and ordered the immediate and secret disposal of all his holdings, totaling over five million dollars; how he, Killigrew, had absorbed as many of the sales as he could with a "go slow" order to the floor member of the firm; how Jim had demanded all payments be made in bills; and how the remainder of his securities were scattered among various other firms on a similar basis.

When Killigrew finished speaking, Markham walked to the window and stood looking out over the gray walls of the Tombs.

"As I understand it, then," he said, "Mr. Blake's entire estate was converted into cash—cash which he conceivably might have had with him at the time of his death."

When Killigrew had gone, Markham lighted a cigar and sat for some time in speculative thought. It was a puzzling situation. And the problem was still worrying him when, the next day, Charlotte Hope presented herself at his office.

MARKHAM received her at once; he had learned that she had been Blake's private secretary. Charlotte sat down nervously in the chair which Markham drew up for her. Her hands trembled as she grasped its arms. After a slight pause she looked up.

"Mr. Markham," she said—and she was surprised at the steadiness of her voice—"I have come to you to make a confession and to voice a suspicion. I may be entirely wrong in my suspicion, but the idea has haunted me—it's grown almost into a conviction—and I could not rest until I had spoken to you."

She hesitated.

"The fact is, I loved Jim Blake and I know he cared very deeply for me. But he was the most honorable of men and our relationship remained always that of employer and confidential secretary. The reason was that he was married, and the demands of duty were always foremost in his scheme of things. But he was very unhappy, Mr. Markham. He realized that his wife did not love him—oh, he had ample reasons for believing that! And I think he knew, as I did, that his wife cared only for his wealth. She's a cold and mercenary woman, an ex-actress, with no profound emotions but a great surface fascination. She even took as a lover a man Mr. Blake brought into the house—a man whom he had befriended. It was all disillusionment and horror. But Mr. Blake continued to tolerate the situation, because he was too fine, too sensitive, to make an open break and create a scandal. It was all a terrible tragedy."

Markham looked down at the girl sympathetically. "And what was the suspicion of which you spoke, Miss Hope?"

"It's a horrible thought," she said. "But I believe that, in some way, this wily actress got possession of Mr. Blake's fortune—and then saw to it that he would be forever unable to—to protest—" The tears ran down her cheeks. "I'm telling you this," she went on unsteadily, "because I feel it is my duty to the man I loved."

"You think, Miss Hope"—Markham's voice was calm—"that Mrs. Blake murdered her husband?"

CHARLOTTE sprang to her feet. She took a deep breath.

"I can't help believing that!" she said. "That woman is a schemer without feeling. She is infatuated with this other man, and she brazenly tortured Mr. Blake with her infidelity. She has no heart—only an ambition. And she is without scruples."

"I can understand your deep concern," Markham said with sympathy. "But perhaps, after all, it's your heart alone that is speaking. Have you any specific grounds for your suspicion of foul play?"

"Yes!" The girl looked at him steadily. "I know that she always kept a revolver in her bedroom—I know because Mr. Blake was troubled and spoke to me about it. For weeks before he disappeared he was uneasy and apprehensive about something. I got the impression that he knew or felt that his wife and her lover were plotting against his life. Furthermore, Mrs. Blake lied to me about a trip she and Mr. Blake were going to take together. He knew nothing about such a trip. Then, a little later, he disappeared. Not very long after that she too disappeared; and she was away from the city the night he was killed. Mr. Blake was always extremely careful at the wheel. It's unthinkable that he could have met with such an accident on a lonely road. And then, when Mr. Driscoll and I could find no trace of his great fortune— Oh, don't you see that something should be done?"

Within a few minutes after Charlotte Hope had taken her departure, Markham sent for Sergeant Ernest Heath of the Homicide Bureau. Quickly and succinctly he outlined the situation to him.

"I don't like it, sergeant," he concluded. "It may be a mare's-nest. But I believe, all things taken into consideration, I am justified in taking action. I want an immediate disinterment of Blake's body—after all, only a county coroner has passed on

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it—and I wish you would attend to all the details and get the body to the morgue." (Markham felt that the urgency of the situation justified him in ordering a disinterment without the usual legal procedure.) "I'll communicate with the Medical Examiner and you can notify him when you are ready."

Heath nodded brusquely as he shifted his long black cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other.

"And, sergeant," added Markham, "send a couple of your men up to Painted Post to find out everything they can without making a fuss. I especially want to know if Mrs. Blake was in the neighborhood at the time of the accident."

The following morning Dr. Doremus, the Medical Examiner, a peppery and nervous little man, called on Markham in person.

"I got the body last night and made the autopsy," he reported, his eye cocked with a leer at the District Attorney. "More trouble—plenty of it! Why are county police doctors — why, I ask you? No thoroughness. You're in for it, Markham."

"Well, what did you find?" Markham was irritable.

"What did I find? Hah!" Doremus almost snickered. "I found a bullet hole in the head—serenely overlooked by the upstate Aesculapius. And I also found the bullet embedded in the brain. I've turned the bullet over to Cap Hagedorn* for inspection and a report. Told him to call you as soon as he'd microscoped it and made his pictures."

As he spoke a buzzer on the District Attorney's desk sounded twice. Markham picked up the telephone and listened a few moments, grunted, and replaced the receiver.

"That was Hagedorn now," he remarked. "A .22 Smith & Wesson, he says, with peculiar riflings. You'll probably have to testify in court, doctor."

Doremus made a wry face. "I'm used to that," he grumbled resignedly. "But, for God's sake, don't call me to the stand at mealtime."

Later that day Markham received a report from the investigators Heath had sent to Painted Post. They had found out that Ilka had been there at the inn for some time before the night of the supposed accident; that she had arranged with the garage owner to notify her immediately when Jim's car was called for; and that she had hurriedly followed him in her own car along the road he had taken to Alpine Bridge. She had not returned to the inn.

That night Markham tabulated the entire case for his own study. He sat up until after midnight working on it, and when he turned in he had made his decision. In the morning he sent Sergeant Heath to fetch Ilka. She came to the District Attorney's office almost eagerly, for she hoped that Markham had information for her regarding the lost five million dollars. When she was seated before his desk, Markham questioned her briefly.

"Where were you, madam," he asked, "on the night of your husband's death?"

Ilka arched her brows. "I was at home. I was indisposed."

"You were not at Painted Post, by any chance?"

She flared up. "Certainly not! I do not understand what you mean."

"You possess a revolver, I believe," Markham went on relentlessly. "A revolver which you keep in your bedroom."

A vague fear assailed Ilka. Her first instinct was to lie about her ownership of the revolver, but she quickly reasoned that this gray grim man before her must have definite information of some kind and that her wisest course would be to admit she had had the gun. She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is true," she said. "I felt safer with a revolver when Jeem worked late at night."

"I suppose you can produce the revolver?"

"Oh, I haf it no more." She spoke with a force smile of indifference but her mind was working rapidly. "I got rid of it a long time ago. Sometimes I was very nervous with it around. Whenever I opened the drawer of my dressing table it make me shudder. So one day, when I went for a ride I throw it into Long Island Sound."

"Was it a .22 Smith & Wesson?"

Ilka hesitated. Finally she said grudgingly, "Yes, I theenk it was a .22 Smith & Wesson."

Markham shook his head slowly. "It is most unfortu-

The WORLD of TOMORROW

Submarine Fan Dance

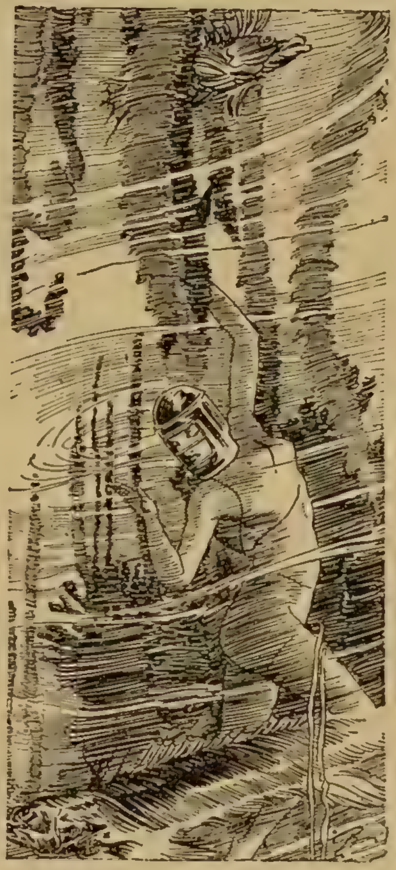
by RAY CUMMINGS

YOU have received an invitation to a Sunday-afternoon Submarine Garden Party. You are instructed to bring your bathing suit. You arrive at the Long Island estate, and Jenkins, the butler, greets you. He is wearing a bathing suit, dripping wet, and you recognize him by his side whiskers. He says:

"The master is expecting you, sir. Will you please disrobe in the Blue Room?"

Clad in your bathing suit you follow Jenkins to the lake. A wide flight of marble steps leads down into the water. Your host is sitting on the steps in his bathing suit. He says genially:

"Hello, John. You're late. Come on down—everybody's here but you."



Out on the sparkling sunlit surface of the lake bubbles are rising at various points. And here on the steps a bronze helmet is lying. It is turret-shaped, and the whole front half of it is a convex pane of glass. Your host places it over your head. He straps a belt around your waist. The air renewers, the audiphone batteries—all the mechanisms—are ingeniously small, in pouches on the belt. The apparatus is just heavy enough to carry you to the bottom and keep you there comfortably.

Amazing experience! Fifteen feet of depth at the bottom of the staircase. You sway along, following your host, descending on a little winding submarine garden path. You weigh no more than five pounds now.

Your host touches his metal-tipped finger to the metal edge of your helmet for audiphone contact. In your ears his microphonic voice says: "I think my wife is in the coral garden. It's this way."

The water is warm, sparkling clear. The afternoon sunlight comes down in blurred cathedral shafts. On the pink-white sandy path you pass a little swaying forest of marine vegetation. Fishes dart through it—strange-shaped fishes of vivid colors. One gets frightened and belligerently blows itself up into a distended ball.

You round a corner—a gleaming mass of pink-white coral—and you come upon a group of the guests. A man and girl are taunting an electric eel which they have cornered in a coral grotto. They hope it will shock them—and no doubt it will. Another couple have invented some kind of submarine ball game and are vigorously playing it.

And in a sandy dell with a background of coral clumps a slim young girl is dancing. In each hand she holds a huge sea fan, which she waves in rhythm to her swaying steps. Submarine fan dance! Slim white-limbed Nereid of the sea. Unhampered by gravity, she leaps, sways, postures gracefully. Modern mermaid—seductively alluring.

This is not a very futuristic picture! Did you think that now, this year, to go under water and stay there you need a diver's bloated suit and a lot of skill and courage? Not at all. In Bermuda now, for a modest fee, you can walk through the submarine gardens—and teach yourself a submarine fan dance if you like—wearing just your bathing suit and a helmet, very much in the fashion I have described.

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* Captain Hagedorn was the firearms expert of the New York Police Department.

nate you threw the weapon away, madam." He spoke with commiserating gravity. "The fact is, your husband did not die as a result of the automobile accident. His body was exhumed and autopsied last night, and it was learned that he met his death as the result of a bullet in the head—a bullet, to be exact, from a .22 Smith & Wesson. But there are unusual riflings on the bullet which was removed from his brain; and it could be easily proved whether that bullet was fired from your revolver or not, *provided we had your revolver.*"

A wave of horror swept over Ilka.

"And you would know that I am innocent," she gasped, "eef I haf not throw away that meeserable revolver? Oh, what mistake!"

HE rose to his feet and spoke almost harshly: "Madam, I regret what I must say. But the facts are these: You did not love your husband. You were infatuated with another man. Your husband was aware of your feelings. Some months ago he converted his entire fortune into cash. Then he went away, and some time later you too left the city. I happen to know, despite your denials, that you were at an inn at Painted Post, waiting for him to claim the car he had left at a garage there. I know also that on the night he called for the car you followed him in the direction of Alpine Bridge. It is not unreasonable to assume that Mr. Blake had his entire fortune with him on that last ride. Yesterday I learned, as I have told you, that it was not an automobile accident but a bullet that ended Mr. Blake's life. The inferences, madam, are obvious. You had the motive for your husband's murder; you had the opportunity; and there is an abundance of circumstantial evidence. Also, you have admitted ownership of the possible criminal agent. If these statements are too technical—"

Ilka shook her head, stunned.

"I therefore see no alternative but to hold you for the grand jury on a charge of murder." Markham looked beyond the petrified woman and nodded curtly to Heath. "Sergeant," he ordered, "put Mrs. Blake under arrest. Turn her over to the matron with instructions that she be shown every consideration." . . .

Ilka was indicted for the murder of her husband. She was arraigned and a date was set for her trial. The story of her arrest, beneath sensational headlines, appeared in all the leading newspapers of the country. Jim, busy in Toronto rehabilitating himself in his new life under the name of Francis X. Carter, read every word of the accounts.

The blow struck him with a mighty force—it was something he had not foreseen: a menacing shadow out of the dead past which had risen to haunt him and threaten the success of his great adventure. Since his return to Toronto, after the funeral, he had mastered the details of his new business and made new contacts.

Only the day before the story of

HOW CAN A MAN DISAPPEAR WITH $5,000,000 AND NOT BE TRACED? IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR YOU TO WIN CASH PRIZES!

This is the problem for a mystery story presented by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Six leading storytellers—Rupert Hughes, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Anthony Abbot, Rita Weiman, S. S. Dine, and John Erskine—have attempted an answer in six issues of Liberty, the Fifth of which appears to-day.

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1. To compete, after you have read all of the story as the six famous authors have fashioned it, see if you can find a better way to solve the problem posed by President Roosevelt: "If you had five million dollars and wanted to disappear and take your money with you so that no one could ever trace you, how would you do it?"

2. All entries must be written on one side of the paper only. Typewritten, double-spaced, is best, but pen-and-ink entries will be accepted. Use as many words as you require to state your solution clearly.

3. Solutions will be judged on the basis of plausibility, probability, and logic. On this basis Liberty will pay a first prize of $500 for the best entry, $250 for the next best, and $100 each for the five next best solutions. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. The judges will be the editorial staff of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decision as final.

4. All prize-winning solutions will become the property of Liberty Magazine for publication whenever desired. No entries will be returned.

5. Write your name and address on the upper left-hand corner of the first page of your entry.

6. Send your entry flat by first-class mail to:

PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY EDITOR
LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. BOX 556
GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

All entries must be received on or before Friday, January 3, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

7. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

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They were getting on each other's nerves. Intestinal sluggishness was really the cause—made them tired with frequent headaches, bilious spells. But that is all changed now. For they discovered, like millions of others, that nature provided the correct laxatives in plants and vegetables. Tonight try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). How much better you feel—invigorated, refreshed. Important—you do not have to increase the dose. They contain no phenol or mineral derivatives. Only 25c—all druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful 5 Color—1935-1936 Calendar Thermometer with the purchase of a 25c box of NR or a 10c roll of Tums (For Acid Indigestion). At your druggist's.

Ilka's predicament was blazing forth on the front pages of the press, he had bought out the remaining interest of his two partners.

Withal, he felt sorry for Ilka. But the case against her, he reasoned, was wholly speculative and circumstantial. And she was a beautiful woman. She was sure to be freed.

He reproached himself for his negligence in failing to specify to the medical student in Chicago that he must have a corpse which had met with a natural death. It was now obvious that the student had supplied him with the corpse of a suicide.

As for Ilka, despite his present sympathy for her, he felt justified in letting her suffer until the last moment, knowing that he could eventually save her. She had willfully made him suffer with her selfish cruelty. In her temporary discomfiture Ilka was getting less than her just deserts.

He believed her acquittal inevitable. But after fourteen hours the jury returned a verdict of guilty! She was sentenced to the electric chair and a date set for her execution. An appeal was taken, but the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court upheld the original decision of the lower court. The case was then carried to the Court of Appeals, with no success.

Jim had been through a minor hell of his own during the months occupied by the trial. As he threw aside the newspaper which had told him of the failure of Ilka's lawyers to avert the final catastrophe, he realized that all his plans had failed, that his great scheme for benefiting mankind had crumbled.

He must return to New York, crush out all his hopes for the future, and tell the truth to the authorities. Only this could save Ilka. His castle of dreams had proved a house of cards.

There was but one faint ray of hope for Ilka, aside from his own reappearance and confession—an appeal to the Governor of the state. Ilka's attorneys had announced that they would make such an appeal. But Jim knew that the Governor would not yield. He dismissed in his own mind, like the shrewd lawyer he was, the illusion that there was any hope for executive clemency.

THE night before the appeal to the Governor was to be made, Charlotte Hope, broken in heart but not in spirit, sat alone in her little apartment going over the events of the past. She too felt sympathy for Ilka in this hour of imminent tragedy, and she wondered if Jim would have approved of the step she took to bring Ilka's artificial world crashing about her.

As she sat by the window gazing out into the night, the telephone rang. She moved dully and mechanically to the instrument and lifted the receiver.

"Charlotte," said a voice.

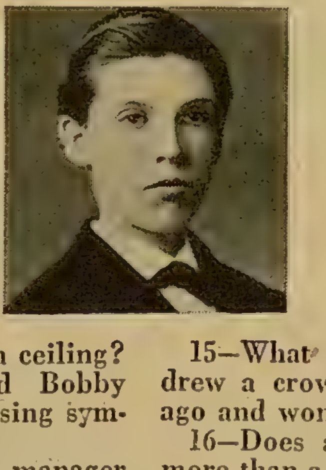
Her face went suddenly white. She felt a weakening in all her muscles. A rush of fear and hope and exaltation welled up in her. With a great sob that shook her to the very depths, she uttered one exultant syllable:

"Jim!"

Hardly believing her ears, Charlotte recognizes the beloved voice of Jim Blake. But will she—can she—believe her eyes when she sees him a piece of plastic surgery? And will she love this new man? Questions throng for answers, which will be given in the final installment in the next issue of Liberty.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—Some newspapers announced his election, but his opponent carried California and was re-elected. He is clean-shaven in this early photo, taken at seventeen. Who is he?

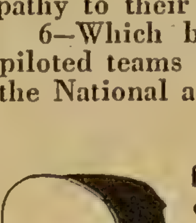
2—Where are the oddest bedrooms in the world?

3—How many senators sit in the Canadian Senate, and how is the Speaker chosen?

4—With what part of its anatomy does a housefly land on a ceiling?

5—Who kidnaped and killed Bobby Franks, and sent a wreath expressing sympathy to their victim's funeral?

6—Which big-league baseball manager piloted teams to pennant victories in both the National and the American leagues?



7—Who are H-men?

8—What is the antonym for repletion; renegade; requite?

9—Who originated table tennis or ping-pong?

10—When a locomotive nears a public grade crossing, what signal is given?

11—If a cattle boat transports steers, does a pig boat carry hogs?

12—In 1492 how many Indians lived in what is now the United States?

13—Which United States coins bear the name of a weekly magazine?

14—About how many railway stations are there in Greater London?

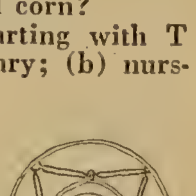
15—What historic "sensational" flight drew a crowd of 300,000 twenty-five years ago and won a prize of $5,000?

16—Does a bushel of corn meal weigh more than a bushel of shelled corn?

17—Which girls' names starting with T mean (a) a temple or sanctuary; (b) nursling; (c) the harvester?

18—What does the nautical command "Bear a hand" mean?

19—Is this correct: "He aggravates me"?



20—When were Presidential election returns first broadcast?

(Answers will be found on page 48)

FRONT MONEY

Liberty's Short Short

by STEWART ROBERTSON

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

SORRY, Mr. Stacy," said the alert young man at the Argus Agency for Models, "but what I said about the hat still goes. You'll have to get a new one."

Mr. Grosvenor Stacy made embarrassed noises in his throat and allowed most of his weight to sag upon the bright Malacca stick he held before him. His handsomely turned shoes held the dusky gleam of a well polished bandoleer; below crisp white hair his good-humored face was exactly the sun-and-sherry tint of those who indulged in the annual Palm Beach-Newport shuttle; and he appeared to have been poured into a brown herringbone suit.

But the hat he clutched was faded and spinelessly soft. It had followed the habit of many a human in surrendering to old age.

"You're certain there's no chance for indoor stuff?"

"Positive," said the alert young man. "The idea is that you're to be photographed smoking a Tranquillity cigar against various outdoor backgrounds—and a pretty soft way of earning a hundred smackers, if you ask me. Of course, if you can't manage—"

"I can manage," said Mr. Stacy very quickly, and made a little rite of jotting down the address for the appointment on the following day. The required hat, he reminded himself, was perched in a window not five blocks off, and for the past few afternoons—and evenings—he had ambled around there to give it a thoughtful inspection from every possible angle. A patrician thing, and of a shade somewhere between rich honey and coffee. Eight dollars. But unfortunately eight from ten left only two, and it might be a week before he would be paid his hundred.

"Thanks very much," he said aloud, and inside two minutes he was down on the street, sauntering.

A fellow chair warmer at the Argus Agency stood gazing at a windowful of softly flashing color. Mr. Stacy ranged alongside and bowed to Miss Poppy Wells: medium, five feet three; one hundred twelve pounds; type, young housewife—all according to the Argus classification—and followed her line of sight. All he could see was an affair of sea green and silver, with star-shaped buttons, that defied masculine analysis.

"Lovely day," he remarked, and took to studying his plate-glass reflection for flaws. None, by George, except the hat.

"Not if you want that dress," countered Poppy.

Mr. Stacy cocked a humorous eye at her. "Any particular reason except vanity?"

"Yes," said the girl, "there is. I've fallen in love. It was easy as easy, Mr. Stacy. I'm pretty sure he likes me a lot, but I want to be sure, and I'm meeting him up by the Sheridan statue in a little while. That dress would help me a lot."

Old Grosvenor stared at the dress. The price—$7.95 in fashionably modest chromium figures—glimmered at him against the gray carpet below it.

Then, because longer ago than he liked to think there had been a Mrs. Stacy, "Will your hat and shoes go with it?" he demanded a little anxiously.

"Perfectly," said Poppy. "But let's not discuss it any further. I'm too broke to buy it."

"Then let me stake you." The offer came with such casualness that Mr. Stacy commended himself.

Miss Wells raised violet eyes. Old Grosvenor was very like an anchor, standing there so assured and grandfatherly.

"Pay you back next month," she promised happily, "and thanks a million."

Mr. Stacy rummaged importantly through a billfold and produced a ten-dollar note. "Run along inside and I'll wait for you."

Fronts were curious things. We all required one, and after we picked the one we wanted we lurked behind it, allowing its upkeep to impoverish us.

He had his smile determinedly in place when Poppy rejoined him.

"Beautiful," said Mr. Stacy, pocketing his change. "Now look here—what sort of fellow is this?"

"Walk along with me and see. Bill is a pipe-tweeds-Long Island type. He's an architect going places, and I want to go with him. I'd be proud to have him see me with you, Mr. Stacy."

Old Grosvenor glowed as they walked north. People glanced from him to Poppy, then back again with approval, as though they imagined them to be father and daughter.

AS they reached the Sheridan statue something rakish, black, and nickel slithered up to the curb and a staccato chord of calliope notes yowled twice upon the air. Mr. Stacy, startled, turned to inspect his annoyer.

A face like a chipmunk in horn rims stared back at him, then skittered past to fasten on Poppy and break into a watery sort of leer.

"That's not Bill?" Mr. Stacy said hopefully.

The violet eyes shone with disdain. "That one's an optimist," she told him. "He's found out that I meet Bill here every day, and he shows up too, obviously hoping if Bill doesn't come—well, you know the type."

Mr. Stacy scowled at the chipmunk, who wilted.

A sensible car of a million brothers took the space in front of the black-and-nickel monstrosity. In a split second Poppy was abloom and buoyant. Mr. Stacy watched narrowly to see whether the green dress would be noticed, and was relieved to find that Bill had the wit to mention it at once. Good husband material there. He approved of Bill.

Introductions, a few happy careless sentences, an especially tremulous thank you from under Poppy's lashes, and they were off.

So at last it was time to tackle the problem of the hat. Seven ninety-five from ten left— He stepped forward.

Then it happened. The black-and-nickel foreigner, also in motion, was on him like a cobra. The calliope shrieked its rasping chord, and this time Mr. Stacy leaped, without artifice, back to the curb. The hat he had been shocked into dropping was ground into the street by the heavy tires. Brakes took hold smoothly, and the chipmunk showed a timorous face.

"Well, sir!" roared Mr. Stacy, advancing. "Well!"

"If—if I might be permitted to replace—" commenced the chipmunk.

Grosvenor Stacy wrenched open the door and plumped himself down in a seat.

"You may, young man—you may!" he shouted gaily. "Stop at my hatter's two blocks down."

THE END

A CHORUS GIRL'S LECTURES ON Etiquette

How to Entertain Relatives . . . Polly Truffles Reports an Experience Which Had Mutually Satisfactory Results

by DOROTHY DAY

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

A CLOSE relation is one who holds a tight grasp on the purse strings, and should be treated in a distant manner.

A relative who sends you nice fat checks is the one you should have close relations with.

Establish an *entente cordiale* (that's being clubby) with such a relative, because Christmas comes but once a year.

I knew a chorus girl who always had a birthday about two months after she met a man. He would be in the gift-giving frame of mind at that time. She took no chances of waiting until her real birthday came, because the gentleman might be out of her life by then.

Rich relatives must be handled with care because they are perishable and may eventually leave you a tidy sum.

Now say that a wealthy uncle is going to visit you in New York. You will want to know the proper way to entertain him. Perhaps the best way to learn anything is by experience, so let me tell you of my hits, runs, and errors when my rich Uncle Hiram came to town.

Uncle Hiram proved to be about seventy, with white Santa Claus whiskers and a ruddy complexion. He liked to talk about when he last saw me, at which time it seems he used to dandle me on his knee and I would say " Uncle," just as plain! I guess I was born with the happy faculty of selecting the right gentlemen to cultivate.

Every year I would hear from him in the nicest way, which as you know is being remembered at the holidays with a lovely white check trimmed in purple ink.

Uncle Hiram bounced into town and announced that he was ready to cast his orbs over the city. He was full of enthusiasm and vigor. Here, I said to myself, is Exhibit A for the Life Extension people. Early to bed, early to rise, no wine, women, or song. In short, no fun. But what vitality!

I took him to the Statue of Liberty first. " My, what a big gal," said Uncle Hiram as we approached the lady.

" Wait," I said. " You haven't seen anything yet. Wait until you get up in the arm."

" It's a nice view," said Uncle Hiram, " but it's not the most fun I ever had in a lady's arm."

I thought he was just trying to be naughty on account of being out with his chorus-girl niece. " Wait until you see New York from the Empire State Building," I said.

" Why wait? " cried Uncle Hiram. " Let's go! "

Looking down from the lofty heights of the tower I said, " Excuse me for pointing, Uncle Hiram, but that's Broadway over there."

" Then what are we hanging around here for? " exclaimed Uncle Hiram.

" But don't you think it's an amazing view of the city, uncle—the *tout ensemble,* I mean."

" *Tout ensemble* yourself and see how you like it," said Uncle Hiram. " Come on. Let's go. Broadway first."

" Let's start at the bottom," I suggested. I took him to the Stock Exchange, a little fearful that the excitement of the place might be too much for him. After watching the scene for a few minutes he cried, " Nuts to this! I don't want to see where they make money. I want to see where they spend it."

" Don't you think," I asked, " a nap would be good for you before we do that? "

" A nap—a nap! " shouted Uncle Hiram. " I haven't had a nap in sixty years."

His eyes twinkled and his face grew redder. I really was afraid all this excitement was too much for him, so I decided that the Museum of Natural History would be nice and restful. Uncle took one look around the place and darted for the nearest exit.

" Let's get out of here! " he cried. " Everything's so darned dead. Aren't there any live things in this burg? "

Seized with what I thought was an inspired idea, I took him to the zoo. " Here," I said, " you can see all the dear little furry animals. Isn't that nice? "

" Nice for them," he muttered. " Well, now I hope you're satisfied. We've seen the live animals *but* where are the live ladies? "

I had secured tickets for the matinee of Fanny Goes to Town. There wasn't a dame in the cast under fifty. Uncle Hiram fell asleep during the second act.

Poor dear, I thought. He's tired—seeing so many things in one day. I was a bit fagged out myself. As we left the theater, I was wishing I could wangle a good stiff drink, when uncle asked how would I like a glass of rare old port.

" Any port in a storm," I said, which uncle thought was pretty good for such a little girl.

Back at his hotel, he whisked out a bottle of port and a bottle of whisky. He poured a little drink of port for me and a large slug of whisky for himself and tossed it off straight. " My medicine," he explained. " Keeps me preserved. Now where do we go from here? "

I mentioned a very conservative hotel—you know, the kind that still has red-plush furniture and chamber music in the dining room.

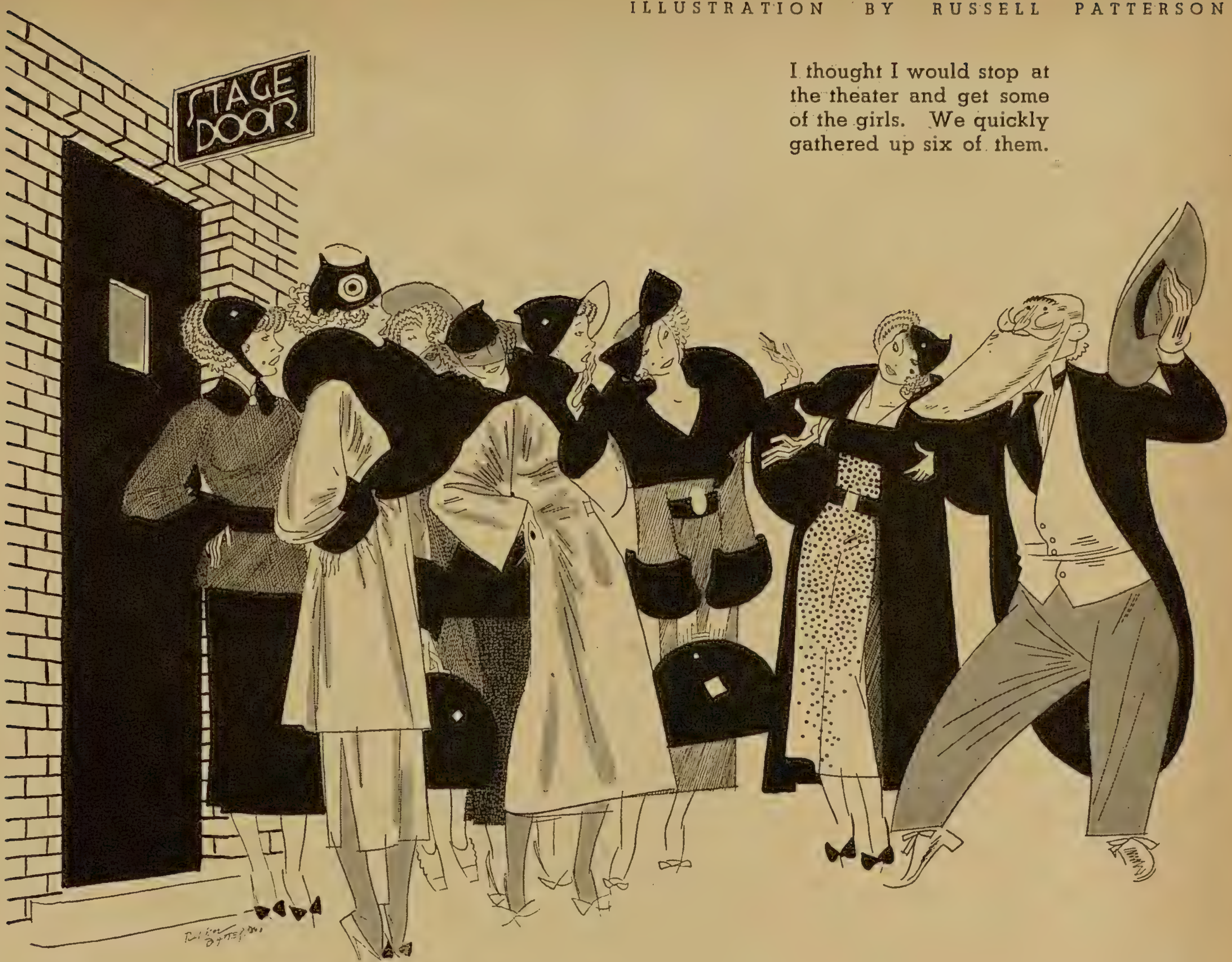
" Let's go! " shouted Uncle Hiram, grabbing his hat in one hand and the bottle of whisky in the other.

" You can get a cocktail there, uncle darling," I told him.

" All right," he replied, stuffing the bottle in the pocket of his coat. " But what do you think I'm going to do for a little sustenance on the way. Come on! "

Dinner was half over when Uncle Hiram signaled the waiter. " Check, please, and make it snappy," he said gruffly. He growled at me. " I never saw such an as-

ILLUSTRATION BY RUSSELL PATTERSON



I thought I would stop at the theater and get some of the girls. We quickly gathered up six of them.

sembly of living corpses. Don't they have a place in this town where a feller can shake a leg?"

With several shots in him to boot, Uncle Hiram had a dancing style distinctly his own. I bet I lost two pounds that night.

"This is more like," he said as we were leaving the first night club. "Now can't we get some young folks and have a party?"

I had taken the evening off from the show, having explained to the manager about Uncle Hiram.

Well, it was just about time for the girls to be coming out after the performance, so I thought I would stop at the theater, now that I was more or less on to Uncle Hiram's idea of a good time, and get some of the girls to help me let him have it.

We quickly gathered up six of them.

"This," chuckled Uncle Hiram, placing an arm around the two girls next to him, "is something like." And then, giving me a dirty look, he added, "You and your Museum of Natural History! Let's go."

We went. After we had done all the night clubs along Broadway, the girls were much more wilted than the orchids he had bought for them at one of the clubs, and personally I felt that a horse had been practicing his tap routine all over my spine.

"How about a little shut-eye?" I volunteered.

Uncle Hiram clicked his tongue. "You know what's the matter with you girls? You can't take it, that's what. Come on, straighten up and let's go to Harlem."

Uncle Hiram loved Harlem. When dawn was casting its first rosy tints over the city, we had dropped the last girl at her hotel and uncle escorted me to mine.

"Now, uncle," I said lovingly, "you will go right to sleep, won't you?"

Uncle Hiram hesitated. "Well," he said, "I had thought of going back to that place for a little nightcap all by myself, but tomorrow is another day, and I ain't seen nothin' yet. So mebbe I will toss off forty winks."

It seemed as if I had been asleep about a minute when my telephone rang.

"Good morning!" shouted Uncle Hiram. "I'm downstairs and r'aring to go. I only have a week in this town, and we're not going to waste any more time. I've got plans of my own. Come on down. Let's go."

Well, when Uncle Hiram finally went home, brisk and alert as the day he was born, I was, while not exactly ruined, at least wrecked to a degree where I had to be laid up for repairs for a week.

But it was all in a good cause, for at Christmas time came a beautiful check of pleasingly plump proportions and a little note from Uncle Hiram.

Dear Polly [it read]: This is for you to spend on your education. Use it to learn what goes on in your town, so that the next time I visit you we won't have to spend a whole day getting into gear.

And if I should ever die, which I very much doubt, I will leave you whatever I have left, which I hope won't be much, and which won't be at the rate I can spend it.

Give my love to Gladys, Francie, Trixie, and Emmy Lou. Tell Dora the mink coat I promised her will reach her as a little New Year's giftie. Your loving

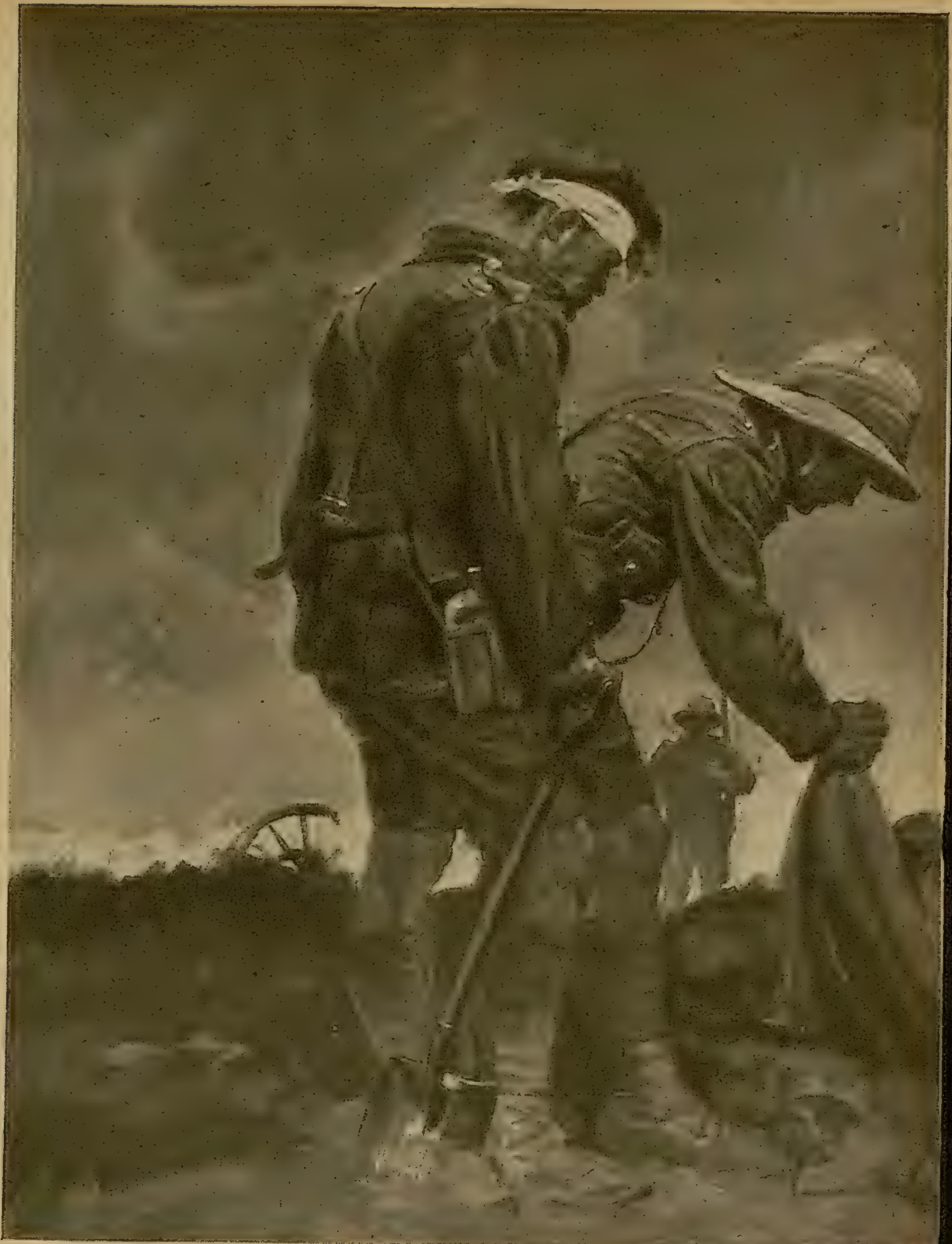
Uncle Hiram.

P.S. I am sending you a mink coat, too, for New Year's. Don't forget to wear your red flannels, too. A girl can't be too careful these days.

So you see, if you handle your rich uncle with good form, etiquette, and ladylike attention, you will be rewarded and he will have had the time of his life.

Another lecture by this well qualified instructor will be published shortly.

I fell in with a party. Somebody was dishing out shovels. I stared at mine. "Come on, be a soldier!" We went around burying our dead.



The Truth, Never Told Before, of the Tigris Expedition Under General Townshend—A Saga of Desert Bayonets

ILLUSTRATION BY
WALTER BAUMHOFER

MARCHING MADMEN

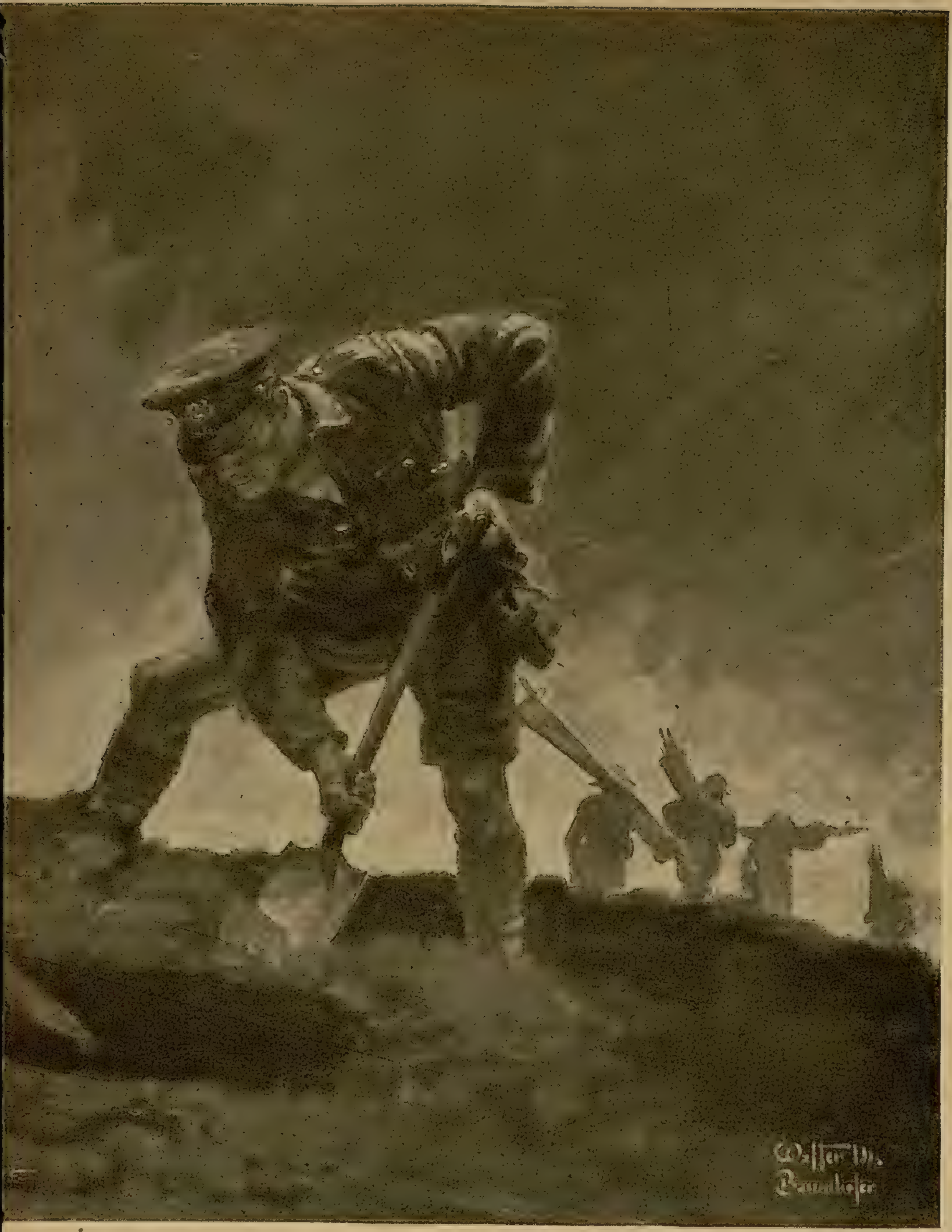
by W. J. BLACKLEDGE

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

MR. BLACKLEDGE was not yet twenty when, as a private in the ranks, he was plunged into Britain's Mesopotamian campaign against the Turks. Wounded during the landing at Fao on November 26, 1914, he found himself in a hospital at Basra, where he made friends with an American comrade, Steve Barry, who dubbed him Tiger. From Basra General Townshend's force fought its way into Qurna, then moved up the river to Amara. There young Tiger, already fast losing his boyish innocence about war, drank too much arrack, started a brawl, and suffered eight hours of the dreaded "field punishment number one." After that, Mr. Blackledge says grimly, "I was ready for anything." It was as well that he was, for his outfit was soon to be known, deservedly, as the "Slaughtering Seventh."

At the end of the summer Townshend pushed on up the Tigris. At Kut the Turks were ready for him, but by a masterly night maneuver he outflanked them. Steve and Tiger were with the detachment that marched silently all night, charged from the rear at sunrise, and ravaged the Turkish trenches with the bayonet.

The victory won, the force remained at Kut for two months. An Arab steered Steve and Tiger to "the Sink," which had Circassian girls. For one of these, Latifah, Tiger fell hard,



though he was aware that she was trying persistently to wheedle military information out of him. Thoroughly on his guard, he continued to visit her until, as he says, a firing party abruptly " put ' paid ' to the Latifah episode."

PART THREE—DISASTER AT CTESIPHON

STEVE and I were turned out early one morning with ten other men. We were lined up. Our rifles were inspected. We were told that three Arabs had been convicted of offenses that called for the death sentence.

It was my first experience in a firing party, and I did not fancy the cold-blooded job. There was something grotesque in the way those three Arabs looked into the face of death. Their attitude was nonchalant, sullen.

Twelve rifles barked simultaneously. The three prisoners crumpled up.

As we were stowing our rifles, Steve clutched at my arm. I was startled by the look in his face.

" Come outside—away from this mob! "

" Well," I said when we had got out of earshot, " what is it? "

" Say! One of those Arabs we bumped off was the bird who steered us to the dive where you met Latifah."

" What were they convicted of? "

" I asked the corporal a couple of minutes ago. They were convicted of espionage! "

" Then Latifah—? " I demanded.

" Don't know, Tiger. How the hell should I? Anyway, we don't shoot women, so what's your worry? "

I think I must have gone crazy just then. I fancy Steve, big as he was, had his hands full holding me down.

" Let go, damn you! I tell you I'm going down there to see—"

But he didn't let go, which was just as well for me. " Come on, Tiger. Be a soldier! "

I don't know how I got through that day. I can only recall how Steve hung on to me, never let me out of his sight, pushing me through this job and that. I had been crazier about Latifah than I realized.

When the hour of freedom came we went to that mysterious dive for the last time. It looked just the same as on other evenings. No one seemed to know or care who had been executed.

But I looked in vain for Latifah. She did not appear. Asked where she was, the other girls merely shrugged their shoulders.

Many moons were to pass before I saw her again. There was a war on. We were to fight bloody battles—and lose them, to take part in a tragic retreat, exist on starvation rations in a besieged Kut, face starvation, humiliation, surrender, to kill our own horses for food, see men die of hunger at the rate of twenty a day, experience the tortures of hell—before I should see that lovely creature again.

We made our trek from Kut to Ctesiphon by stages of route march, strenuous enough but not too exhausting. The distance of that advance was ninety miles. We finally halted for the attack at Lajj, a short day's march from the Turkish position at Ctesiphon. We could see the famous arch of Ctesiphon in the distance. One thrilled to the sight of that giant arch. Some of the greatest battles in the world's ancient history had been fought on that historic ground.

That arch has witnessed the charges of Assyrian chariots and the massed formations of Persian hordes. Cities whose only relics today are a few scattered stones in the desert waste were there besieged and defended, pillaged and plundered, sometimes by rival adjacent kingdoms, sometimes by the wild barbarians from Asia.

And we were to stage a losing battle there! Of all places, at Ctesiphon, city of Babylon, capital of the ancient Parthian kingdom, the city that was conquered by the Romans and destroyed by the Arabs under Omar, now a broken arch of stone and the scene of one of the most ferocious battles in modern times!

We never dreamed then, when we advanced toward that arch, that we were to be the losers, that we should

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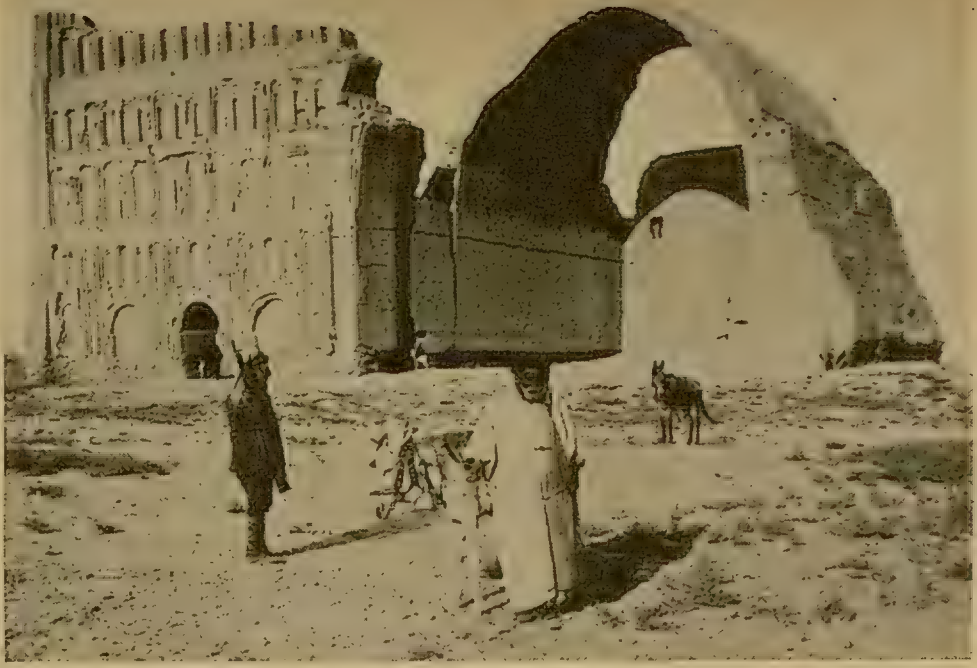
(Continued on Page 47)



The Arch of Ctesiphon—"city of Babylon, capital of the Parthian kingdom, conquered by the Romans—now scene of a most ferocious battle" in 1915 A. D.

find ourselves involved in a grueling retreat of ninety of the most miserable miles imaginable. We had advanced from our base at Basra, winning every engagement, for nearly three hundred miles along the Tigris to Kut. What was a mere ninety miles to Ctesiphon?

Every one knows now that General Townshend was strongly opposed to this advance. He wished to stay at Kut until reinforcements could reach him from Egypt and France. He knew the miserable state of his land transport, the perilous condition of his lines of communications over that three hundred miles of flat desert, the unreliability of the small river transport and gunboats on account of the particularly tortuous and shallow state of the river in this area. But he was overruled. The die was cast. He had to advance against his better judgment.

The troops began to move out of camp at Lajj in the afternoon of November 21, 1915. When darkness came the whole of the force, mainly composed of 9,000 infantry, was marching toward the Turkish trenches.

There were two airplanes operating at about this time. For several days before the battle started they had been preparing the way, making reconnaissances. On November 13 one of these planes went out with the purpose of severing the telegraph line west of Bagdad, which linked the city with the Euphrates; the scheme being to isolate Nur-ud-Din, the Turkish commander, from Marshal von der Goltz, the German veteran of victories, who was hurrying down from Mosul, north of Bagdad, with reinforcements to relieve the Turks.

The observer in that plane was Major Yeats-Brown, who later was to become famous as the author of Lives of a Bengal Lancer. Unfortunately for pilot and observer, their plane came to grief against a telegraph pole, and in a few moments they were down in the desert and surrounded by hostile Arab horsemen. They were taken prisoners and saw no more of the war in Mesopotamia.

The other plane was piloted by Major Reilly, the brilliant and intrepid aviator who made such daring reconnaissances of the enemy's positions in the various advances of this campaign. He went out to cut telegraph wires too, on the eve of the Battle of Ctesiphon. He did not return.

Later it was learned that his machine had crashed. He was captured by the Arabs and handed over to the Turks. Thus within a few hours of the battle General Townshend lost the pilot whose work over several months had been invaluable.

THE night before the battle was another night of forced marching that one cannot easily forget. Night marching is always trying, but marching and knowing that every step draws one nearer to the enemy's guns can be positively nerve-racking. If only one could have the relief of a smoke! No smoking! No talking! "Quiet, men!" On and on through the darkness to—heaven knows what! Shuffled about in columns! Placed in positions before the enemy's guns—on his front, on his left flank, rear of his left flank; for the position was to be much the same as at the Battle of Kut.

We were in position by daylight. Nothing happened. I was with the column that was to make the flanking movement as before. It wasn't a pleasant prospect, even if it succeeded—that ghastly business of bombarding trenches from behind. Besides, how should we know that Johnny wasn't waiting for us this time with some trick of his own?

There were rumors too that the Turks had been strongly reinforced, that they outnumbered us by several thousands. We knew they had been building redoubts and entrenchments for months. On the left flank their trenches extended six miles northward from the river.

The battle started at eight o'clock of that memorable morning, November 22, 1915. Soon it seemed that all the world was filled with the belching of cannon, the chattering and stuttering of machine guns, and the splutter of rifles.

The uproar was deafening, the fire continually growing heavier. It may be clever tactics to maneuver men so that they fold over an enemy's flank, but for the Tommies participating in such a game it is a regular hell corner. We poured withering fire into the trenches from the rear. One's blood raced with excitement and the feverish pressing of clips, firing, running forward, ducking, firing, running, taking a thousand chances. There was a determined attempt this time to beat us off, but how could those entrenched men face both ways? They would swing round, reaching up to us—which was fatal! Exposed heads were knocked over like dummies in a puppet show.

This terrible menacing of their line of retreat caused large numbers of the Turks to abandon the first line and fall back on the second. We jumped in, pushing past the dead and wounded. The enemy could be seen retreating in masses.

And then we had a shock! The great mass of Turks who had fallen back on the second line now stood their ground. They seemed to be shoulder to shoulder in that section of the trenches which directly faced us. Though we showered their trenches with bullets and bombs, they remained firm as rocks.

WHOLE companies were being annihilated—and then yet another massed horde of them would roll up in front of us. Decidedly Johnny Turk did have a strong reserve. As the day advanced and the fighting grew fiercer, the unbelievable fact was forced upon us that our advance was being checked, that this might well be our first reverse.

Something had gone wrong! That was one's first vague impression. The attacking columns became muddled. There were times when I found myself among a bunch of Indian troops, fighting side by side with them—and not I alone but hundreds of others were doing the same thing. Then I realized that there were no officers in our immediate neighborhood. The enemy had taken a heavy toll. That accounted for our disorderly fighting. The N.C.O.s were yelling themselves hoarse in their efforts to get us into something like formation.

I think a great many of us went stark raving mad then. There was a certain thought in the minds of all of us that kept us going through those frightful hours of slaughter, that stimulated our superhuman endurance—it was the dread of being left in the hands of the Turks or, worse still, of the Arabs.

We were all old and hardened warriors by this time, and we knew what to expect of our Moslem enemy—a slit throat, a bellyful of stones, unspeakable outrages by the men, and even worse from their women.

When a man knows these things he will fight like one possessed, fight until he drops—rather than be caught.

In a wild charge we took a large section of the enemy's second line. There our troops hurriedly installed themselves. Those trenches were piled high with bodies. The stench was appalling. Foul oaths were tossed about in several languages. Reeking blood under a blazing sun had turned men into beasts.

It seemed there were no officers left among us—and that leaves a soldier in a queer state of mind. For a brief time it was a case of every man for himself and to hell with Johnny. That was all that filled our horizon then: annihilate Johnny Turk or—something worse than death for us.

In the end we were bombed out of those trenches again. There could be no question about the enemy being heavily reinforced. The casualties among the officers were so heavy that men turned around deliberately and went back with our wounded. The Indian troops were walking back in bunches—but not only Indians; British as well! The advantage we had won in the enemy's first and second positions was slowly slipping from us.

SOON hundreds of Indian soldiers were streaming away toward our rear. They had lost practically all their British officers. For the want of a few reinforcements we were losing a great victory. It was appalling but true. Men turned as they fought, bawling "Coward!" at those who were running away.

Then a bunch of our redcaps (staff officers) came racing up and literally pushed the men back into the battle! They rushed about, restoring order, punching laggards, driving men into line, joining in the combat themselves,

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encouraging others by their example. They saved us from an uncontrolled retreat and a demoralizing rout. And it was all done under heavy fire and at the most critical stage of the battle.

Shells were screaming over our heads. We were compelled to fall back again, but this time in a solid and ordered formation.

Then the Turks retook the guns we had captured—not that they were of any use to them, for we had removed the breechblocks. Other of our units came up in support. We must hold on to the Turks' first line at all costs.

We did. Heaven knows how! For now it was late afternoon and we were pretty well spent. We had been in it since eight in the morning without a pause.

When night fell we were still in possession of the battlefield. How thankful we were for the darkness! We dropped in our tracks, gasping with exhaustion.

I don't know what happened then. I knew vaguely that Johnny was still sending an occasional shell over, that men were moving about me in the darkness, carrying back the wounded on stretchers. I fell asleep.

A long night of marching followed by an even longer day of the most strenuous and ferocious battle had been too much for me. I slept where I lay, and if Johnny had come along I should not have known. He could have had me for the taking.

I believe I was left alone for about three hours in that muddle of a night—though it seemed like three minutes to me—and then I was dragged to my feet. I fell in automatically with a party of men in much the same condition as myself. Somebody was dishing out shovels. I stared rather stupidly at mine, I suppose.

"We ain't killing 'em with shovels, Tiger. This is a funeral party. Come on, be a soldier!"

So we went around burying our dead and collecting identity disks so that mothers and wives and relatives at home could be advised that Dick, Tom, and Harry had been "killed in action" at Ctesiphon.

Only it did not work out quite like that. We dug holes and threw in bodies, arms, legs, and other bits and pieces, filling them in as quickly as we knew how. What sort of funeral could anybody hope for after such a day? All fire had died down. One supposed that Johnny was burying *his* dead. It was a gruesome job in that blackness, a perfect end to a perfect day.

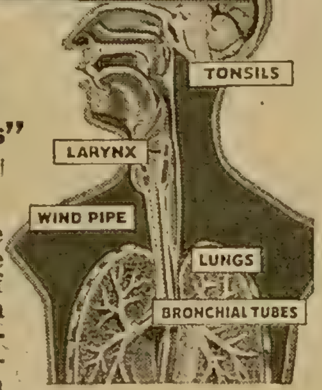
In official jargon, the nights of the 22d and 23d were spent in rallying our forces and burying our dead and evacuating the wounded. Our losses were 4,000 killed and wounded out of 8,500 bayonets.

When daylight came we were installed in trenches once more. The orders were to "make good the position we had won." It was hoped that the Turks would retreat during the night —"when their wounds got stiff."

WE discovered that Johnny had retreated a little way. He was behind the Diyala River, which flows into the Tigris at this point. But he was by no means beaten. He was preparing to give battle again from his new vantage point, and that could only mean he was being efficiently reinforced. While we, who must hold what we had, had been reduced to nearly half our original number.

Added to which, there was neither food nor water—except what was left of the iron rations and the bottle of water we had been given on the evening of the 21st! Maybe that was why we shifted our position nearer the river and under the shadow of the gigantic arch of Ctesiphon. We dug in behind the "high walls of Ctesiphon," which are not walls at all but high mounds, built probably at the time of the Roman conquest.

The evacuation of the wounded and the movements of troops went on throughout the whole of that day. Just what all the reshuffling was about we could not guess. And all the time the wounded were being passed along, mainly in springless carts drawn by mules—which must have meant excruciating torture for broken limbs and splintered backs.



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(Continued from Page 44)

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Night fell again and we were still evacuating the wounded. Johnny had been quiet all day. It was a very dark night and it looked as if we were to be left in peace to rest. What was left of the Slaughtering Seventh was in position behind the mounds, and was the reserve. We had ceased to be the storming troops, for there was no storm left in us.

But Johnny was not to leave us in peace. His guns began again about eight o'clock that night. Shells burst over the trenches, stabbing the darkness with flashes of light. Then Johnny himself came, black masses of him, advancing toward our first line with a roar of rifle fire. As fast as one black mass was driven off another took its place.

The Turks were now doing the attacking, we putting up the desperate defense. At times they almost forced their way into our trenches. At one part of the line they actually got in—only to be bombed out again.

ALL this we could see from our reserve position behind the mounds, for the night was sometimes ablaze with explosives. There was a juncture when it became touch and go. Why the Turks did not storm all over us and take us all prisoners must be one of those inexplicable mysteries of war. They swung round in great groups on our flanks. The Indians deserted their trenches and raced back toward the reserve, which left the Turks in possession—but not for long. They hesitated to advance farther and so lost their opportunity. Before they could rally for the final sweep, a number of our troops were rushed to the flank, driving the Indians back with them. Johnny saw the maneuver as a counterattack—when it was merely a desperate attempt to regain the flank entrenchments—and fled!

It was about three o'clock in the morning before the attacks died down and we could breathe freely once more. Then there was more work for the Slaughtering Seventh. We were sent up the lines to collect the wounded and bury the dead. We went with rumbling mule carts, carrying ammunition up to the front line and bringing back the wounded.

It was something of a nerve strain in that thick gloom, for we never knew just when Johnny might take it into his head to creep around and start the fun all over again.

The squeak and rumble of the wretched carts could be heard a mile away, and it must have taxed the enemy's patience and ingenuity to figure out just what we were doing there in the darkness. He may have thought we were bringing up fresh guns. If only we had had a few to bring up—to say nothing of a few fresh men! For in that state it would have required but a small reinforcement to lick Johnny Turk. Had he known the true state of the British force, he must surely have annihilated us.

When the morning of the 24th dawned, we discovered that Johnny

"I FEEL SWELL! THE 3-MINUTE WAY HAS MY O. K.!"

Last night I felt bilious, logy, headachy. So I tried the FEEN-A-MINT "3-minute way" people are talking about. Just chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT three minutes before retiring. Today I feel like a new person—and, best of all, I've found a laxative that works, gently, thoroughly, and with no weakening after-effects. I'm saying goodbye forever to jarring "all-at-once" cathartics. FEEN-A-MINT—the modern 3-minute way—has my O. K.! 15c and 25c at all drug stores.

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FINE OLD APPLE BRANDY

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had retired under cover of the darkness.

He was nowhere in sight! He had gone back to his snuggery behind the river Diyala.

That morning we evacuated all our wounded and transferred them to boats on the river, to be convoyed downstream. The force was rallied round the high walls near the arch. It looked pitifully small. We were served with fresh rations of bully beef and bread and heard the welcome cry of "*Char* up!" The tea was nearly black, hardly sweetened at all and without milk, but it was nectar to us. The meal heartened us beyond belief.

Our spirits rose. We laughed and joked and bantered together. Forgotten were those two ghastly days of slaughter and gruesome labors. We were new men!

That day was fairly quiet. The Turks' guns shelled us intermittently, and though the arch made a good mark for our position, there were few casualties. I found time to bring my diary up to date. Here is part of what I wrote:

November 24, 1915—In the shadow of the Arch of Ctesiphon. Resting after more than two days of hell. There ought to be an air of tension, a fearful straining of senses, a querying as to what Johnny Turk will do next—and when! But there isn't. Only too relieved at this respite. Men all around me sitting in sun delousing. Our temporary occupation of Johnny's trenches gave us many new specimens. Hot argument as I write as to who has biggest lice. Fight ensues. Prime specimens of Oriental lice are lost. A beauty the size of housefly jumps on my paper and off again. Great occasion for mirth at Tiger's expense. Unholy scramble for the louse. An N.C.O. rolls up. More fatigue. Evacuating wounded still. Poor devil on stretcher with tummy swollen terribly. They say it is some virulent disease the fellow picked up from Turkish prisoners. Appalling how men get used to sight of death and raw wounds—and still joke. No wonder Babylon fell! . . . Our airplane comes down near G.H.Q. Pilot has been on reconnaissance of enemy's position. Now we shall hear something. Discussion is rife. Men think we are finished. Couldn't stand another attack. . . .

And we were finished!

There was a big movement toward the river that night. It was followed by another more or less quiet day—the calm before a storm?—though Johnny kept on pitching his shells around.

November 25 found us cleaning up, moving stores and ammunition dumps. We were to fall back on Lajj.

Obviously we were in retreat!

The gripping story of the ordeal of that heroic retreat, one of the most remarkable in military history, will be told by Mr. Blackledge next week. It was a race back to Kut—a race with Johnny Turk and death. The end of it, for Townshend's army, was the beginning of the siege; for Tiger, a rediscovery of the girl Latifah!

Was Hauptmann a Lone Wolf?

"Yes!" says Lieutenant James J. Finn, who hunted him down and captured him.

"Yes!" implied the prosecution during his trial at Flemington.

What does Jafsie Condon say? Is he, too, convinced that Hauptmann had no accomplice?

Watch for Jafsie's breath-taking answer in his own story—

Coming Soon in Liberty!

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 38

1—Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, who opposed Woodrow Wilson in the 1916 Presidential campaign.

2—In the jungle in Kenya (East Africa), high up in a fig tree are two guest rooms overlooking a water hole where wild life may be observed. To occupy singly for one night costs ten pounds, but half the room rate is refunded if the guest fails to see elephants or rhinos.

3—Ninety-six. The Governor General appoints the Speaker.

4—With its feet; it flies upside down before making a landing.

5—Nathan Leopold, Jr., and Richard Loeb.

6—Joseph V. McCarthy (Chicago Cubs and New York Yankees).

7—Federal Housing Administration employees who investigate and prosecute violations of the National Housing Act.

8—Exhaustion; adherent; defraud.

9—A sporting-goods dealer of London whose name was Hamley, a few years before the beginning of the twentieth century.

10—Two long and two short blasts of the whistle.

11—No; submarines are called "pig boats" because of inadequate facilities for bathing.

12—According to most estimates, 846,000.

13—The Lincoln penny, the buffalo nickel, newly minted dimes, quarters, etc.

14—More than six hundred.

15—The flight of Glenn Curtiss of 64 miles over Lake Erie in 78 minutes, which set a new world's record for flying over water.

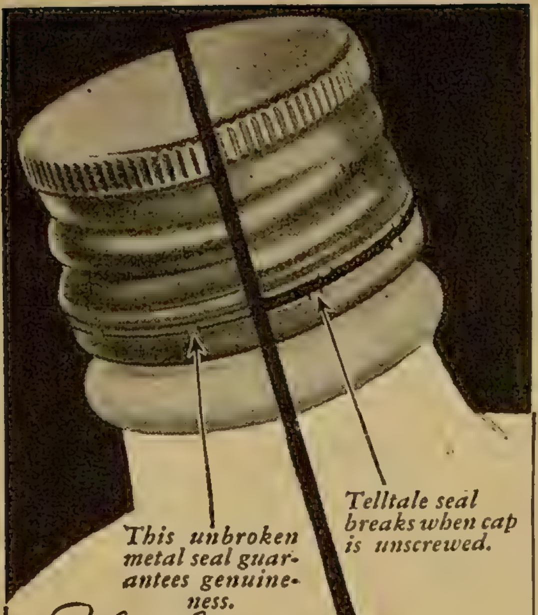
16—No; a bushel of corn meal weighs 50 pounds, whereas a bushel of shelled corn weighs 56 pounds.

17—(a) Tara; (b) Thelma; (c) Teresa.

18—Hurry up!

19—No; a person may be irritated, provoked, or exasperated; but "to aggravate" applies only to conditions of fact (an illness, a misfortune, etc.).

20—On November 2, 1920, by station KDKA, Pittsburgh, when the Harding-Cox election returns were broadcast.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See advertisement . . . Page 26

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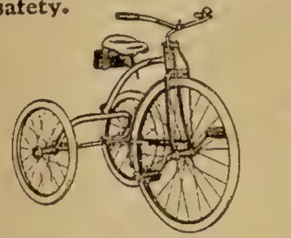

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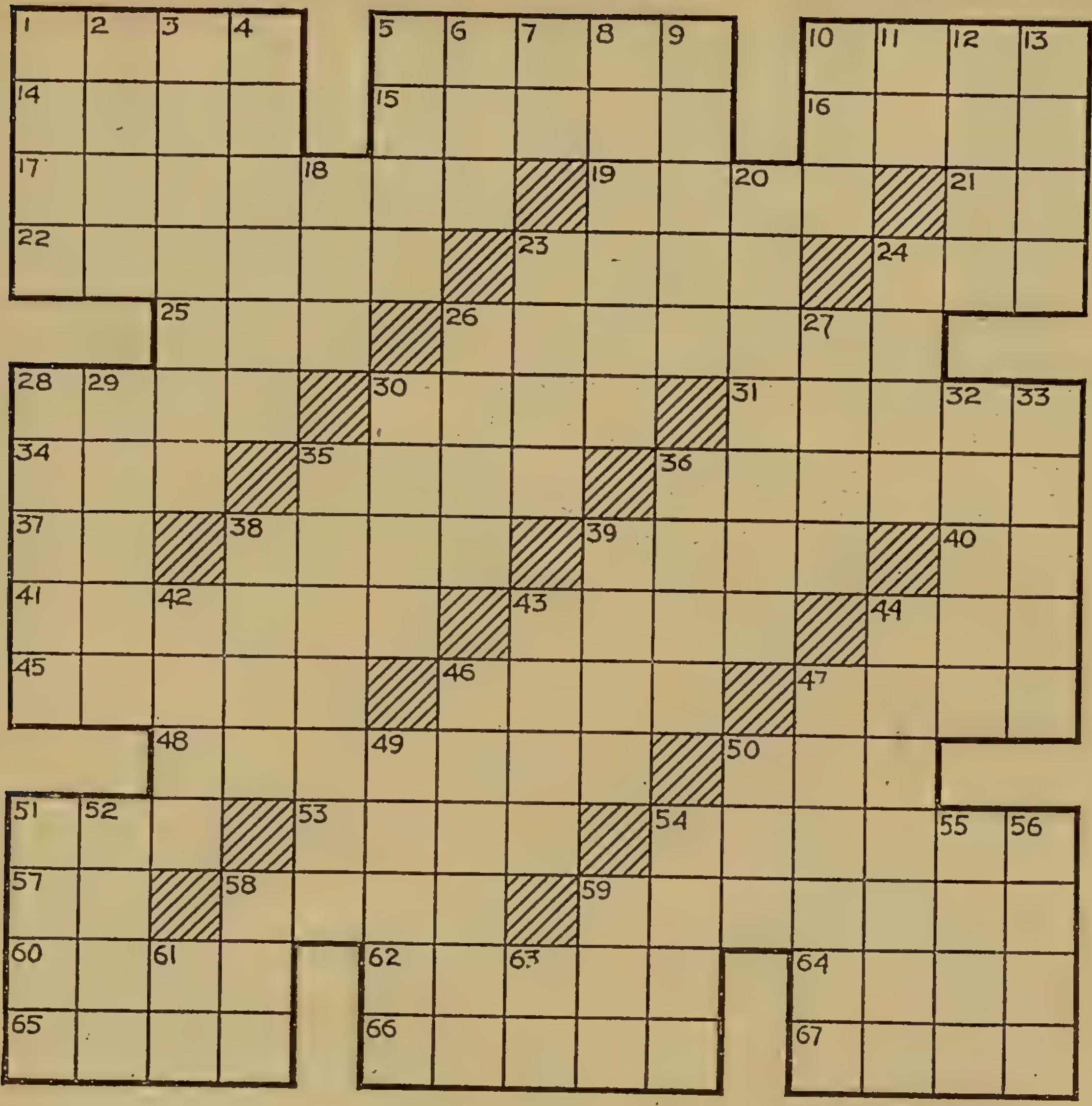

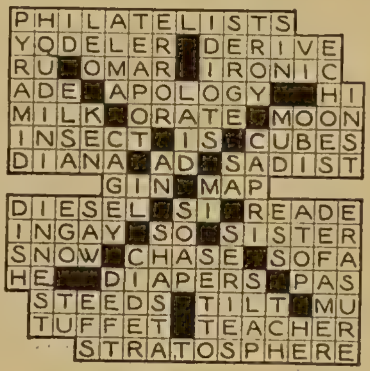

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RU■OMAR■IRONIC
ADE■APOLOGY■■HI
MILK■ORATE■MOON
INSECT■IS■CUBES
DIANA■AD■SADIST
GIN■MAP
DIESEL■SI■READE
INGAY■SO■SISTER
SNOW■CHASE■SOFA
HE■■DIAPERS■PAS
STEEDS■TILT■MU
TUFFET■TEACHER
STRATOSPHERE

Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Throw
5 Portuguese colony off the coast of China
10 To engage the services of
14 District
15 Growing out
16 A Norse god
17 Released a claim to (law)
19 Sour
21 Depart
22 Come to rest on
23 Border on
24 A game at marbles
25 To trifle
26 Prescience
28 Biblical name
30 Caused to subside
31 Lord paramount
34 Bombast (slang)
35 Game of chance
36 More stable
37 Pronoun
38 A roll of lint
39 Agreement
40 Symbol for a metallic element
41 Directed to a different course
43 Supplies with a crew
44 Female sandpiper
45 City in Germany
46 Fish of northern Europe
47 Morsels
48 Gazing
50 Ribbed fabric
51 Title of a ruler of Tunis
53 Musical setting for a lyrical poem
54 In abundance
57 Prefix meaning from
58 Male fox
59 Benediction
60 River in Italy
62 Former Sultan of Turkey
64 Case for carrying toilet articles
65 To treat with contempt or neglect
66 Measured quantity of hay or straw
67 Action

VERTICAL

1 An ancient seat of Irish monarchs
2 City in Russia
3 Descendants of Shem
4 City in Cochin China
5 Appropriate
6 Conjunction
7 Symbol for calcium
8 Title formerly used by Turkish rulers
9 Apartment in a dwelling (class. arch.)
10 Device for carrying bricks
11 Suffix used in naming meteors (astronomy)
12 Seaport in Latvia
13 Enough (dial.)
18 Skittish
20 Kind of type (plural)
23 River in Italy
24 Abound
26 A catching of the breath
27 Bound by a short cable; said of ships
28 Curve of the head of a projectile
29 A tax assessed on property
30 Dispatch
32 Animal of the civet kind
33 A tribe of American Indians
35 Most acute of mind
36 To seize, as with the teeth
38 Genealogical chart
39 Sudden and transitory pain
42 Descry
43 Chinese dynasty
44 Quick retort
46 Tarry
47 Misrepresented
49 Become overheated
50 Conducted, as a business
51 Excludes
52 Man's name shortened
54 Kind of light muffin (plural)
55 A man devoted to a life of sensual pleasure
56 Woman's name
58 Weep convulsively
59 Prefix denoting twice
61 Letter of the Greek alphabet
63 Symbol for a metallic element

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Has Science's Greatest Miracle of Mercy Arrived? . . . Here's Amazing Evidence: Read It and See What You Think

by EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

"THIS woman," the taxi driver said, "she was a little woman. About forty or more, I thought. They took her off the train in a stretcher and put her in my cab."

"No ambulances?" I asked.

"They put her on the back seat and I drove her to the hospital."

"Cancer, of course," I ventured.

"Sure. Bad one, I guess. Anyway, she couldn't walk. She got a boardinghouse near the hospital. I used to call for her every day. She had to get a treatment. I used to call for her and bring her back."

"Well?" I said. "What happened?"

"Nothing. She was only here three weeks. During the last week she walked to the hospital herself. She went home yesterday."

"Cured?"

The taxi driver shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "Sounds funny, but she looked cured to me. Three weeks is a hell of a time to cure a cancer, though, don't you think? Anyway she looked swell. She didn't look thirty. A little dame. Married, I guess. She gave me a dollar tip."

We stopped at the Kingston General Hospital. Dr. Connell was in but busy. Three doctors were in his office. A nervous little man waited outside.

"He'll be a long time," he said. "You a patient?"

"No."

"You think he can really cure cancer?"

"They tell me he can. Last night in Toronto––"

"It's my wife," he said. "She's upstairs now. I just left her. She's—she looks better. But I've been fooled before. I had her operated on last year. She damn near died. And the cancers came back."

A young doctor came into the anteroom.

"How's my wife?" the little man demanded. "Don't fool me, doctor. I've got to know."

The doctor smiled.

"Well," he said, "she's well enough to be grouching. That's always a good sign. And the pain is gone."

"Yes, I know the pain's gone. You think––"

"I think she'll pull through," the doctor said. He went on into Dr. Connell's office.

"Doctors!" the little man said. "They got it on you. You got to believe them. But—you heard him say it, didn't you? You heard him say she'd pull through?"

He started walking in crazy circles.

"If this doctor can cure cancer like they say, he'll be the greatest man in the world! He'll get the Nobel prize. He'll go down in history. The guy that cured cancer!"

He went over to the outside door and touched the glass: "Dr. Hendry Connell Research Foundation."

He rubbed his hand over the black letters.

"Imagine!" he said. "Cancer! And he's only forty."

He sat down and looked at me with bright eyes.

"They're getting ready for a new war in Europe," he said. "Millions of guys are going to die. Women and kids too. Yessir, millions. And here in Canada is a doctor who's got a cure for cancer. He's going to save millions of lives! Does that make him bigger than all those European dictators and kings?"

The inner door opened and several men came out.

"Doctors," the little man explained. "They tell me three hundred doctors have been here to see Dr. Connell since he discovered this ensol stuff. From all over the United States and Canada."

We waited an hour. Dr. Connell was still busy.

"I'm going to stay here all afternoon," the little man said, "till I get a chance to see the doctor. I come eleven hundred miles to ask him about my wife."

I went outside to take a look at Kingston—one of the most beautiful little cities in the world. I walked to the newspaper office, thinking I might learn something there.

"Sorry," I was told. "Our man Williamson is the only one who knows Connell, and Williamson's out of town. I suppose you've heard he's had about two hundred and fifty cases and he's lost only nine of them? Of course those were people dying when they got to him. Did you hear about the bank robber? One of his first patients was a bank robber—a lifer. He was dying of cancer. Connell had just discovered this ensol. He wanted to experiment on somebody — he had damn few patients. He asked about this lifer. The fellow volunteered. He got a pardon—for his sacrifice to the interests of science. The doc cured him. He's out now, healthy as you or me.

"You heard about the fellow who works with him? Guy named Bertram Holsgrove. He's an Englishman. A technician in the laboratory. He's about thirty-two, I guess. The reporters thought he was a doctor. But he said no. You know what? That fellow started his career washing bottles and dirty dishes. His old man's dying of cancer over in London—or he was. Great guy, Holsgrove, Williamson tells me. He worked day and night for Connell—for the love of it, mostly. Connell didn't have any too much money, you know; he couldn't pay Holsgrove much. He had to make a living in the daytime and do his research at night. And now—the sky's the limit."

I called up my friend the taxi driver and he helped me locate some of the doctor's patients.

Two of them were past sixty. One was living in a boardinghouse. The other was in the Hôtel Dieu Hospital. Both had come all the way from Saskatchewan.

"I've been here five weeks," said the man in the boardinghouse. "I think I'm getting better. But I don't know. Anyhow, I can sleep five or six hours at a stretch now—and without morphine. I got cancer of the stomach. For five years I couldn't eat without a lot of pain. They operated on me a year and a half ago. But it didn't do no good. Pain got so bad I couldn't get along without morphine. Now I don't use any drugs. I eat anything I like. And I sleep like a horse for five-six hours at a stretch."

The other man, in the hospital, had cancer of the mouth.

He was wearing a bandage over it. He looked well, except for the bandage. He was in no pain. He said he felt fine. His only ailment was impatience to go home.

The nervous little man was still waiting in the anteroom when I returned. He was reading an announcement. It was almost worn out from much handling. It stated that Dr. J. A. Faulkner, Minister of Health of Ontario, had refused to buy any more radium, because since the discovery of Dr. Connell's new remedy for cancer there was no more need of radium.

Eventually the nervous little man went into the doctor's office. He came out in a few minutes, beaming.

"She's all right," he said. "Doing fine. She's—"

He choked up. He hurried away, so I wouldn't see him cry. I went into the office.

Dr. Connell, holding a test tube, and Bertram Holsgrove, his laboratory assistant.

Photo by Nelson Quarrington, Toronto

The doctor's full name is Calvin Hendry Cameron Connell. He's the son of Dr. J. C. Connell of Kingston, Ontario, one of the most distinguished eye, ear, nose, and throat specialists in Canada. He was born in Kingston. He got his B. A. at Queens University in 1915, graduated from the School of Medicine in 1917, and went immediately into the army. During the war he spent a year in the Canadian Base Hospital at Vladivostok, and was then assigned on transport duty to Hong Kong. After his return to Kingston he entered practice with his father. Later he took a postgraduate course in London, Glasgow, Vienna, and Paris. He is married and has two children.

His remedy for cancer was discovered in the course of his research work on eye diseases. Its name, *ensol*, is short for *enzyme solution*.

DR. CONNELL is of medium stature, with a tremendous chest and the face and neck of a bulldog. His eyes are blue and big and meet yours squarely.

"This is not a cancer cure," he says combatively. "It's a new remedy for cancer. I don't say it cures it. You can't say it's a cure until your patients have lived for five years after the treatment was administered and the disease has not recurred. Five years—and I've only been using ensol for a few months. I will say it appears to me a marvelous remedy. We've lost only nine cases out of two hundred and forty-two—and we've had only extreme cases to treat. If we can get cancer in time we can attain extraordinary results with this serum. It's injected, of course; and even if the cancer is too advanced and too malignant to be affected, the patient isn't harmed."

He smiled. "It's the greatest thing in the world," he said. "We're still working on it. I'm positive it will show excellent results against tuberculosis. You know what we've got, really? It's an antibody!"

"And what are you doing with it?" I asked.

"Giving it to the world," he said. "I don't want to make a lot of money out of it. Research isn't for money. It's for the good of humanity. I'm giving this remedy to all the people who need it. I've been telling hundreds of doctors about it, showing them how to make it, how to use it. I've written an article about it for the magazine of the Canadian Medical Association. In it I cite the first thirty cases I handled. All my cases are on record. Most of them were desperate cases—men and women who would have died without ensol. Most of them are well and strong. Others are getting well."

A boy brought in a telegram. He read it, and looked at me with wonder, with a humbleness strange to see in that determined countenance. He mentioned the name of one of the most famous research doctors in the world.

"He's coming here Wednesday," he said. "To work with me on tuberculosis. It says, 'I put myself under your supervision'!"

THE END

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Connell asks Liberty to make it very plain that his facilities are limited and no patients can be treated who are not recommended by their own physicians after consultation and correspondence with his office. In publishing this article Liberty, of course, is not endorsing Dr. Connell's remedy.]

Although I am open to conviction that possibly some treatment of this kind may cure cancer, it is my belief that nine months is too short a period to present definite conclusions of such an important matter.

Many great physicians have endorsed the dietetic treatment for cancer, together with the general building-up processes, and I would like to present the viewpoint of these people in a future issue.

Of course Liberty presents this article because of its news interest.

—*Bernarr Macfadden.*

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

LAURA BOULTON

THE *dingy-doo*, says Laura Boulton, is the ukulele of darkest Africa. The dingy-doo is a one-stringed banjo found in every jungle orchestra.

Laura Boulton is one of our distinguished feminine explorers. She explores the African homeland of jazz. Reports her findings to scientific societies in America. Much of her work is done under auspices of the University of Chicago. Her husband is Rudyerd Boulton, Jr., ornithologist. He hunts for birds while she seeks songs.

"Native Africans," Mrs. Boulton told me, "have special music for all their work and play. Every young African makes up a song about himself—not necessarily modest. For example, one black Bing Crosby sang this one to me:

> "I'm so good,
> If I get any better
> The King of England will send for me."

Then there is one about the gold-digging Afric beauty who married for cash—or for cattle, which amounts to the same thing out there. They sing this song about her:

> Oh, yes, she's wide awake,
> With her eye on the cows and bulls.
> Oh, yes, she's a smart girl, she is!

Real African jazz bands usually include some three-foot trumpets, a variety of whistles, and drums of all kinds, from the size of a teapot to the size of a bathtub. Women are only allowed to make music with rattles and the smallest drums.

● *Twelve Tips for Christmas Gifting:*

Your friends who entertain informally will bless you for 200 monogrammed paper napkins. (Price $2.) . . . Or maybe they'll prefer 6 dozen initialed coasters made of absorbent paperboard, to save their furniture from wet-glass marks. (Only $1 for these.) . . . Or how about a chromium cocktail ball, perforated to offer various *hors d'oeuvres* on toothpick spikes? (Again $1.) . . . Or the time-saving kitchen gadget that chops up nut meats? ($1 is still the setback.)

Dainty girls ought to make a fuss over the four-sachet package of lemon verbena that gives their undies the elusive fragrance of grandma's garden. ($1 to you.) . . . Giddier gals will adore a lipstick topped with rhinestones. ($2.50.) . . . Or a carved evening bag fabricated of gold or silver kid. (Around $5.) . . . Or a pair of black jars, quaintly dumpish, containing two face creams, and packed together in a glamorous gold-beribboned black box. (Five bucks.)

In-bed readers will yodel with joy when they ease themselves back against the nonsquash pillow that puffs up automatically and keeps their heads erect. (Around $5.) . . . Globe-trotting friends of yours will rejoice in a nine-inch model of any ocean liner they have crossed on. (Price $2.50.) . . . Evening-dress suspenders in white piqué for your dressy man about town. ($1 to $1.50.) . . . For your dressy man's kid brother, a leather belt presented in a Christmas box of fancy marbles. (Under $1.)

● Old people of Japan get somewhere when they reach the age of sixty. On their sixtieth birthday they celebrate the beginning of their second childhood. A family party is held to dignify the event. Henceforth the Japanese sexagenarian may indulge in almost any harmless folly without loss of prestige or power. Japan recognizes the fact that the weaknesses of old age do not detract from its wisdoms.

I admire the Japanese understanding of human nature.

● As a rule I spare you the *cuteness* of children's sayings, but here's one I can't resist. A young mother I know promised her little boy, age six, that if he'd be good all day she'd give him anything he wanted for supper. She thought surely he'd misbehave enough to cancel the contract. He didn't. All day he remained a perfect angel—and kept reminding her of her promise. For supper he was going to have anything he wanted. *Anything!* As suppertime drew near she began to worry. The glee of his anticipation sounded ominous. Would he demand roast pheasant, lobster and champagne, something impossible? Eventually she faced the music. Asked him what.

"I don't care what I have for supper," the little boy said eagerly, "but I want you to let me eat it with my fingers, like a pig."

Childhood's *supreme* reward for a day of tiresome virtue!

● At last a Hawaiian novel *not* dished up for the tourist trade! I applaud Ruth Eleanor McKee's realistic story of modern Hawaii. The name of the book is After a Hundred Years. (Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

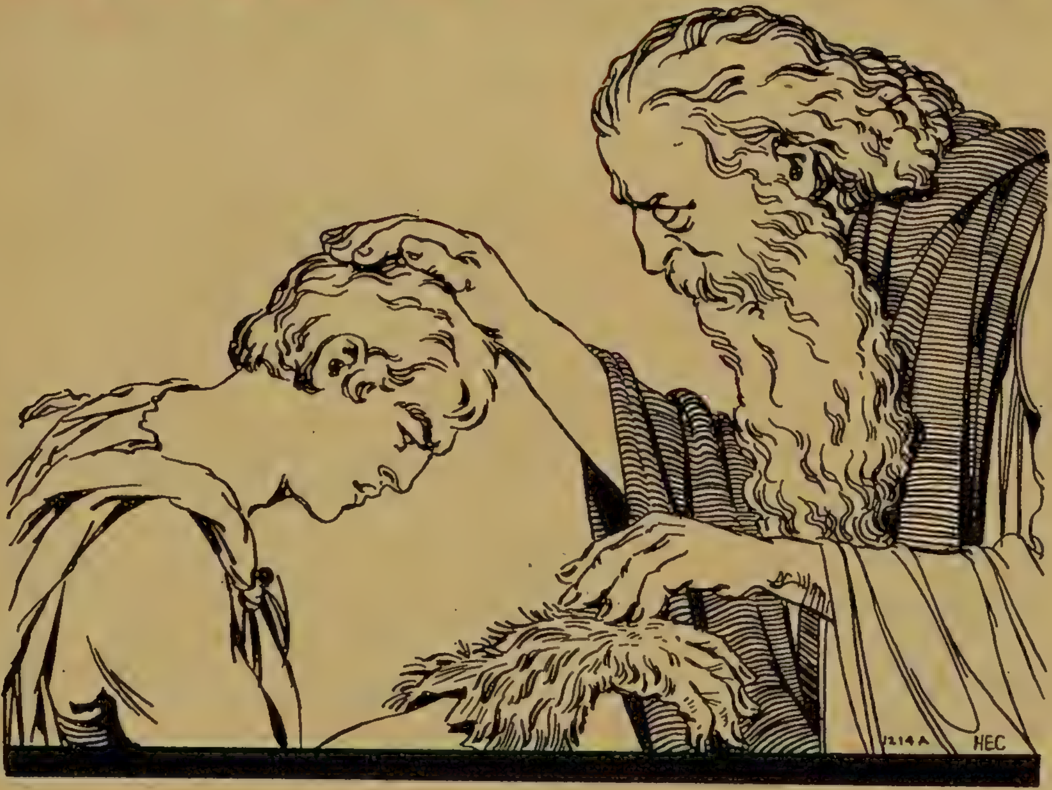
● Make some of your Christmas candy at home. It saves money and it's fun. Try this economical recipe for candies which cost a lot if you buy them ready-made:

Melt confectioner's chocolate over warm water. Add rum flavoring (1 teaspoon to 2 tablespoons chocolate). In your rum and chocolate dip blanched Brazil nuts, pieces of nougat, and glacé fruit—one at a time. Use a two-pronged fork or bonbon dipper. Cool on oiled paper.

HERE ARE PICTURES 7 AND 8 IN LIBERTY'S

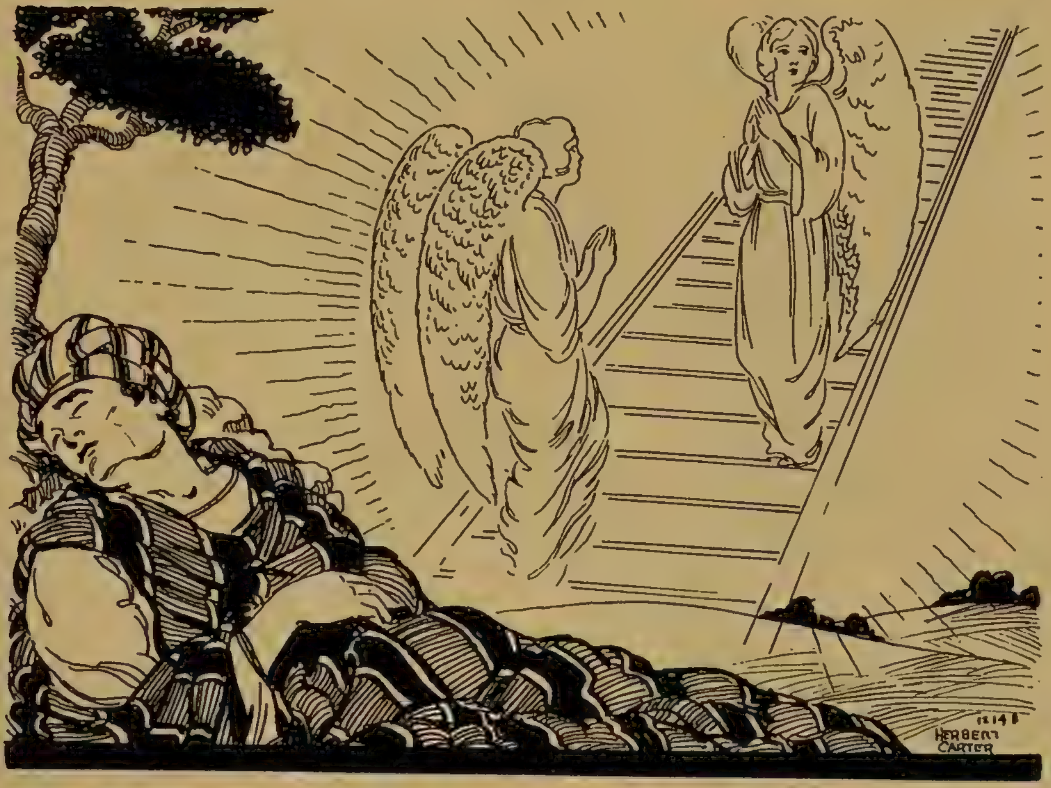
BIBLE GAME

$2,500 IN CASH PRIZES!



The verse represented by picture No. 7 is:

Verse No.............. Chapter No.............. Book............
Chosen from the King James section ☐ Douay section ☐ of the Condensed Bible. Please check.



The verse represented by picture No. 8 is:

Verse No.............. Chapter No.............. Book............
Chosen from the King James section ☐ Douay section ☐ of the Condensed Bible. Please check.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER!

If you are just entering the game and have given away or mislaid the issues of Liberty containing the first six pictures, mail a request for free reprints to the contest address in Rule 3. Upon their arrival you can bring your entry even with the field.

READ THIS SCHEDULE OF CASH AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TEN PRIZES, Each $10	100
170 PRIZES, Each $5	850

IN ADDITION!
TO THE PASTOR OF ANY DENOMINATION NAMED BY THE FIRST PRIZE WINNER LIBERTY WILL AWARD $250

THE SIMPLE RULES

1. Liberty's Bible Game consists of sixteen pictures. Two will be published each week. Contestants are to choose the most appropriate verses for these pictures *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the King James Bible, or *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the Douay Bible (not from both), contained in a booklet entitled The Condensed Bible, and give the verse designations in the spaces on the answer blanks provided for this purpose. Verses in complete editions of the King James and Douay Bibles that do not appear in the Condensed Bible will not be considered. Copies of the Condensed Bible have been presented to public libraries throughout the United States, where they can be conveniently consulted. Entrants who want the Condensed Bible for home use can buy a copy through Liberty for 25 cents postpaid. Only United States money orders or currency are acceptable.

2. The prize schedule appears above. The entrant submitting the most appropriate verse-answers for the sixteen pictures accompanied by the best statement of 250 or less words telling "What religion means to me" will receive first prize. Statements will be judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness. The entrants submitting the next most appropriate verse-answers and next best statements will be given the remaining prizes in the order of their excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. Elaborate entries are not desired.

3. The sixteen pictures and answer blanks, or reasonably traced or drawn facsimiles thereof, with solutions and statements must be submitted by first-class mail at one time, as a unit, with contestants' names and addresses, by Wednesday, January 22, 1936. All entries are to be addressed to Bible Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

4. Entrants may submit as many complete units of pictures, answer blanks, and solutions as they wish, but only one prize will be awarded any one person.

5. Every one is eligible except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

6. The members of Liberty's Contest Board will be the judges. Their decisions will be final and entrants take part with this understanding.

7. The Bible Game is nonsectarian. Hence Liberty will not interpret verses, publicize sectarian views, or engage in correspondence on these subjects or any other phase of the contest.

TINSEL LADY

An Interlude of Nightmare and a Swift Surprise—Do They Mean Love at Last for This Glamorous Girl?

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 26 SECONDS

IN Paris, where she is the sensation of the Folies-Bergère, lovely Ann Cutler, an American girl, accepts the love and favors of Price Gordon, middle-aged London merchant prince, and is established in a luxurious apartment. But Ann soon learns that the life of tinsel she chose instead of marrying personable Charlie Binns, the home-town boy, has its restrictions. Price is so jealous that he only accedes reluctantly to her request to be allowed to pose for Dufresne, France's noted artist. Had he only known it, he was wise in saying "no," for later Ann was to meet and be attracted by Tony Madriguera, a daring young aviator, whose picture was to hang next to hers in the spring Salon. But Ann could justly claim that Price was equally diverted. On her twentieth birthday, when he canceled a party by pleading business reasons, Ann went alone to a small restaurant. There she walked into Gordon and his wife. He ignored Ann, and later, though he gave her an emerald necklace and earrings, she could not be fully appeased.

Then she received a mysterious message from her father, who was employed in one of Price's stores in London. Frantic for fear he had misused some of the firm's money, for he demanded a thousand pounds, she flew across the Channel with Tony to meet him, after leaving word with her maid that she was to spend the night with her stage chum, Roberta White. But Price had seen

by CHANNING POLLOCK

her leave the Salon with Tony.

Ann's fears for her father were not justified. He wanted the thousand pounds to buy a present for the rich widow, Mrs. Saintsbury. But when Ann gave him her emeralds, the gift from Gordon, he was satisfied. She boarded Tony's plane again to fly back to Paris. But motor trouble developed and a forced landing was necessary. And the peasant in whose field they landed refused to take them to the nearest town before morning. Reluctantly they stayed—only to find they must share the same room. They protested in vain that they were not married. That made no difference to the peasant.

PART SEVEN—THE WOMEN OF THE PROMENADE

"THAT'S all right," Tony said. "I'll sleep in the kitchen too."

"With the old woman?" Ann smiled in spite of herself. It was all too preposterous. What was the use fretting over it? She'd missed a show, and there probably would be the devil to pay with *le régisseur* and Bobbie and Gordon. Well, what could any of them do about it? Tony had missed a round trip to London too, and had a smashed plane, and he wasn't grumbling.

They had a bad dinner of bread and soup and cheese and wine, and then Ann said "Good night" and buried herself between two huge feather beds. "Good night, Tony; you've been swell about everything."

He kept her hand for a moment.

"I'm in love with you, Ann. Look here. If there's any trouble about this, let's get married."

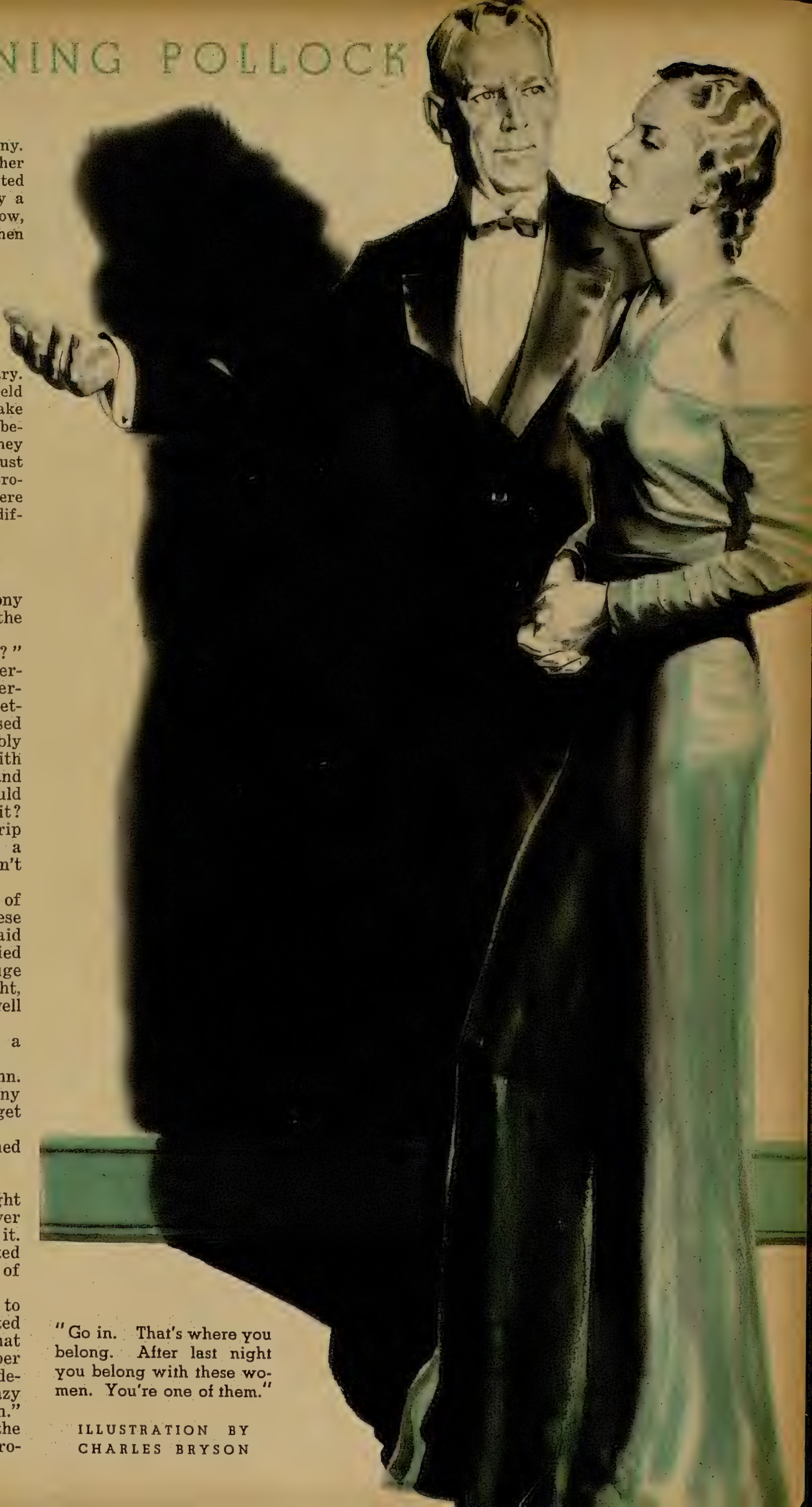
Ann's fingers tightened over his.

"Thanks, Tony."

Funny, she'd never thought of that, or, rather, had never thought of his thinking of it. No one ever had suggested marriage to her—except, of course, Charlie Binns.

Tony said, "Nothing to thank me for. I've wanted to ask you ever since that first brioche. You remember—our afternoon at the sidewalk café? I'm kind of crazy about you. Good night, Ann."

She lay awake half the night thinking of his pro-



"Go in. That's where you belong. After last night you belong with these women. You're one of them."

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

posal. Truly Tony had got in her blood. She was as conscious of his presence as though he had been lying beside her. Why shouldn't they marry? Romance lay that way; not in luxurious imprisonment with a man as old as her father. Romance and happiness. "I can't be happy like this," Ann confessed to herself. "I'll never be happy in this kind of relationship. And now I'll have to tell more lies. I won't do it. I just *won't!*"

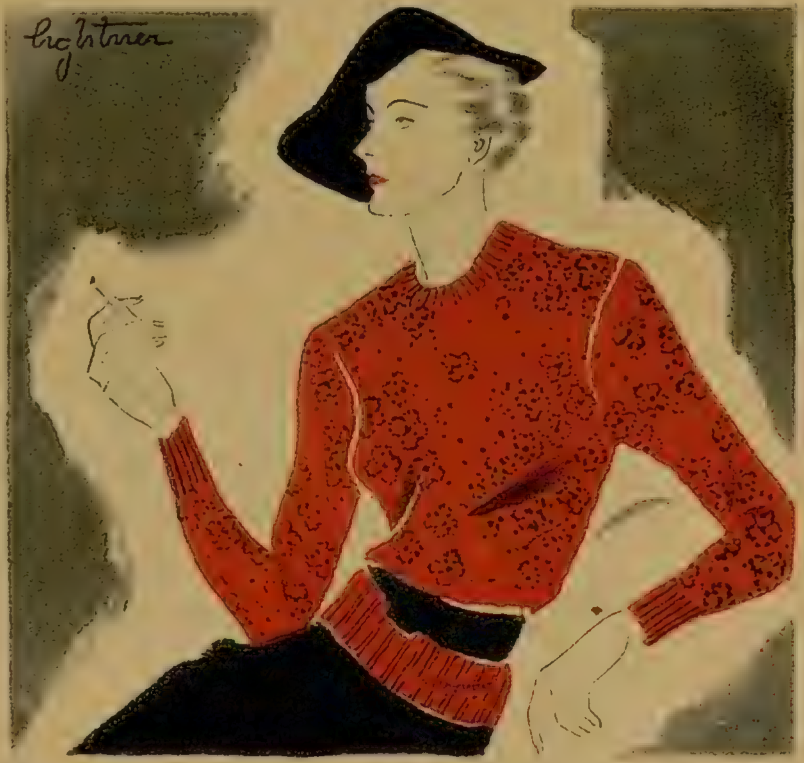
She was awakened just after sunrise by Tony's tap on her door. "Come on, Ann. We'll get a motor from Gournay to Rouen, and there's a ten-o'clock train from Rouen to Paris. I'll put you aboard, and bring back a mechanic to fuss with the Lizzie. Only minor damages."

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Mainbocher draws a bead on chic and hits the bull's-eye in one with his beaded sweaters to wear with spring wool town suits. He uses tiny opaque porcelain beads in solid colors and all-over floral patterns—navy with gray flannel, pink with black wool crêpe.

Mainbocher also replaces color touches and artificial flowers by gay beaded nosegays embroidered right on the frocks at the waist or shoulder, while three beaded cornflowers embroidered on the jacket lapel supply the boutonniere. His beaded flowered lamé belts and jackets enliven his dark satin evening gowns.

DORAMILLER.



He had slept in the hall outside her room, he told her at breakfast. A filthy breakfast it was, too, but Tony didn't seem to mind that. Ann minded it considerably. She would have given all of a thousand francs for a cup of good coffee.

They were nearly two hours going to Gournay. Ann gave their host the thousand francs. "I'm flat broke," Tony grinned, turning out both pockets. She gave *him* another thousand francs to pay the mechanic. And then, from Rouen, she telephoned Gordon. It would have been useless to call his office from Gournay at nine o'clock, and anyway she preferred phoning after Madriguera had left her.

There was a new note in Gordon's voice — something mocking and detached and rather steely.

"Hello, Price! Have I worried you? I've been in an accident."

"Yes?"

She waited for more, but it didn't come.

"I flew to London—to see father," she continued at last. "He was in trouble. I'll tell you all about it when I see you tonight. I shall see you tonight, shan't I?"

"Yes. I'll be at the apartment for dinner."

"Well, you'll hear the whole story then." She waited again—waited for Gordon to say he knew the whole story, as somehow she began to feel that he did, or to tell her that he wanted to know it. He hadn't asked whether she was hurt in the accident, or when and where it had occurred. Too hurt himself, obviously, and too resentful. Suddenly she found herself lying again, after all. Why? Because Gordon was hurt, or because he was resentful? Well, of course—anyway one couldn't go into details over the telephone. "Father wrote begging me to come at once," she said. "I got the letter the day before yesterday. I'd've told you about it that evening, but something kept you away, if you remember. So on the spur of the moment I decided—"

"You decided to tell your maid that you were spending the night with Roberta."

Gordon uttered the words as though he were confirming her statement rather than refuting it.

"Where are you now?"

"At Rouen. I've just missed the morning train, and there isn't another until twelve something, but—"

"But you'll be home for dinner," Gordon interrupted. "That's good, because I'd planned a little celebration. I meant to surprise you, but—well, never mind that. You may be surprised yet. Don't say anything to Roberta."

"Price," she said, filled with contrition, "you're rather a lamb—"

There was a sharp clicking sound in the receiver. Gordon had hung up the phone.

Ann called Roberta. There wasn't much else to do, with two hours on her hands, and somehow, vaguely, she was beginning to be worried. Consciousness of guilt perhaps. Certainly not! Why *should* she feel guilty? "It was foolish," she told Bobbie; "thoughtless—"

"'Idiotic' is the word you want," Bobbie said.

"Well, there was no harm in it, anyway. Tell me what happened. Were they upset at the theater?"

"They weren't pleased, naturally. I sang the number, but I made an awful mess of it. Somehow I felt what was coming."

"When?"

"When Gordon told me you hadn't shown up for dinner."

"And asked whether I'd spent the night with you?"

"No, he didn't. He didn't ask anything. He didn't even seem surprised that you weren't there. He just waited around a while, and then said, 'I'll go out front a bit.' I said, 'To see how the number sounds without Ann?' And he said, 'Yes,' as though he was thinking of something else."

"I should have told you, but of course I expected to be back last night."

"Of course."

There was just the faintest note of incredulity in Roberta's tone.

"Don't you believe me?" Ann asked.

"*I* believe you," Bobbie said. "But I'd hate to say what I think Gordon believes."

"I'll fix that," Ann answered. "I'm going to tell him the whole truth."

She would have taken a motor to Paris, but her cash was running low. Madriguera had borrowed another thousand francs before leaving her. "I've got to get the plane back," he had explained, "and I don't know what it'll cost. In necessary cash, I mean." Obviously that was Ann's responsibility, but she hadn't come prepared for it.

This was the first time she had ever made a railway journey alone, and she wasn't prepared for that either. Instead of waiting twenty minutes more for an express, she climbed aboard a local and reached Paris at a quarter of six. "Good Lord," Ann thought, "I'll be as late for my birthday party as the party is late for my birthday. *That* would be the last straw."

She rang the bell at her flat and her maid opened the door.

"Emil's setting the table," the girl said. "Mr. Gordon telephoned 'ten places.'"

"Ten!"

"Yes. He'd ordered six. That was several days ago. Last night he said 'eight,' and this morning he telephoned and said 'ten.'"

"What time do we dine?"

"At six thirty. Most of the guests have to get back to the theater, Mr. Gordon says."

"Six thirty! Do hurry, Fanchon."

Gordon rang the bell fifteen minutes later. Emil admitted him, but he didn't come into the bedroom. Was he still angry? He couldn't be. Not *very* angry, or he wouldn't have gone ahead with the festivities. He was checking up on things probably. Quite rightly too.

The bell rang frequently after that. Ann was too busy to pay much attention. "Never mind that, Fanchon. My dress now. It's twenty-five minutes of seven. We can't keep people waiting."

A moment later Gordon rapped at her door.

"Ready?"

"Just coming out."

From the dining room came a sudden burst of music, jazz music. He'd got part of the orchestra from the Folies-Bergère. Ann laughed. "Price never does things halfway," she thought.

He was standing in the hall, smiling that mirthless smile of his.

Above the jazz Ann could hear voices in the drawing room.

"Come on. You're late. We mustn't keep our guests waiting."

The words were impatient, but Gordon's tone was of velvet. He clasped Ann's arm and drew her to the double doors, which, suddenly, he opened, almost violently.

They were all standing, cocktails in hand, except two, who rose awkwardly as the doors opened. In spite of the cocktails, *every one* seemed awkward and constrained and apprehensive. Ann had expected to find Bobbie and Maurice and Fleurette. They weren't there. Eight people, and she never had seen any of them before.

Or—*had she?*

SOMETHING about that woman—that plump brunette—where had they met before?

In a flash Ann remembered. She remembered this woman sitting with her father at a table in the promenade in the Folies-Bergère. And the girl nearest them—she had seen that girl too—in the promenade. Eight women waiting for Ann in her own drawing room — eight guests — and she had seen them all before — all strolling, with loose lips and watchful eyes, in this same cheap finery—round and round in the smoke and din of that dreadful market place.

With a violent twist she wrenched herself free of Gordon and started for the front door.

"How dare you?" she demanded under her breath. "These are street women! How dare you ask them here?"

But Gordon had hold of her arm again.

"Go in," he said quietly, but in a voice like the ring of a knife blade. "Go in. That's where you belong. After last night you belong with these women. You're one of them. Don't keep your fraternity waiting to welcome you. Come, we'll go in, my dear."

There had been a moment in Ann's telephone conversation with Gordon from Rouen when she knew that he knew about Tony.

A Big Smile-
and a little Chocolate Tablet

ONCE this lady fairly loathed the idea of taking a laxative. Postponed it as long as she could. Hated the taste; hated the effect; hated the aftermath. Then she found out about Ex-Lax.

It tastes just like smooth, velvety, delicious chocolate. Mild and gentle in action... approximating Nature. She found it thorough, too, without over-action.

There was no need for her to keep on increasing the dose to get results. On every count she found Ex-Lax the ideal laxative. It is the best in America ...according to America's opinion of it. Because more people take Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million boxes were bought last year alone. 10c and 25c boxes; at every drug store.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! ... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds — get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
L125 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name ....
Address ....
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

When Nature forgets — remember
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

DEC
25
KOOL
CIGARETTES
. . . AND DON'T FORGET
A CARTON OF KOOLS!

TEN PACKS of KOOLS (200 refreshing cigarettes) in a colorful Christmas wrapper. Be a real Santa and put this wanted gift in his or her stocking. Each pack carries a B & W coupon good for handsome premiums (offer good in U.S.A. only)—and extra coupons go with the carton. There's a bright New Year coming up—time to switch to KOOLS!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME PREMIUMS

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
REDEEMABLE
BY THE UNDERSIGNED
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
15¢ for TWENTY
25¢ in CANADA

RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

What she didn't know was how he had found out. Of course Ann had no idea that Price Gordon had seen her with Tony at the Salon. And no conception of what a jealousy-tormented brain could do after a beginning like that. How *could* she know that even before she started for London, Gordon had sat in his office, and over an untasted meal in a restaurant, piecing together a mosaic of his own discarded forebodings?

That telegram from the Ritz—that had been to this lover of course; one of a long series of phoned and wired messages she had slipped out of the flat to send. Where had she met the man? At Dufresne's certainly. He was an aviator, dressed—Gordon realized with a start—in the very flying togs Dufresne had painted in that other picture that hung beside "Ann." They had been together in the studio every day, then. Gordon writhed in his chair. All the time he'd been telling himself that Ann was incapable of deception—

She shouldn't deceive him tonight. He wouldn't be there—at dinner in the Avenue Elysée *reclus*—to listen to her lies. And then, suddenly, agonizingly, Price asked himself whether she would be there either. His own note had set her free—free to dine with that damned popinjay. He'd find out.

No, he wouldn't. Damned if he'd spy. But while Ann was singing Lonely Rivers that night Gordon was at her apartment, asking sly questions of her maid. Yes, of course, madame had gone out. But madame hadn't left earlier than usual—rather later in fact, because she had to wait for her bag, since she was sleeping at Mad'moiselle White's. Did madame do that often? No, this was the first time.

From that moment Price Gordon had no scruples about spying. He was in a taxi opposite the stage door when Ann came out of the Folies-Bergère. In a cold fury he witnessed her rendezvous at the Restaurant Marguery, and then lost the pair through the stupidity of his driver. That gave him eight tortured hours, alone in his room, with one imagining after another inflaming his mind.

AT nine next morning he had pawed over newspapers and learned that the model for *Soleils Levants* was Antonio Madriguera of the Paris-London Airways. At nine ten he had the manager on the phone. Yes; Madriguera had gone to London with a lady—the man's voice almost winked—at midnight in a borrowed plane.

The rest was quite simple. Before noon the head man in the English office of Solay Satins had reported over the wires that J. Benton was lunching with his daughter at a hotel in Russell Square. Most lovers—even elderly lovers—would have been reassured. Not Price Gordon. He knew too much; had imagined too many things. His head man was on the flying field when Tony's plane rose and pointed toward Paris. Ann should be at the Folies-Bergère before ten o'clock.

But of course she wasn't. *That* was their plan, then. Naturally, Ann couldn't have flown away with her lover, straight to a nesting place. She must have an alibi. She had gone to her father, and started home, and the plane had been forced down. They would have been compelled to pass the night in some out-of-the-way place. Gordon had been prepared for every word Ann had said over the phone from Rouen.

He had known very well what she would say—almost repeated it to himself as he stood quietly, prosily, in Roberta's dressing room. If Ann had been there, he would have forgiven her, kept his own counsel, gone on with the belated birthday dinner he had planned to surprise her. But now—*my God, why not?* Those women in the promenade, those harlots who plied their trade in nearly all the music halls of Paris, horrified Ann. She had shuddered when first she told him of her accidental contact with two of them. She felt soiled by working under the same roof with them. Soiled—this—this cheater, who had taken all he had to give, and then slipped off for a night with her gigolo! Damn it to hell, she was one of them!

When Price Gordon said to Roberta, "I'll go out front a bit," his revenge was all planned. Gordon knew the voluptuous brunette who had ensnared J. Benton Cutler. The others he selected at random.

ONCE started, Gordon had taken an insane, vindictive, sadistic pleasure in his idea. In some odd cruel way it amused him, too. Never before would there have been a dinner like this. He was smiling as he listened to Ann speaking from Rouen. "I meant to surprise you," he'd said. "You may be surprised yet." By God, she would be! He'd show her that she couldn't cheat *him!*

Ann *was* surprised—as men have been who walked unawares into a deathtrap. Gordon's iron grip on her arm, she stood quivering in her own drawing-room doorway, her eyes fixed and staring at that grinning group of bedizened harlots, her guests. "You belong with those women," Price had whispered. And then, quite aloud, "Come, we'll go in, my dear."

Ann *went* in—graciously.

There comes a moment when all but the most craven of victims cease struggling, and go gallantly to meet their fate. Ann walked into that drawing room as scores of the gentlefolk whose pictures she had seen long ago at Versailles walked to the guillotine. "The poor people!" one of these had said on the scaffold, facing the rain-drenched crowd in what is now the Place de la Concorde. "The poor people! Who am I to discomfort them?"

"Who am I," Ann might have asked herself, "to embarrass and humiliate these women?" Being here wasn't their fault. Perhaps being what they were wasn't their fault either. At any rate they had come in good faith, as her guests. There was no way out for Ann, so she went in—graciously.

"*Bon soir,*" Ann said. "Is that right? I haven't learned French *yet.* I do hope some of you speak English. Anyway, welcome, and please sit down again."

Most of the group *did* speak English—and German. New York and Berlin supplied the greater number of their clients. The lady who had been J. Benton's friend sidled over to Ann. "Well, dearie," she asked, "how's your father? Real gentleman he was, and so generous. Give him my love when you're writing."

"I will," Ann promised.

"My name's Mimi," the guest on Ann's left confided, as they took their places at table. "I'm Alsatian, so don't mind if I talk English funny."

Ann didn't mind that half as much as the equally funny noises Mimi made with her soup. Most of the party did odd things with their food—some of the things rather disgusting. They drank a good deal too, and the wine loosened their restraint and set their tongues wagging. Soon Ann was catching snatches of professional secrets, told guardedly, even under these circumstances, because none of the company trusted the others.

Ann shut her ears and looked at her wrist watch. What time was it? Would this nightmare never end? The room—the whole flat was foggy with cigarette smoke, filled with cheap scent and strident tones and the barbaric blare of the jazz orchestra. The girl at the head of the table could have imagined herself in the promenade of the Folies-Bergère—one of this predatory sisterhood she had seen circling and circling, seeking their prey. She felt defiled and degraded. What had she done to deserve this? God, to be through with it—out of it—clean again! God, to get even; to—

MIMI was saying something.

"You have a good act. They like it. Almost every night some gentleman says to me, 'That song at the end is the very best thing in the show.' But, can I ask you, don't you feel uncomfortable among all those naked girls? How do they do it—before *everybody?* Alone with a man, that is different, but *before* everybody. Of course it helps *our* business."

"Of course," Ann heard herself answering.

"And we got to go back to work tonight," Mimi remembered.

Thank God for that.

Ann looked past her to Price Gordon, sitting almost immobile, almost silent, at the far end of the room. He had sat there all evening, staring at Ann. Only once or twice, when addressed directly by some one, had his cold, faintly amused glance shifted from the woman he loved and was torturing.

In an hour—in half an hour perhaps, Ann would be done with this and free—free to go to the man she loved. "I'll go to the theater first," she told herself, "just as though nothing had happened. I'll have to go—for Roberta's sake. Then tomorrow I'll—"

A tall blonde girl had risen to her feet. Ann had noticed her before, and thought that once she must have been almost a gentlewoman. She had said little during the evening, and had eaten and drunk less. Now she was lifting her glass.

"Listen!" she said. The other guests began banging knives and forks, hammering for silence. "Listen, girls! This is a birthday party. That's what we came here to celebrate. We've had a grand time, and we've got to be going now, but let's drink a toast first—to a brave kid."

She looked at Ann knowingly, and then Mimi rose, followed by the others, and they all drank. "Speech!" they called to Ann. "Speech! You—now!"

ANN glanced at Gordon. He was on his feet too; his glass extended to Ann and his lips smiling.

"Thank you," Ann responded very simply. "I don't know why my friend there called me 'a brave kid.' It's been a swell party. One I'll remember. We've celebrated my birthday, and we've got one more thing to celebrate now."

She looked squarely at Gordon.

"I'm going to be married tomorrow," she went on. "I'm going to be married to some one I love and respect. I won't mention his name here, but he's a fine fellow—he's the brave one, not because he's going to marry me, but because he's a soldier and an aviator and—and a *gentleman,* and wish me luck, everybody!"

They did, noisily. Ann saw Price still standing, in the midst of the hubbub, as though he had been frozen there. Then J. Benton's friend kissed him, and Ann laughed—laughed aloud—and turned and left the table and went to her room. Fanchon was waiting there calmly. Parties were parties to Fanchon; she'd seen one or two of this type before.

"You're late, madame."

"Yes, and I mustn't be. Not after missing last night's show. I won't change my dress, Fanchon. Just give me my coat—the plainest one you can find—and then telephone for a taxi."

"Yes, madame."

"Never mind telephoning. There isn't time. I'll find one at the corner."

The guests were leaving now. The foyer was full of them. Ann would go out of the back door. The way to that lay through the dining room. In the otherwise deserted library, which had to be crossed, she met Gordon. He was obviously waiting for her.

"Ann—" he began.

She tried to pass him.

Was Ann sincere in announcing her intention of marrying Tony Madriguera, or was it merely a taunting gesture of revenge aimed at Price? Is it the end of her life of luxury and glamour and the beginning of one of reality and perhaps true happiness? Read the new and important developments in next week's installment.

Tailored-

EVEN AS AMITY

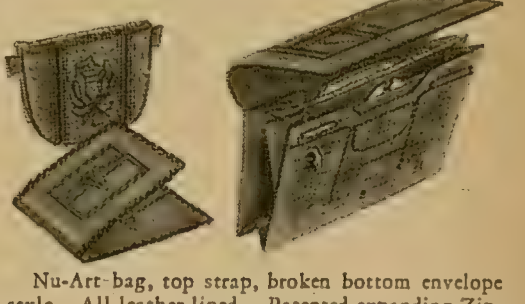
Smartly groomed for Christmas shopping, this young woman suggests the sleek, greyhound lines of Amity's new billfolds.

Doubtless, she'll select several for men she knows...men who sniff hungrily at the scent of genuine, fine leather . . . men who appreciate leather that holds its shape after years of wear...orderly men who grunt contentedly at convenient pocket arrangement.

And for *the* man, she'll probably add an Amity key case, letter case, cigarette case or another of Amity's fine leather accessories for good measure.

And when she sees Amity's Nu-Art handbags at her favorite drug store, you wouldn't blame her for dropping a hint to a friend. Of finest calfskin, they are an original new mode in bag design. Neutral coloring permits Nu-Art bags to be worn with any ensemble...a boon to busy women.

Discerning women and well dressed men appreciate the prestige of fine Amity accessories. Sold at all leading drug stores.



Nu-Art bag, top strap, broken bottom envelope style. All leather lined. Patented expanding Zip-sealed pocket. Fitted with comb, mirror, billfold, white kid-lined coin purse, key case, washable memo pad and patented Find-Ex identification and card case. Price $17.50. Others as low as $5.00.

Zip-scoop tobacco pouch, beautifully tooled in fine steerhide, $2.00.

Fine calfskin billfold, tooled and laced edged, $2.50

Complete line of men's leather goods, $1.00 to $7.50

AMITY

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WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

Vox Pop

And Mary Pickford Did So! Watch Liberty

CINCINNATI OHIO DEAR MISS PICKFORD I SHOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS MY SINCERE THANKS AND APPRECIATION OF THE ARTICLE WHY DIE WHICH APPEARED RECENTLY IN LIBERTY MAGAZINE STOP YOU PERHAPS HAVE NO IDEA OF THE PERSON YOU REVEALED IN THAT ARTICLE A SELF OF INTEGRITY AND STEADFASTNESS OF HARMONIOUS DEVELOPMENT AND CONSCIOUS POWER DRAWING TO YOU ALL PERSONS WHO MIGHT NEED YOU BUT AT THE SAME TIME GRANTING PERFECT FREEDOM FOR THE WORKING OUT OF THEIR OWN PROBLEMS STOP . . . MAY WE NOT HAVE ANOTHER ARTICLE CONTAINING A FURTHER EXPRESSION OF TRUTH STOP COULD YOU NOT USE THE SUBJECT OF THE RESPONSIBILITY OF EACH OF US TO DELIBERATELY AND DEFINITELY THINK PEACE AT THIS TIME IF WE ARE TO AVERT NOT A WORLD WAR BUT A WORLD CATACLYSM SUCH AS JAMES HILTON PICTURED SO VIVIDLY IN LOST HORIZON A WIPING OUT OF THIS CIVILIZATION AS A RESULT OF AN ARMAGEDDON WHEREBY COMBATANTS AND CIVILIANS ALIKE WOULD BE BLOTTED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH IF THE PRESENT CONFLICT DOES NOT CEASE AT ONCE BEFORE THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD INCLUDING THE UNITED STATES ARE DRAWN INTO IT STOP COULD YOU NOT EMPHASIZE THE TANGIBLE BENEFITS TO THE THINKER HIMSELF OF THE POWER OF POSITIVE DELIBERATE RIGHT PEACE THINKING AND THE DYNAMIC CUMULATIVE POWER THAT WOULD COME FROM A SUSTAINED CONSCIOUS THINKING OF PEACE AND GOOD WILL ON THE PART OF HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PERSONS STOP COULD YOU NOT SHOW HOW IN YOUR OWN PERSONAL EXPERIENCE THE DELIBERATE CONSCIOUS THINKING OF GOOD WILL PEACE AND FREEDOM HAS RESULTED IN THE GREAT MEASURE OF FAME WEALTH AND HAPPINESS THAT HAS COME TO YOU STOP . . . UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE AND DONE AT ONCE BY EACH ONE OF US COMMA THIS COMING SEASON OF CHRISTMAS NINETEEN THIRTY FIVE WILL BE A SHAME AND MOCKERY WHEN WE FALSELY SAY PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TO MEN ON THE BRINK OF THE PRECIPICE OF NINETEEN THIRTY SIX A YEAR PREDICTED BY MANY SEERS TO BE THE YEAR OF ARMAGEDDON . . . COPIES OF THIS TELEGRAM ARE BEING MAILED TO PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT SENATOR WILLIAM E BORAH STOP WOMENS INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE FOR PEACE STOP WALTER WINCHELL STOP AND OTHERS SINCERELY KEVIN MITCHELL

[We are happy to say that Miss Pickford has consented to meet the public demand voiced in this telegram for another one of her inspiring articles, and it will appear in an early issue of Liberty.—Vox Pop Editor.]

PRETTY TERRIBLE PEOPLE

New York, N. Y.—Concluding a visit of several months in this country, I have recorded my impressions. As yours is the most widely circulated and truly representative publication, I herewith submit my epistle.

In contacts on the Pacific coast I gather that residents of that part actually pity the people who from choice or circumstance reside any place else. These Western coast people are not a bit interested in the rest of the United States. They are more concerned with Mexico and the Orient.

The inhabitants of the Rocky Mountain states seem to waver between two influences, with one eye on New York and the other on Hollywood. The Southwest seems to waste a great amount of time and effort on politics without accomplishing much.

Your Southerner, generally speaking, is a bewildered, easygoing slowpoke who has been roused from bed to do Northern setting-up exercises. In the Atlantic seaboard states I find the mill, the mine, and the factory to be gods. These people know nothing else.

New York City is the most amazingly terrible collection and mixture I have ever encountered. New Yorkers know nothing about the United States and less about their own city.

New Englanders, I learned, pretend to abhor scandal. Yet they spend more time talking about scandal than any other people I've seen.

I've had a great time here. How I shall laugh when I get home!—*Philip K. Housefield.*

POLLOCK STORY A FRONT-PAGE SMASH

Hope, Ark.—In October 19 Liberty there appears Channing Pollock's short short story, " Thou Shalt Not Kill."

I would like to buy reproduction rights for my newspaper only—an evening daily.

Pollock's story has an instant bearing on the domestic crime situation and threat of foreign war.

My sole purpose is to " smash " it on my front page.

It is my opinion Liberty would perform a public service by making arrangements to strike page proofs of this Pollock story and offer it immediately to the newspapers at the approximate terms the feature services demand for newspaper fiction, scaled, of course, for the various-sized circulations.

Pollock's story is a tremendous smash. I'll pay you for the right to use it here.—*Alex. H. Washburn.*

[It is a pleasure to grant you our permission to reprint the story free. This is contrary to our general policy, but in the present instance I am glad to make the exception. This story is also free to other editors if they will notify us of their intention to use it and give Liberty the usual credit line.—Editor of Liberty.]

. . . CATHOLICS IN MEXICO

Washington, D. C.—Permit me to tell you how inspiring it was to all of us who are interested in spreading the truth about Mexico to read the excellent article in the August 24 issue of your splendid publication. The battle for justice has only just been engaged in the Mexican cause and it is our sincere hope that you and your magazine will continue to bring home to the American public the true character of the anti-God government of Mexico.—*Joseph F. Thorning, S. J., Georgetown University.*

Monterrey, N. L., Mexico—Mr. Williams, giving Archbishop Orozco's side of the struggle between Church and State in Mexico, in August 24 Liberty, is telling only partial truths, which are no better than idle tales.

Old man Calles dreamed of becoming the Stalin of Mexico, sure enough, and I never was for him. I lost my position as professor of English in the University of Nuevo León for not supporting his foolish scheme of socialistic education. But Mexico, like many another Latin country, has suffered too much at the hands of a greedy clergy to wish to return to the old fold.—*E. T. Westrup.*

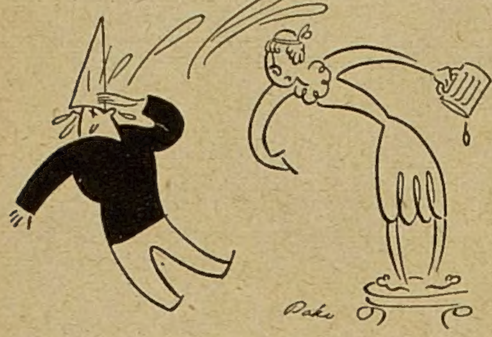
Caro, Mich.—Just read Untold Secrets of Catholics in Mexico, by Frederick Vincent Williams. You dare to tell the truth and to use the freedom of the press. Ultimately the truth will prevail. I hope your leadership will be appreciated.—Rev. John B. Parker.

[We wish to express appreciation for a number of other letters on this important subject. These were from: Louis Amoureux, Banff, Alta.; Father Arnoldi, Bellevue, Ohio; David Baxter, San Bernardino, Calif.; Ralph Buchanan, Wilmette, Ill.; A. C. Carvajal, Los Angeles, Calif.; J. Cochran, Shelton, Conn.; J. A. Curry, Mount Vernon, Ala.; Frank Elliot, Melrose, Mass.; C. V. Frederick, Union, Ind.; B. H. Gentry, Los Angeles, Calif.; Buchanan Graham, Sag Harbor, N. Y.; H. J. Heitner, St. Louis, Mo.; Jack Klatt, Brentwood, Mo.; P. H. Lacks, San Antonio, Tex.; W. H. Marquis, Monrovia, Calif.; Joseph Mayo, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. T. J. Mullan, India, Calif.; Leo Preston, Logansport, Ind.; John N. Quinn, Washington, D. C.; John Reinert, Gold Beach, Ore.; Milton G. Schoof, Denver, Ia.; James M. Smith, Wabash, Ind.; Henry B. Sullivan, Detroit, Mich.; James E. Tindall-Foley, Columbus, Ind.; Edward J. Whelan, Los Angeles, Calif.; A. Willow, Chicago, Ill.—Vox Pop Editor.]

SLIGHTLY PUNCH DRUNK

Maplewood, N. J.—Just read C. N. Ayotte's letter in October 26 Vox Pop wherein he states, in speaking of the young women of today: " I suggest that statues be erected in all national parks . . . of a young woman standing on a pedestal leaning backward, a cigarette in her mouth, a mug of beer in one hand and a dunce cap in the other," etc., etc.

Mr. (I take it you're of the more egotistical species) C. N. Ayotte, you're marvelous! You're supreme! Yeah, and you're also slightly punch drunk!!



If, for instance, I were to be picked as a model for that statue, and you were to come and stand before my pedestal during a dress rehearsal, I'd take that mug of beer that I'd have in one hand, pour the beer into the dunce cap that I'd have in the other hand, and plop it on your dome and crown you King of the Hoopleheads!—*C. White.*

A NATIONAL YOUTH LOBBY?

ALBERT LEA, MINN.—You need a barrage of articles and rousing editorials on the seriousness of 20,000,000 unemployed young Americans.

Also, articles by Jay Franklin are urgently needed.

Why not a national youth lobby?—*One of Them.*

[If some of the 20,000,000 unemployed young Americans will write their viewpoints and suggestions to Vox Pop, we will be glad to give them space.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

FRANKLIN COUNTY RESENTS SHERWOOD ANDERSON

ROCKY MOUNT, VA.—Enclosed you will find an editorial that appeared in the County News and Franklin Chronicle and which ought to interest you and the celebrated fictionist of Marion:

"Sherwood Anderson, the much heralded and publicized literary genius of Virginia's Southwest, contributes an article to Liberty magazine of November 2, dealing with the far-famed Franklin County conspiracy case. Mr. Anderson claims to have been a constant attendant at the trial and his information is supposed to be that of first hand. However, in the ten minutes' reading time which he contributes to Liberty many discrepancies can be noted in the trial which lasted more than ten weeks before the Federal Court at Roanoke.

"It is surprising indeed that an author and writer of his fame and reputation could be so absolutely incorrect in his statements of court records. . . . He makes Willie Sharpe Carter, the peer of rumrunners, the heroine of his story and refers indirectly to other distinguished citizens of this county. He refers to it as an 'ugly business' but he does not take time to bring out the details as they really existed, with the exception of statistical reports. Franklin people have just cause to resent the Anderson article, and to show to the public that they are not all bandits, as the Marion chronicler would have one to believe."—*Pro Bono Publico.*

WAGE EARNERS PAY ALL THE TAXES

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial entitled Ultimately the Wage Earners Pay All the Taxes (November 2 Liberty) is true, and so is the statement that every tax now levied on the people of the United States could be abolished if all of the people's land rent were collected for public needs.

How long are you going to keep your readers from that knowledge? Soon it may be too late. Communism is stalking the United States.—*George Lloyd.*

GERMANTOWN, N. Y.—If, as stated in November 2 Liberty, it be true that "ultimately the wage earners pay all the taxes," will some one please tell me why do the "big boys," including even Mr. Bernarr Macfadden himself, squawk so loud about taxation? And when some one says "squawk" I think of the noise a big fat gander makes when you start to pull a few of his feathers.

Some one long ago wisely said, "Taxation is a great leveler." Does not that fact, rather than worry about the wage earner, sound to you like a better explanation of the squawks we have been hearing from high places lately about taxation? Apparently many of the "have-its" don't like the prospects of a little leveling.—*Peter Weimer.*

MIAMI, FLA.—I buy Liberty because of the editorials by Mr. Macfadden. They hit the nail on the head.

Unless the business interests of the country unite and co-operate one with the other, they may be in a sorry plight before many moons.

God bless Mr. Macfadden and may his life be long spared in the field of national usefulness.—*George R. Hilty.*

ITALY CROWDED? SO IS TEXAS

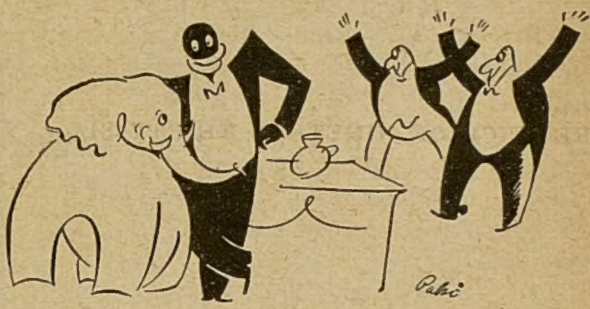
HOUSTON, TEX.—Italy crowded? Not as much as Massachusetts, if you will look up the figures. Texas is overcrowded too—so much so that some 301,660 of her farmers cannot find room enough to plow without dickering with some Shylock who "seen it first" and wants his pound of flesh! Yet it is said all the world could be seated in rocking chairs in Texas, with room to rock!

If Italy is overcrowded, it is only because there are too many great estates—the very thing that ruined ancient Rome. "Men of Rome," cried Tiberius Gracchus, "you are called 'lords of the world,' yet have no right to a square foot of her soil!"

"What would happen in heaven itself," asks Henry George, "if those who got in first locked the doors on the late comers and demanded ransom?"—which is the thing being done here on earth to create want and war!—*Horatio.*

G. O. P. AND JOE LOUIS

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Republicans will be trying to run Joe Louis on their ticket. He has such a wonderful "Constitution."—*R. R.*



BLAH!!

TACOMA, WASH.—Regarding the October 19 Liberty article entitled Golden Goal Posts:

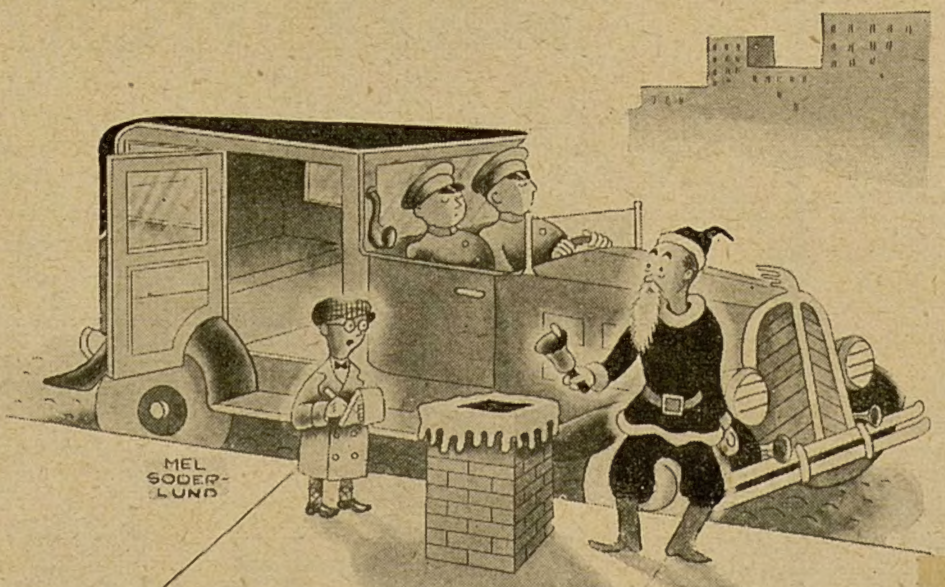
Why stop at the sports writers? Why not start with the front page and go on through, editorial page and all, exposing the tommyrot and blah that is dished up to a supposedly intelligent public?

Is it any wonder radio is rapidly taking the place of our newspapers?

Heaven help us if the dope we read in newspapers today is *news!*—*Walter Bouchard.*

BEST WAY TO STOP WAR

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Vox Pop is still the best feature of Liberty. But what I want to know is, why hasn't some enterprising country discovered that the best way to stop the Ethiopian situation would be to threaten to send all the Italians home to Italy? This idea would help unemployment, too. — *Eddie Prince.*



"And what would you like for Christmas?"

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

BURR OAK, KAN.— A woman walked into relief headquarters carrying a shirt she had obtained for her husband the day before. "This shirt fits all right," she explained, "but there's a button come off. Will you sew on another one?"

MONTREAL, QUE.—Roger Poirier, nineteen years old, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for breaking into a reform school.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—The large right toe of Miss Zena Brown was bitten off while she was swimming. Colonel Elmer E. Johnson, who rushed her fourteen miles to medical aid, said he believed a bass, pickerel, or a snapping turtle was attracted by red paint on the toenail.

WALTHAM, MASS.—When Harlan C. Goodwin returned home, he found the house ransacked and a note for him on the living-room table that read:

"What a sap you are to leave your place wide open for me to rob."

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Bartenders are finding it difficult to keep women away from the bars, as required by a city ordinance.

A bartender told of a woman who entered his place and asked to be served.

"I'm sorry," he apologized, "but we are not permitted to serve ladies at the bar."

"I ain't no lady," she replied. "Gimme a beer."

BEER
GLASS 5¢

Happy Happenings

FINDING is fortunate in more things than money. It is said that Rudy Vallee believes he "got the breaks" by having picked up by chance a small megaphone in a cheap cabaret where he, as an unknown, was a minor member of the orchestra. Something prompted him to croon the love song through it that the orchestra was then softly playing. From that moment Rudy was a sensation and has blown his own horn ever since.—*Roy L. McCardell.*

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

A bread line is the shortest distance between two votes.

—FERA.

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A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO YOU FROM
MARY PICKFORD!

REVEALING a human understanding and sympathy that will win your wholehearted agreement, Mary Pickford tells you What This Troubled World Needs. Written with simplicity and dignity, this discussion by the mistress of Pickfair discloses a depth of sincerity and directness of purpose that make her lifelong popularity doubly understandable. If you are interested in life, if you are interested in humanity—*if you are interested in Christmas*—read every inspiring word of Mary Pickford's message to you in Liberty next week.

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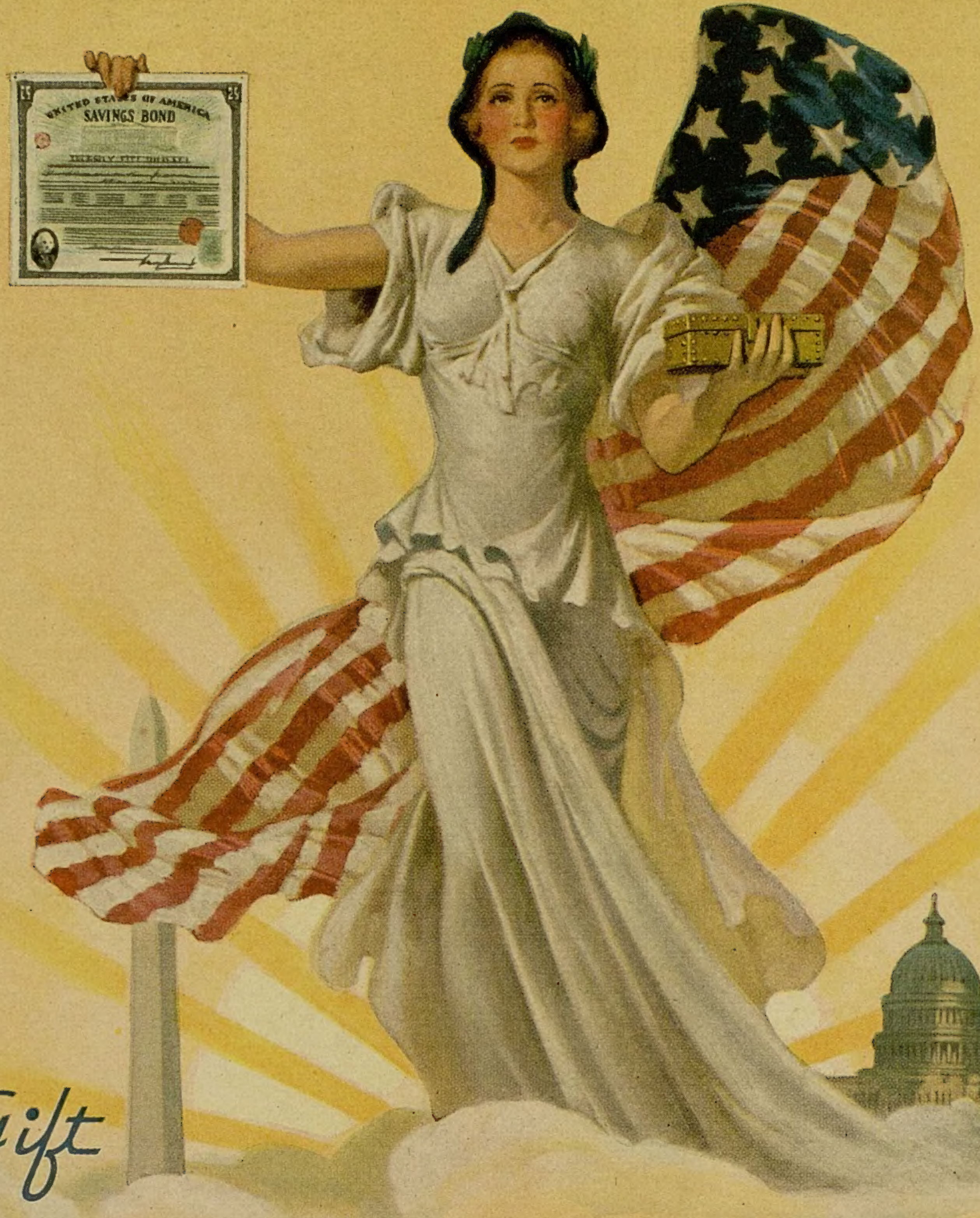

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